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Woman in all lands

Amand Schweiger-Lerchenfeld (Freiherr von)

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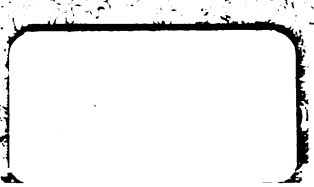

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May 18, 1889.

Woman in all Lands.

HER DOMESTIC, SOCIAL, AND INTELLECTUAL CONDITION, INTERSPERSED WITH STRANGE SCENES, CUSTOMS, ROMANCES, ETC.

FROM THE GERMAN OF

A. VON SCHWEIGER-LERCHENFELD,

BY

A. S. MEYRICK.

Illustrated with over 300 Artistic Engravings.

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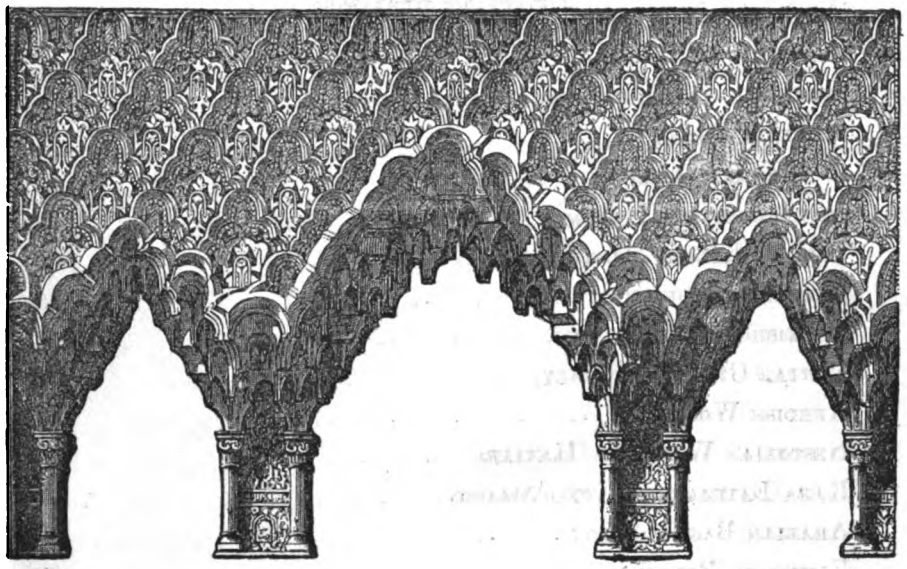

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Caucasia.

"There idly at their cottage doors
Caucasia's sons at evening sit,
Telling their stirring legends o'er.
Where ladys love, and daring feat,
Their coursers speed, their maiden's charms,
Are blent with honor and with arms."
—*Puschkin.*

1. The Georgians.—The Mingrelians.

The Gurians; The Last Georgian Queen; Tiflis, the Paradise of Trans-Caucasia; The Baths; Dress; The Georgian Women; The Trans-Caucasian Races; Rural Life in Georgia; Love of the Georgians for Dance and Song; A Bill of Fare; The Leoghinka; The Wine of Cachetia; Georgian Female Slaves; Mingrelian and Georgian Women.

SINCE the earliest ages many circumstances have combined to gather a halo of splendid illusions about the little peninsula which lies between the Black and Caspian Seas. Among the rugged hills on its southern border rises in gloomy grandeur the awful peak of Ararat, on which the Ark rested at the subsidence of the deluge. The plains which stretch away to the south and west, were the second cradle of the human race

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"That stream that left the mountains brow
As if its waters ne'er would sever;
But ere it reached the plains below,
Burst into floods that part forever."

If the old legend is true, Japhet, the son of Noah, leaving his brethren to fulfill their destiny in Syria, Persia and Egypt, may have passed through the labyrinth of mountain gorges and dark romantic valleys of the Caucasian country, in his way to the north and west. He may have, and probably did, linger in that picturesque region long enough to plant the seeds of the race which, from the remotest antiquity, has held its rocky fastnessess in spite of the utmost efforts of invading hordes, and which presents to-day the ideal of physical perfection, which has been transmitted in unbroken descent through a thousand generations.

The country in itself may well inspire the imagination with lofty romantic dreams. At once the connecting link and the barrier between nations and peoples differing widely as the antipodes; between the life of the East—sensuous, dreamy, passionate—and that of the West—practical, artistic, æsthetic; it presents a never-ending variety of conformations, and unites in its climate, its scenery and productions, the extremes of the continents which fall away from it on either hand.

But the peculiar interest of Caucasia centres in its people. The heroic independence and reckless bravery of the men, never numerous, never united into a homogeneous nationality; a group, or series of groups of scattered tribes, each independent of, and often actively hostile to all of the others, have filled the world with admiration. The fanaticism of the Turks, the fiery zeal of the Persians, have swept over its plains and through its valleys with fire and sword again and again; the Russians, with the resistless energy that has made their progress the path of destiny, have kept this narrow strip of territory in a state of siege for many years; yet the spirit of the Georgian peasantry has remained unbroken, and the road to India is still the unsolved problem of the house of Romanoff.

And the heroism of the men, their patriotic zeal, their reckless daring, splendid and brilliant as they are, are far from the first of the

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claims with which Caucasia challenges the world's admiration. The beauty of the Circassian women has been the theme of song and story for ages, and the conquerors of the world have again and again yielded to their charms, and laid their sceptres at the feet of fair young maidens, torn from their cottage homes among the Caucasian hills, and sold as slaves in the market of Stamboul. It is of these we have to speak; and if in our way we are obliged to mention the geographical and ethnological features which surround them, it is because we cannot fitly separate the most beautiful of pictures from the setting in which God and nature have enclosed it.

Let us begin with Tiflis, the capital of the Georgian Eden; the home for centuries of the Bagratides, a family of Christian kings, the last of whom, George XIII., despairing of his ruined, wasted country, which the external pressure of the invader had not preserved from bitter internal dissensions, bequeathed at his death to the Czar. Tiflis at that time was a snarl of narrow, dirty streets and lanes, lined by rows of damp mud cabins, crowded together upon the high banks of the yellow turbid Kura, without order or arrangement. The ancient palace of the Grusinian monarchs had long lain in ruins, destroyed in some one of the countless raids of the Mohammedan hordes, which under the famous Shah Abbas had burst in like a fiery deluge upon the fair plains of Cachetia, Georgia and Mingrelia, subjecting to the Crescent the gay and heedless peasantry, who had been reared on wine and song only.

The natural heirs of King George were not inclined to acquiesce tamely in the transfer of the remnants of their sovereignty, and prepared, with the resolution of despair, a resistance worthy of a better fate. At their head was the widowed queen, who displayed a large share of the heroic virtues of her race. Anxious to gain her by diplomacy, the Emperor invited her to come to St. Petersburg with her sons, promising to maintain her for the remainder of her life in royal dignity. She curtly refused. Not many days after, a nobleman of her court, who had been gained over to the Russian interest, came to her and repeated the proposition, intimating that a refusal might be dangerous. The discussion was long, and the Russian officers, grow-

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ing impatient, pressed their ambassador to bring it to a conclusion. Excited by the taunts of his former mistress, and maddened by the insinuations of his employers, he so far forgot himself as to seize her by the arm, and attempted to drag her away by force. "Die, traitor!" exclaimed the unhappy woman, as drawing a dagger from beneath her flowing robe, she stabbed him to the heart. Then, yielding herself and her children without further resistance to the Russians, she disappeared from sight. As to her fate, the Russian chronicles are discreetly silent. It was at one time reported, that she lingered for many years in one of the fortresses of the empire, but nothing is known of the time or manner of her death.

Deprived of its sovereign, and crushed by accumulated disasters, Tiflis remained for many years in the wretched condition in which its conquerors had found it. But the power of the habits and customs of centuries, though suppressed for a season, asserted itself as soon as a tolerably permanent peace was established in Trans-Caucasia, and the social life of a people formed by nature for happiness, developed with a rapidity and to an extent far beyond the expectation of their Russian masters, and in spite of their cruelty and oppression. Thus, during the last thirty years, that Tiflis has grown up which western poets have depicted with such richness of coloring, and such charming blendings of light and shadow.

The picture needs only to be true to possess a singular fascination. The vine-wreathed bowers, peopled with figures the very types of grace and beauty; the careless, handsome Georgian men; and the yet gayer and more beautiful Georgian women, whose movements are unstudied ease, and whose loveliness is beyond description, need no embellishments. When the soft breezes of spring waft across the Kura the odors of vineyards and woodlands, in the freshness of the morning, or the delightful coolness of the evening, the terraces and balconies of Tiflis are thronged with merry, laughing, whispering groups of graces. The glossy, blue-black hair; the light-blue eyes, whose glances blend sensibility with a child-like ingenuity; the brilliantly clear complexions; the high foreheads, adorned with costly jewels, and the slight, graceful figures, whose outlines are set off,

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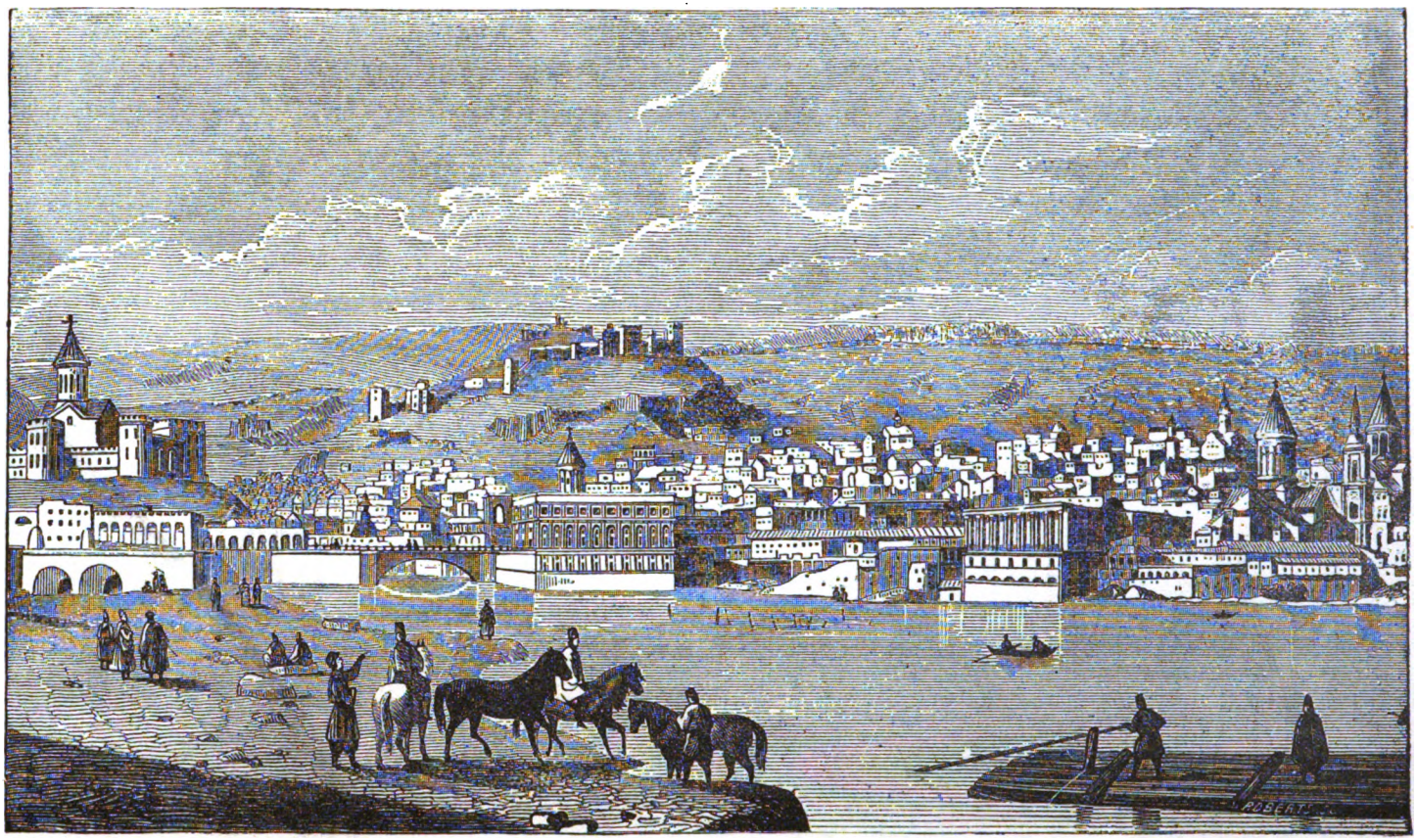

TIFLIS, WITH BATH HOUSES ON THE RIVER AND ST. DAVID'S CHURCH ON THE HILL.

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rather than concealed by the cloud-like garment which envelopes them in the fleecy whiteness of its folds, are fitting themes for pen or pencil.

"Full many an airy balcony,
Full many a gallery fair,
Along thy streets, oh, Tiflis,
Leaps lightly in the air.
But airier, fairer far than they
The maidens, who at close of day
With costly robes and jewels gay,
By moonlight, loiter there."

"And leaning lightly on the rail,
Their ribands fluttering in the gale,
Their faces fair and sweet,
With eyes of blue whose glancing fires,
Beneath their veils flash and expire,
And robes which envious, half aspire
To hide their dainty feet." —*Bodenstedt.*

The Orientalism of the Georgian women is abundantly evident in their careless gaiety and their heedlessness of household comforts and usages. When the fair Tiflisian is not sipping the fiery wine of her native valleys, or dancing with her female friends, she is sure to be found at the bathing rooms in the Tartar quarter of the city.

Custom prohibits her from receiving the visits of other ladies at home, and in order to enjoy their society, she sends them invitations to spend the day at the baths—not, of course, for bathing only, but to engage in the diversions which female ingenuity provides in all countries. The interests of absent friends are discussed with as much freedom in these gatherings, as in a Parisian boudoir. Substantial refreshments are usually at hand; wild romping games break the monotony of the long days; when the cares of the toilette fail to absorb the minds of the hostess and her guests, the dance, the never-failing pastime of the Caucasians, is always ready, and music and song are never wanting, supplied by the Grusinian troubadours who abound in Trans-Caucasia, and sing songs, usually of their own composition, to the accompaniment of the guitar or violin.

European ladies would find but little to enjoy in these bath room re-unions. The limited round of amusements; their monotonous character; the absence of cleanliness in the locality and attendance,

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and the disregard of comforts and usages which Western society considers indispensable, make them far from attractive to us. But in Eastern countries no one cares for such matters, and the Trans-Caucasian ladies find the highest satisfaction in loitering for hours in the sulphurous and repulsive vapors of the hot baths.

There is plenty of fashionable society at Tiflis, composed of the families of the resident civil and military officers of the Russian service and the Governor's suite.

The dress of the Georgian ladies, in the choice and arrangement of which they employ much time, is striking and picturesque. They wear upon their heads a broad band adorned with gold and pearls, passing over the fore-head and interwoven with their thick glossy tresses, which are dyed and oiled with great care. Rows of jewels are around their necks, elegant and costly in proportion to the means of the wearer; loose undergarments (trousers!!) of different colors, and finally the white "Tschadra" or shawl, a light and elastic net of white cotton which covers the whole figure from head to foot.

One of the customs of Tiflis which has come down from remote antiquity, is original enough to deserve description. In the middle of the city, on the top of a steep hill, called the Holy Mount, stands the Church of St. David, the patron saint of women, particularly in favor with those of Georgia, who, according to the legend, when this church was built, rendered most important service. The materials had been collected and brought to the foot of the hill, but the means of getting them to the top were wanting, till the women of the place exclaiming "Faith lifts stones" seized them with their own fair hands, and dragged and pulled them up the ascent in such quantities that a great heap remained unused when the building was completed.

To this church, the maiden who is uncertain of her lover's attachment, the married woman whose home is unhappy, and the childless wife who courts the joys of motherhood, repair on Thursdays, the only day of the week on which the oracle can be consulted, and seizing a stone hurls it to the roof. If it remains there the fair votary goes away contented, certain that her prayer will be heard. If, on the contrary, the stone returns to the ground, she must wait

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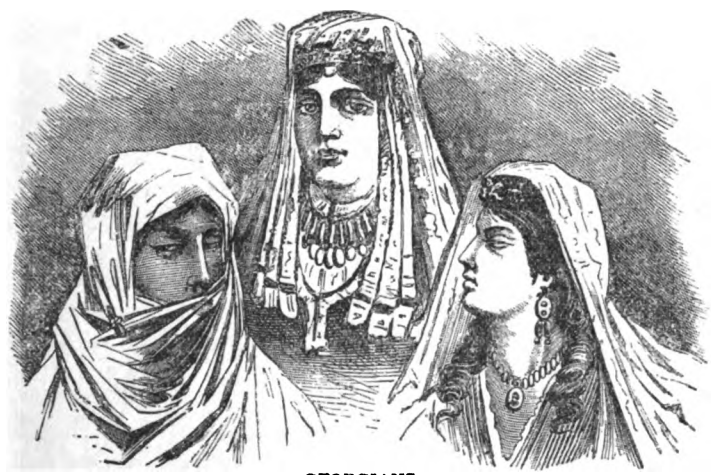
patiently for another week before renewing her singular experiment.

On St. David's Day, which is the eighth Thursday after Easter, the ladies walk in procession to the church, their gay summer garments fluttering in the breeze, and filling the air with perfume. Often, on such occasions, a lover, lurking by the wayside, surprises the lady of his love with songs like this :—

'Unveil, my love, unveil! Why hide thy charming face?
Nought fairer in the garden blooms,
The rose has less of grace,
And has not God to thee
As to it, beauty given
To make the earth rejoice?
Why keep thine all for heaven?
As if thy glorious bloom was made
To waste its sweetness in the shade.



GEORGIANS.

Unveil, dear love, unveil!
Let all the wide world see,
That fairer face than thine
On earth may never be,
Those eyes of heavenly blue
Should kindle into flame,
Those lips of roseate hue
Should breathe a lover's name.
Then take that envious veil away,
And let dawn blossom into day.

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Unveil, oh love, unveil!
Beauty like thine ne'er saw
The harem at Stamboul,
The haughty Padishah.
Ne'er lingered loving glance from eyes so soft and clear,
Ne'er in the mazy dance,
May grace like thine appear.
Then lift thy veil, light of my eyes,
And glad a world with sweet surprise."

Bidding adieu to Tiflis, we propose to bestow a passing glance at the separate departments into which Trans-Caucassia is divided, and the various tribes by which they are peopled.

The Russian Empire is the Museum of nations, races and religions, embracing as it does, those regions which are interesting as the earlier homes of entire races of the human family, and from which several of them, like the Ural-Altaic, the Caucasian, and others have derived their names.

MOHAMMEDAN OF TIFLIS; AT HOME AND IN STREET COSTUME.

The natural conformation of the boundary line which separates Europe from Asia, has favored this intermingling of national elements, and the extension of the political power of the Russian Empire in these remote parts of Asia. The Ural range of mountains is comparatively low, and may be crossed with little difficulty, and the north-

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ern civilization, with its very moderate degree of culture, has made its way among these primitive peoples with a facility which would scarcely have been attained by a higher intelligence and refinement.

The transition for the conquered races was too slight to excite much disturbance. They had changed masters, but in other respects, with the exception of the few necessary political arrangements and the opening of roads, the establishment of telegraphs, post offices and military stations, the old order of affairs was unaltered.

Between southern Europe and Asia, however, the situation was entirely different. The lofty range of the Caucasian mountains, itself almost an inseparable barrier to northern invasion, was rendered even more so, from the fact that the valleys were inhabited by a bold, hardy and warlike race, warmly attached to their homes, and so developed by nature, situation and circumstances, that a change of their national organization was possible only by their entire destruction.

The vigorous freedom of these mountaineers contrasted sharply with the milder traits of the inhabitants of the more southern parts of the peninsula, the true Trans-Caucasia, where kingdoms, relatively powerful and advanced considerably in civilization, had flourished for centuries under long dynasties of Christian kings.

This belt of territory south of the Caucasian range, with its splendid climate, the luxuriant vegetation in its western portion, its pleasant towns and villages in the paradise of Georgia, to which the broad and desert-like steppes of the north form a striking contrast, had little, as it would seem, to gain from Russian conquest. But in fact the last sovereigns of these nations had been conquered by the Mohammedans. The splendor of the Bagratians had departed, and lovely Tiflis had become the seat of petty Aryan satraps.

Had the Persian rule continued, the fate of Trans-Caucasia may be imagined when we remember the fearful ruin into which Ispahan, Hamadan and Shiraz, once famous and splendid cities, have fallen during the last century.

As was to have been expected, the deadliest effects of the Russian invasion fell upon the mountain tribes, which made a long and desperate resistance, defending the passes of their mountains foot by foot,

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till, after many years fighting, it was necessary to disarm them, tribe by tribe, and almost man by man.

The Caucasian range had thus for centuries divided the diverse races. If any succeeded in forcing its barrier at any point, it was only in small and isolated settlements, which were sooner or later absorbed by the original elements. From this cause came the singular mixture of races and tribes—Lesghians, Abchasians, Cabardians, Ossetians, Swanians, &c., &c.—often descended from widely distinct stocks, with religions varying from Christianity to Mohammedanism, and from that to the heathenism of their forefathers, with many degrees and kinds or intermixtures.

Notwithstanding the zealous and fanatical labors of the Imams, who wandered from tribe to tribe, endeavoring to inculcate at least the outward show of deference to Islamism, no one of them was very strenuous for their faith. Worshipping more than all other things liberty and independence, many tribes have preferred exile to subjection to the Russian rule, and the dimensions of this emigration have swollen in the last few years to proportions entirely unheard of in the previous history of nations.

The most interesting of all the peoples of Trans-Caucasia are the Georgians. In their physical and mental characteristics, they resemble the mountain tribes much more nearly than their southern neighbors of Armenia. Their language is hard to learn, not easily understood, and divided into many dialects. Their territory comprises the real Georgia or Grusia, Cachetia (from which the favorite wine of the country takes its name) Imerethia, Mingrelia, and Guria; which last two form the Trans-Caucasian coast of the Black Sea.

The people of these dissimilar regions are as widely different from each other as the districts they inhabit. The Mingrelian, handsome and graceful, favored by the mild climate of his country, does very little labor, and spends his time beneath the gigantic walnut or chestnut trees, or the enormous Pontine vine, which, often thick as a man's leg, at the base, climbs to the tops of the loftiest trees and produces abundance of delightful fruit. He is always poor, lives in

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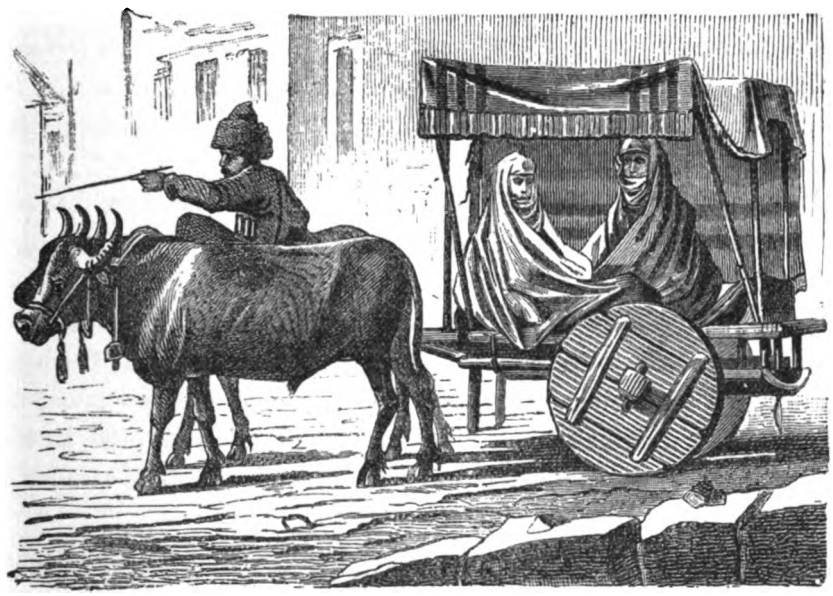
the simplest manner, has few wants, and trusts to Providence for their supply.

The Gurian population is comparatively dense, and their capital, Batum, the centre of trade in Pontine Lasea is a place of some importance.



CAUCASIAN WOMAN'S CARRIAGE.

The Imerethians are for the most part scattered among the sunny mountain slopes, though there are many little hamlets clustered around some central point. In the lowlands, however, nearly every family lives by itself. Their furniture is rude, and their implements are few. The carts, fashioned of rough timbers, roll on great lumbering wheels, cut from a single block of wood, and are drawn by buffaloes, their only domestic animal. But the personal appearance of the people contrasts very strongly with the rudeness of their surroundings. Tall and handsome, with finely-chiselled features of the noblest cast, frank in demeanor, easy in their movements, they are born dandies. Blue-eyed and fair-haired in one district, and with dark hair and eyes in another, each and all display in a high degree the physical superiority which distinguishes the Caucasian race.

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Passing from the Colchian coast to the interior of Georgia, the traveler observes, as he approaches the high table-lands of the northwest, a gradual increase of industry, a higher appreciation of the comforts of life, and more intellectual and physical activity. But on entering the eastern half of the Trans-Caucasian peninsula, the people are rugged and abrupt as the scenery about them. Towards the Kura, the southern slope of the Caucasus descends in wide, terrace-like steps, subsiding gradually into extensive plains, the homes of wandering Tartars, who live in tents, and pass eight months of the year among the rich pastures of Carabagh.

The physical features of this eastern half of the isthmus are entirely different from those of Georgia. No trace is found of the rich natural productions, the abundant vegetation, or the delicious fruits of Pontus. The people are principally Mohammedans, until we reach the petroleum wells of Baku, where the temples of the Guebers are erected above the sacred fires. Many Shiites are also found in that neighborhood, remnants of a great people, whose capital, now a place of no importance, was, when the Persians were lords of all the regions south of the Caucasus, a great and famous city.

From the Pontic coast to the Caspian Sea, the Caucasian isthmus displays landscapes of every character: sandy plains and thick swamps; primeval forests; rich orchards and gardens; vineyards and deserts; bare, rugged mountains; and, finally, morasses, with a narrow belt of cultivation to the northward.

The population exhibits the types of nearly all the races of mankind. Light-haired Mingrelians; dark-haired Georgians; fever-smitten Gurians; Cachetians exulting in health; wandering Tartars; Armenian troglodytes; fanatic Shiites; lank Parsees, with faces yellow as the eternal fire they worship; somber Daghestans; Cossacks; and, in the neighborhood of Tiflis, a respectable colony of Germans from Wurtemburgh, who, living in strict seclusion, maintain their primitive type intact.

Taking the Georgian woman as the type of those of Trans-Caucasia, we shall find in their lives an unvarying succession of light and shade. We have already spoken of Tiflis, with its somewhat monoto-

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nous and uninviting social customs. And yet the capital of Grusia is considered in Trans-Caucasia as a sort of eastern Paris, and the ladies of the countless nobility of the country speak in raptures of its pleasures. In the villages, comfort is nearly unknown, even among the wealthier classes. Most of the houses are of one story, and though adorned externally with balconies and galleries of fanciful lattice, the interiors are dark, gloomy, and stifling. The huts of the peasantry, built of stone or mud, and half underground, are thoroughly miserable, and during the rainy season their wretched inhabitants are in continual danger of being half-drowned or buried in the ruins of their troglodyte dens. Yet no Georgian considers it worth his while to set about thorough repairs, or put his dwelling in decent and substantial shape.

But with the return of fair weather, all discomfort is forgotten; the inmates of the most wretched hut come out into the sunshine, and gather light and gladness with every breath. Men and women are equally fond of dress and jewels, dance and song, and social intercourse and pleasures of every kind. Both sexes gamble freely; both drink to excess. Of course, under such circumstances, morals are not mended, the standard of virtue is low, and the reports which circulate to the disadvantage of the Georgian women *may have* some truth at the bottom.

The favorite dance of the Georgians is the Lesghinka, which has little to recommend it besides its oddity. The dancer, who scarcely moves from her place, bends and twists her body and limbs in various contortions, accompanying these gesticulations with a sort of pantomime. When she dances in the midst of her friends, she feigns the presence of a lover, and signifies the intensity of her feeling by the vivacity of her gymnastics. When a professional dancer performs it, the Lesghinka gains in dramatic effect; but there is little of artistic elegance in the display. During the pauses of the dance, cups of the fiery wine of Cachetia are handed round, and the dancer or her friends indulge in snatches of joyous song. The dancing usually takes place in an open field or garden, where the luxuriant vegetation furnishes a rich and pleasant background to the scene.

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The guest in a Georgian country house is usually received in the wine-press, the most honorable place about the establishment, and indicating with great significance the character of the entertainment. The wine prepared in these presses is stored near them in jars, which in Guria are of immense size. With such conveniencies at hand, it is not surprising that their revels pass all limits, and that men and women unite in the wildest excesses.

GEORGIAN COUNTRY LIFE.

The pleasures of the table occupy a subordinate place. Wealthy families in the country squat upon the ground about a great round table, spread in the shade of some friendly tree, and covered with a wide cloth of various gay colors. A Georgian bill of fare is something like this: Good, but rather porous, *cheese*, *raw cucumbers*, *chicken*, *soup*, *mutton*, *fish*, and various roasted meats; *peas*, *wild leeks*, *celery*, *beans*, and *mint* are used as relishes and *entremets*. The bread is usually in thin cakes, often two feet long and half a foot in width.

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Like the Tcherkese women, of whom we shall have occasion to speak further on, the Georgian maidens have for a long time played a conspicuous part in the Turkish slave market. The number of these unfortunates, as we should call them, in former times often exceeded a thousand in a year. All Trans-Caucasia and Armenia, as well as Lasistan, delivered there their living wares. The most active dealers were then the Lesghians, who for this purpose had trails through Georgia, commonly called Lesghian roads. They brought no maidens for sale from their own mountains, but came down into the plains, and stole them, or bought them in the Georgian and Armenian villages. Even Tiflis, less than forty years ago, was not exempt from these robberies. The Russians had at an earlier date put all the restrictions in their power upon this shameful business; and when by the peace of Adrianople, in 1829, a part of Turkish Georgia fell to Russia, the traders lost their principal place of business, and the trade received a sensible check.

The Georgian maidens who were sold as slaves were, nevertheless, not as unhappy as was commonly believed. Did they enjoy any special happiness in their gloomy huts, where hunger and want were frequent guests? Far more intelligent than the Tcherkese women, masterful and intriguing, the fair captives were not slow in accomodating themselves to their new situation, and soon learned to rule their Mohammedan lords. The mother of Sultan Abdul Medjid had been a Georgian slave, and many other women who have exercised an often fatal sway over one or another of the last Turkish Sultans, have passed their joyless childhood in a wretched Cachetian or Karthlian cabin.

Let us now glance at the provinces on the coast. We find there the Gurian, Mingrelian, and Lasean women, differing from each other in type but slightly. The Gurians, like the Mingrelians, have full round faces, with large eyes, and mostly large noses. The Laseans, on the other hand, are slender in form, their faces are oval, and their features regular and attractive. Their longish oval eyes are not large; their noses are of the proper proportion. Ordinarily nothing is seen of their faces outside of their dwellings, for the "tschadra," which is

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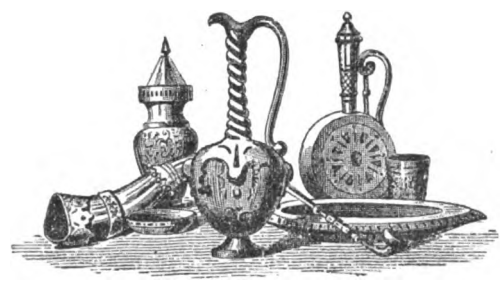
thrown about them with such graceful ease that it is no hindrance in their movements, envelopes their entire person. The tschadra is usually white, but gay colors, and particularly blue, are in favor.

Guria is *par excellence* the land of wine. The wine jars we have previously mentioned are found here, often six feet in depth; they are sunk in the ground, and when filled are covered with slabs of slate. When rock of the proper kind is at hand, they are hollowed in it; elsewhere they are formed of clay, and as no oven is large enough to bake them entire, these colossal urns are made in three pieces. The Gurian wine is consumed in enormous quantities in the place of its production. Old and young, male and female, give themselves up to intoxication. Even new-born babes receive a spoonful of this strong harsh liquor an hour after birth, and Gurian mothers and nurses never forget to quiet their children by frequent sips of wine. In the swamp lands of Guria, this superabundance of wine is a great benefit, and the lives of the inhabitants would be even more wretched if they were deprived of it. And now for the highlands of Caucasia!



CAUCASIAN VESSELS.

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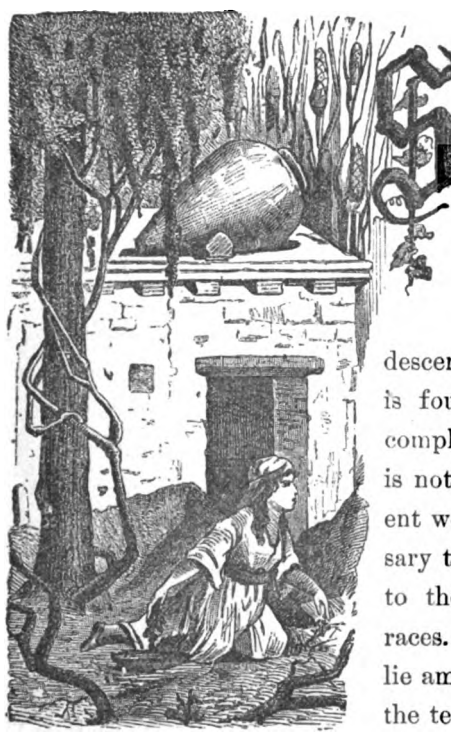
2. Among the Mountain People.

Ethnographical View; Tcherkesan Women and Maidens; Carriages; The Home; Elopement; Tcherkesan Female Slaves; Among the Tchetzeuze; Marriage Customs; Parting; Widow's Lament for the Dead; The Prisoner in Caucasus; Among the Tartars; Woman's Cart of the Nomades; In a Tartar Saloon.



SINCE we began, we have endeavored to draw the reader's attention to the mosaic of races and clans, of types and forms, differing generally in descent, manners or customs, which is found in Caucasia. Although a complete ethnographical description is not within the scope of the present work, we have thought it necessary to furnish some information as to the origin of these mixtures of races. The elevated valleys which lie among the mountains in front of the territory of Kuba, and in places projecting into it, were before the Russian conquest, in the possession of the Tcherkese or Adige tribes. Where the principal range of the Caucasus begins to rise from the coast plains of the Kuban Haffe, the local peculiarities of this originally Tcherkesan territory are not strikingly different from those of every other mountain district, and the extreme northwestern point of the mountain system is insignificant. But only a few miles from the Kuban opening, a second ridge

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breaks off from the leading range, turning more to the eastward, and including a district full of wild valleys and romantic lurking-places, reached by wretched bridle-paths, leading across the mountain ridges.

Of all the mountain tribes in the west, only the Tcherkesans and Tchetzans, and here and there the Lesghians, attract the attention of the world. This is easily comprehensible with regard to the former, not only on account of the enthusiasm excited by their splendid resistance to Russian injustice, but from the fact that their women have long enjoyed the renown of being the fairest in the world. Indeed, the Tcherkesans are distinguished among all the Caucasians by their warlike demeanor, the symmetry of their forms, and other physical traits. It is also to be noted that wherever this people have mingled with any other—either Tartars, Turks, or Cossacks,—the influence of the Caucasian blood can be traced in its ennobling of form and feature.

The physical distinctions of the Tcherkesans are particularly interesting when considered with relation to their women. The beauty of these ladies has been for many years the inspiration of countless pens. Shall we join the universal chorus, and scatter our incense before this ideal of loveliness? The stature of the Tcherkesan beauty is generally small, but peculiarly elegant; their hair is jet black; their eyes beaming and full of soul, and every movement of their forms betrays vivacity and inimitable grace. Their complexion is white and delicate as that of all the other Caucasian women; and if it were not the custom for them to veil their faces, the traveler journeying through Caucasia might feast his gaze upon the dazzling beauty of the fairest specimens of the female sex. For garments, the Tcherkesan lady prefers a blue silk robe, embroidered with gold and silver, with a girdle similarly adorned, fastened about the waist by a heavy gold or silver clasp. A light shawl of the brightest colors is wound about the head for a turban, or falls gracefully over the neck and shoulders. To cover the face, a veil of muslin, nearly transparent, is used.

It is easy to conceive that such a lovely apparition, perhaps met for the first time in some romantic bower, could but prove irresistibly

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charming. When the Tcherkesan youth has such an encounter, he knows at a glance, by the color of her trousers if the wearer is maiden, wife, or widow. The unmarried ladies wear white, the married red, and the widows blue. Otherwise the dress is the same in all particulars, except that the hair of the maiden is worn in thick braids, tied by silver threads at their ends, while that of the married women falls loosely over the neck and shoulders.

Fair as she is, the existence of the Tcherkese beauty is miserable enough in the family circle, and it is not difficult to believe that the destiny which sends her to the harem of some Turkish grandee, is not altogether deplorable. The wife of the Tcherkesan is at her best a slave, subjected to the caprice of her husband, whose drudgery must be done by her, and whose beck and call she must always obey. This existence, even when relieved by the tawdry glitter which the wealthiest and best of her people can throw around it, confines her for life to a wretched cabin of mud or wicker-work.

And the treatment of their wives by these gallant and handsome Tcherkesans is far from chivalrous or tender. The romance of courtship ends with marriage. The adoration of the beauty lasts only while she wears the white garments of the maiden, and terminates with her assumption of the matronly red.

Perhaps the most exciting feature of her life is the Bridal Ride, one of the most singular of Caucasian customs. When a Tcherkesan youth decides to marry, he comes to an understanding with his lady-love to elope with him on a particular evening. The course of true love does not run more smoothly in these mountains than with western lovers. The whole village in which the lady resides sets itself to prevent such an invasion of its dignity, and the abduction requires, in consequence, much address and courage. The would-be bridegroom must dash into the presence of his beloved, mounted on his best horse, seize and swing her to the saddle before him, and be off at full gallop. Having reached a certain distance, he must empty his cartridge-box in a fusillade, to inform the people of the village, who immediately set out upon his traces with a babel of uproar, in which everyone capable of bearing arms or bestriding a courser joins. If the fugitives

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are caught, the lover receives a severe cudgelling, his horse, his arms and his bride are taken from him—the latter forever. If he succeeds in escaping, he locks the maiden in a chamber prepared for her; and only after he has scraped together and paid to her father the price demanded, can the marriage ceremonies, which are conducted under the Mohammedan rites, take place.

TCHERKESAN BRIDE.

The Tcherkesan never marries outside of his own tribe, and the type of the race, with all its splendid features, has remained unchanged from generation to generation. The purity of the marriage relation is maintained with great strictness. Any infidelity on the part of the woman is severely punished. Usually the wife who dishonors her husband, or the maiden who falls from her honor, is sold as a slave. The erring wife must first, however, return to her father's house, on which all the disgrace of her misconduct falls. The

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wife of a chief is punished with death for unfaithfulness, and her paramour, if he is caught, shares her fate.

We have said that the Tcherkesan maiden who is sold into foreign slavery has not as much reason to complain of her fate as has been supposed. Like the fair Georgians, these Caucasian beauties

CAUCASIAN MAIDEN IN MALE ATTIRE.

see, in being sold, their deliverance from the discomforts and privations of their homes; and indulge in dreams of honors and luxuries to be gained by marriage, or the favor of their masters, many of which are undoubtedly realized. In the Turkish harems they are highly prized; for besides their dazzling external attractions, the Mohammedan law allows a certain freedom of intercourse between masters and slaves, which is denied to the legitimate spouses.

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It is dangerous to speak of the abolition of slavery in the Turkish Orient, for a Mohammedan household is hardly imaginable without it. We shall return to this social question in a future chapter.

So long as the Caucasians on the coast of Pontus were allowed free intercourse with the external world, the sale of their maidens went on swimmingly. But when the Russians appeared, though the dark business was checked, the beautiful goods continued to find outlets through secret channels. And in their emigrations, the Tcherkesans have not departed from customs and associations which ages of use had established. On the other hand, unrestricted intercourse with Turkish agents, in spite of Firmans and decrees, has facilitated the trade essentially.

The highest dignitaries themselves, while conceding the abolition of slavery in theory, have shared in the purchase of Tcherkesan maidens. Babieh Chanum, the wife of the cunning Fuad Pasha, "the greatest Ottoman statesman of modern times," was a slave maiden. She was the inventor of the famous magic garment, which, in her opinion, was no sooner put on by a Tcherkesan, than it lent her such a supernatural and demoniac beauty, that the purchaser would pay the highest price demanded without demur.

The usual process of this business is as follows: Whenever a shipment of maidens arrives at Stamboul, the central seat of the trade, they are distributed either from first hands, or through agents, who are mostly Tcherkesans, into the harems of the buyers, or to brokers, through the mediation of ladies of high position. In the last case the operation becomes entirely a private venture of the brokeress, who trains and rears the young maiden, teaches her the piano and foreign languages—particularly French—and after a year of preparation, sets all levers in motion to procure her a brilliant marriage, or sell her to some rich admirer of such living merchandise. Opportunities of approach are easily found when they are desired. Usually the broker (or owner) of the maiden visits the places of amusement, or drives in an open carriage through the most densely peopled streets of Stamboul. The veil which thinly hides the beauties who recline upon the cushions, allows the beholder a tolerable

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idea of their charms. Many of these broker women have gained considerable fortunes by their trade, and from one of them, Atidsche Chanum, we have obtained a veritable price-list. For example, one was sold to Hamil Pasha for $5,000; another cost an Egyptian lord $3,000; yet another to Risaat Pasha, for $2,600; a fourth to Mahmoud Pasha, of Tunis, for $2,400; and two others brought $700 and $800 respectively.

But not all of the Tcherkesan maidens attain the prizes of their youthful dreams. Many enter the harems of the great only to become servants of the household. Others again obtain power and influence, or become the wives of the high dignitaries of the Porte. And in most cases it happens that such a slave changes masters many times before reaching the summit of her wishes, while others pass away unnoticed and unknown. It may be taken for granted that in consequence of their beauty the Tcherkesan women have much to suffer from the jealousy and chicanery of the legitimate inhabitants of the harem. Thus grievous cruelties take place, and many a Caucasian maiden who dreamed in her youth of catching a Sultan, has bloomed and withered, and succumbed to the vertigo, to which the mountain women are particularly subject in hot countries like Egypt or Tunis. A custom prevails at the Court of Stamboul particularly revolting to us in western countries—that of bestowing the Tcherkesan women who fall out of favor upon officers of the Court. They then become utterly intolerable, arrogant and intriguing, true devils for their favored husbands. This is one of the truths about the harem's glory, of which we shall have something more to say as we proceed.

The next best known of the Caucasian mountain people are the Tchetzans. No other branch of this wild and warlike stock has been brought into so close communication with the western world. The legend of Schamyl is almost forgotten, and to-day it is as quiet in the Cossack Stanitze as if nightly raids and cruel massacres had never been. We have only to notice here a few passages from the home-life of these people, which may serve to illustrate their deviations from the ancient customs of their parent stock, the Mohammedan tribes of the mountains.

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The Tchetzan woman knows no more of personal freedom than her Caucasian sister. When her father has selected her husband, she receives attentions from him only, and the marriage to her is a matter of course. The tender parent is naturally concerned quite as much in the amount of money he can realize by the marriage as in the happiness of his child. The price is fixed by himself, or by persons selected by him. Even when the contract has been made and the money paid down, the bridegroom may withdraw by forfeiting the sum he has paid; and as such forfeitures go to increase the paternal hoard, the dutiful daughter, whose affections have not been consulted not unfrequently is left to wear the willow, or to the admiration of another wooer, without much danger of becoming heart-broken.

Another singular custom allows the brother to dispose of his sister's hand to any one of his friends of the same tribe. Frequently such bargains are made in a drunken revel, and it is only necessary for the brother to drink his sister's health in the presence of the bridegroom he has chosen for her, to confirm the arrangement unalterably.

How little of pure happiness the bride has to expect in her marriage may be inferred from the ceremonies which precede and conclude it. When the bargain is finally settled, and the marriage procession is at the door, the bride, in company with a matron and a dozen well-mounted young men, is brought to the house of a relative of the groom. Her reception is somewhat unceremonious. A crowd of people sing and shout and fire their pistols before the door, until they are driven away by the escort of the bride, and the kinsman whom she seeks appears upon the threshold to demand, before admitting her, a present from her hands. Once inside, another scene of this strange drama is enacted, not less peculiar than the preceding. Almost all the female relatives of the groom receive her with wild howlings, and beset her with needles and scissors, while the escort proceed to strip the clothing from her body. After this doubtful display of joy is over, the betrothal takes place, and the maiden is conducted back to her home. Shortly after the same processes are repeated at the house of another relative, where the bride must remain for three days and nights till the day of marriage.

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After all these formalities have been completed, the pair are not left to themselves a moment for six days, during which time they can only speak together at the risk of disgrace, if the act is discovered by

TCHERKESAN FAMILY OF THE HIGHER CLASS.

any of the curious people who surround them. At the dawn of the sixth day, the bride, accompanied by a number of married women, takes a pitcher and some thin cakes in her hands, and going to the

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nearest brook, each one throws into it a cake, pierced through the center with a needle; the pitcher is filled with water, the procession marches homewards, and the ceremony is at an end.

Is it worth going through all this trouble to begin the life of a slave? From her cradle to her grave, the Tchetzan woman knows no independence, freedom, or respectful treatment. Her life to us would seem to be simply unendurable. She may gain her liberty by divorce from an unloving husband, but she loses thereby all the property she may have accumulated or inherited, and cannot claim any indemnity whatever. She can only retain her property when the divorce is the act of the husband.

The birth of children brings no alleviation to her unhappy destiny. The boys run wild, obeying their father only, until they are capable of bearing arms, when they become their own masters, and play the hero at pleasure. The girls are ruled by their father with an iron hand, until he can dispose of them in marriage for such sums, and to such wooers as suit his whim or his greed.

The Tchetzan lament for the dead is a wild and singular custom. Though such husbands seem scarcely worth lamenting, custom obliges their widows to bewail them in a most piteous manner, with wild howlings and shrieks. The mourners pluck out their hair by handfuls, rend their garments from their bodies, and when the fury of their grief is exhausted, the widow of the dead man stands beside the bier, and chants the following plaintive strain:

"Oh my husband, thou hast left me;
Gladly with thee I had died.
Can I, can I live without thee?
What have I on earth beside?
Shall the dear guest in our cradle
For its father pine and die?
Shall the steed within thy stable
Seek his lord with anxious eye?
Shall the land thy fathers gave thee,
To the stranger, pass away?
Or forgot, thy trusty sabre,
In its sheath of rust, decay?
Shall another's hand thy rifle
Bear upon the mountain's side?
Shall another wear thy girdle
With its clasps of silver wide?

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Oh my husband! oh my master!
None thine equal e'er can be;
Fast upon thy hearth, and faster,
Fall my tears, my prince, for thee.
What to me were toil or danger
While thy head, so proudly borne,
While thy heart, to fear a stranger.
Kept and cheered me;—Ah forlorn,
Broken, lost, a mourner weeping,
Who my shield, my trust, will be?
Who, thy helpless infants keeping,
Teach them to be brave and free?"

When the widow has finished her lament, the other women join in a song, in which they praise the virtues and heroic deeds of the dead, and the mournful ceremony is finished. A two-wheeled cart bears the corpse to the grave, in some quiet place, beneath a pleasant shade tree.

For a number of years profound peace has reigned in both Tchetzan and Tcherkesa. The stories of the deadly strife in which the sons of Caucasia sought to maintain the freedom they loved so well, linger in memory only, as the pastime of the people of the inland villages during the long summer evenings. Orphaned maidens sing sad songs of that dark and bloody time:

"When deep in blood, with awful brow,
The fiery Zizianow trod;
And Kottarewsti, scourge in hand,
Through wood and vale triumphant rode.

"Yes, like a fearful tempest blast,
Or pest, thou camest, fierce and fast;
A blood-red scythe, whose deadly sway
The boldest, bravest mowed away."

Thus sang Alexander Puschkin in his splendid, soul-stirring "Prisoner in Caucasia." . . . . On one of their daring raids, a troop of Tcherkesans had taken a Russian prisoner, and dragged him into their hold, tied like a wild beast. Weary and faint, he sinks upon the inhospitable soil, forgetting in his slumber the laughter and jeers of his enemies, and his own pitiful situation. Awakening from his death-like sleep when the sun was high in the heavens above him, he found himself in chains, and the word "slave" trembled upon his bloodless lips.

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" While round their huts the wild Tcherkese
Braided their hedge of cactus leaves,
Or in the distant woodlands stray,
Alone, forgot, the captive lay."

And as consumed by home-sickness and despair he turned his sad eyes to the glorious landscape, the silver-flowing fountain, the shining clouds about the head of the lofty Elbrus, the flashing, shimmering reflections of the light upon the distant cliffs, a feeling of comfort and consolation stole upon him, and when the moon came up, he fell into a sweet dream.

A YOUNG LESGHIAN MAIDEN.

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A SLAVE AMONG THE TCHERKESANS. 33

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"It was but a dream, yet in it his thought
Had wandered away from his wretched lot,
A cheat of the sense, but it mattered not;
For the Russian awoke, and at his side
Stood a fair Tcherkese, in her maiden pride.
She spoke, and her voice was soft and low,
And sweet as the fount with its silver flow.
He knew of her tongue not a single word,
But a sweeter voice he had never heard;
And she gave him food with her gentle hand,
And water cool from the spring's bright sand;
And the captive forgot his galling chain,
As hope to his heart returned again;
And he drank long draughts, in his sweet surprise,
From the tender light in those gentle eyes.
He knew not her words, but he did not grieve,
For her eyes, and the glow in her cheek said, "live."

Strength returned to his tortured limbs. Day by day his sweet nurse came back to him, and as he became interested in the wild, warlike sports and songs of his captors, the image of the maiden was deeper and more ineradicably fixed in his heart. Months passed. Pity in the breast of the maiden turned to love, and in a moment of rapture she clasps him to her breast, and reveals her passion in a burst of native eloquence:

"Only love me! I will go
Where the mighty rivers flow;
Where on yonder desert plain
Death and silence ever reign:
Brave the steep, and stem the tide,
Where thou wilt, but by thy side."

The Russian looks upon the passionate child in silent pity, and gently puts away the overflowing manifestation of the love which has become dearer to him than life, but which he cannot, dare not claim. Memories of the past rush through his brain like a host of stinging serpents. The world has grown empty, heaven has lost its God, his heart is dead, his bosom a waste. "Forget me!" he cries.

"No, not for me
The treasures of thy heart; the priceless flow
Of love a god might covet; not for me.
Another heart for thee with joy may glow,
Another hand recalls me from thy side;
A shape that wanders with me as I go,
Which wrings my heart, and will not be denied."

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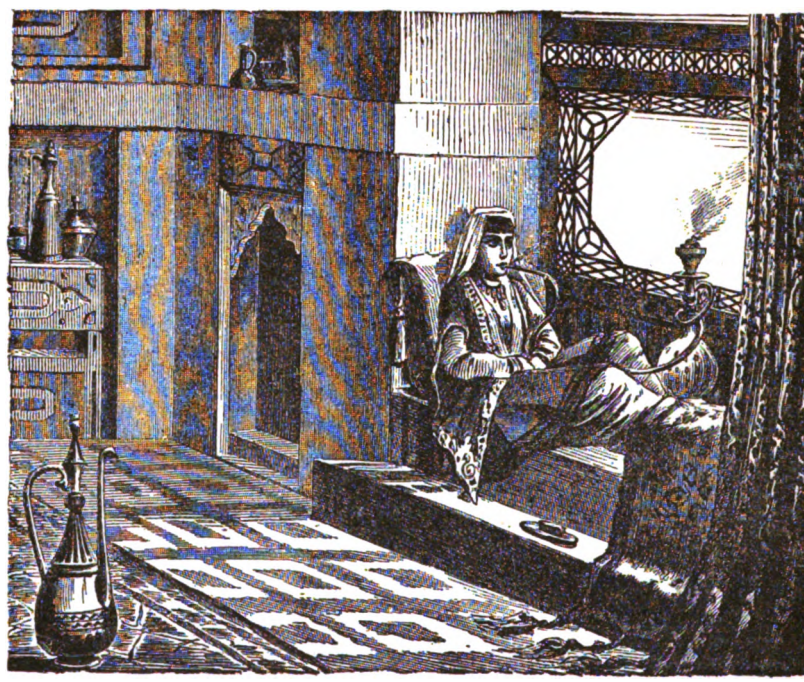
The poor girl, amazed and distracted, throws herself at his feet and embracing his knees in her despair, bewails her fate in passionate strains:

" Ah, cold and hard as the rocks that start
From Elbrus' crown of icy pride,
Oh Russian! why, 'ere I knew thy heart,
Did I own my love? Would I had died
'Ere, yielding my soul to a dream of bliss,
I tasted heaven in thy raptured kiss.
Thou knewest my heart was an open book,
Clear in its depths as the mountain brook,
And thou wert silent! "



A TARTAR HOME.

Her voice is stifled with sobs. Confused and distressed by the depths of the passion he has created but will not return, the Russian stammers out excuses. He too, had known the bitterness of unrequited affection. He had loved, in the happy days of his youth, and his love had been rejected with scorn. His heart was steeled. The fountain of love was dry. Weary days go on. The Tcherkese band

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departs upon other forays, and the village is deserted by all but the women. The prisoner is left to his own thoughts. The songs of the maidens coming and going in their daily duties fall upon his listless ears; he is home-sick and hopeless.

"But hark! and he turns and lifts his head;
A veil floats white on the evening breeze;
The grass bends crisp 'neath a faltering tread,
And the poor wan child is at his knees;
Her eyes all swollen and stained with tears;
Her lips' sweet music is faint and low,
And the night-like waves of her beautiful hair
O'er neck and bosom neglected flow.
A file gleams dark in her dainty hand;
'Away!' she whispers; 'the path is free;
Thy foes roam far o'er the desert sands,
And I will lead thee; come with me.'

The chains drop from the captive's limbs. He starts to his feet in an ecstasy of delight; and then love, gratitude, shame, pity, at once contending for the mastery within him, he sinks at the feet of his deliverer, begs her to forgive and fly with him forever from this hateful region. It was too late. The maiden listens in mournful silence. Her love is dead, and only the consuming fire of despair burns in her bosom. She will help him escape; she will guide him to the Russian frontier—but there they must part forever.

"In vain he clasps her with eager arms,
In vain he presses her fevered lips;
So closes in hopeless, nameless harm
A life's brief drama—too wild and deep.
And slowly and silently, hand in hand,
They tread the path to the distant strand.
And now he has breasted the river's flow,
And his pulses thrill with a boyish glow;
As, leaping free on his native shore,
He stands erect—a slave no more.
But the dark wave gleams with a sudden flash,
A sigh's soft murmur greets his ear;
Say, was it the foam on the rock that dashed
The breath of the night wind, sad and clear?
Ah no, no, no! As his eager eyes
The distant lines of the beach explore,
Like a wreath of snow the foam drift lies,
And the wind is still on the empty shore."

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Leaving, with this poetic episode, the mountains and their inhabitants, we return to the eastern portion of the Trans-Caucasian peninsula, where, on a tongue of land between the Kura and Araxes rivers, partly a desert of stony, sandy plains, partly rising into rugged hills, we shall find the Shiite Tartars—a race of wandering herdsmen, who spend the summer upon the mountains with their flocks, returning with the approach of winter to their quarters in the steppes. Any one of these nomadic tribes may be taken as a type of the whole. In their manners and customs precisely similar to each other, they have scarcely changed their methods of living for a thousand years.

When the time comes for them to remove, each puts on his finest clothing, the bugles ring out martial blasts, and every one is merry. First come the horses in great droves; then the chiefs with their sons, followed by their wives and daughters, principally on horseback. The women are thickly veiled, and bestride their horses in manly fashion; and their saddles are gorgeous with embroidery in silk, and gold and silver.

Behind these are the common people; the men mostly on foot, the women and children in wagons—of which each family has its own—covered with gay-striped curtains, behind which women and girls sit at their ease, peeping out coquettishly at the people they chance to meet. Often the Tartar peasant considers it beneath his dignity to carry his own arms upon the march, and loads his miniature arsenal upon the shoulders of his wife or his children.

In speaking of the Turcomans, who are the most noted of the people of the steppes, we shall describe the peculiarities of the nomads more fully, and therefore confine ourselves for the present to the Tartars who live in the towns. In exterior appearance there is little to distinguish the house of a Tartar from that of an Armenian. Once inside, the resemblance vanishes. The Armenians, whose ideas of fashion are governed by the customs of Tiflis, furnish their dwellings much after European styles; the Tartars, on the contrary, follow the Persians. Their houses are mostly of two stories, the lower one being devoted to the stables, the kitchen and servants, and the upper containing the apartments of the family. In front, there is usually a

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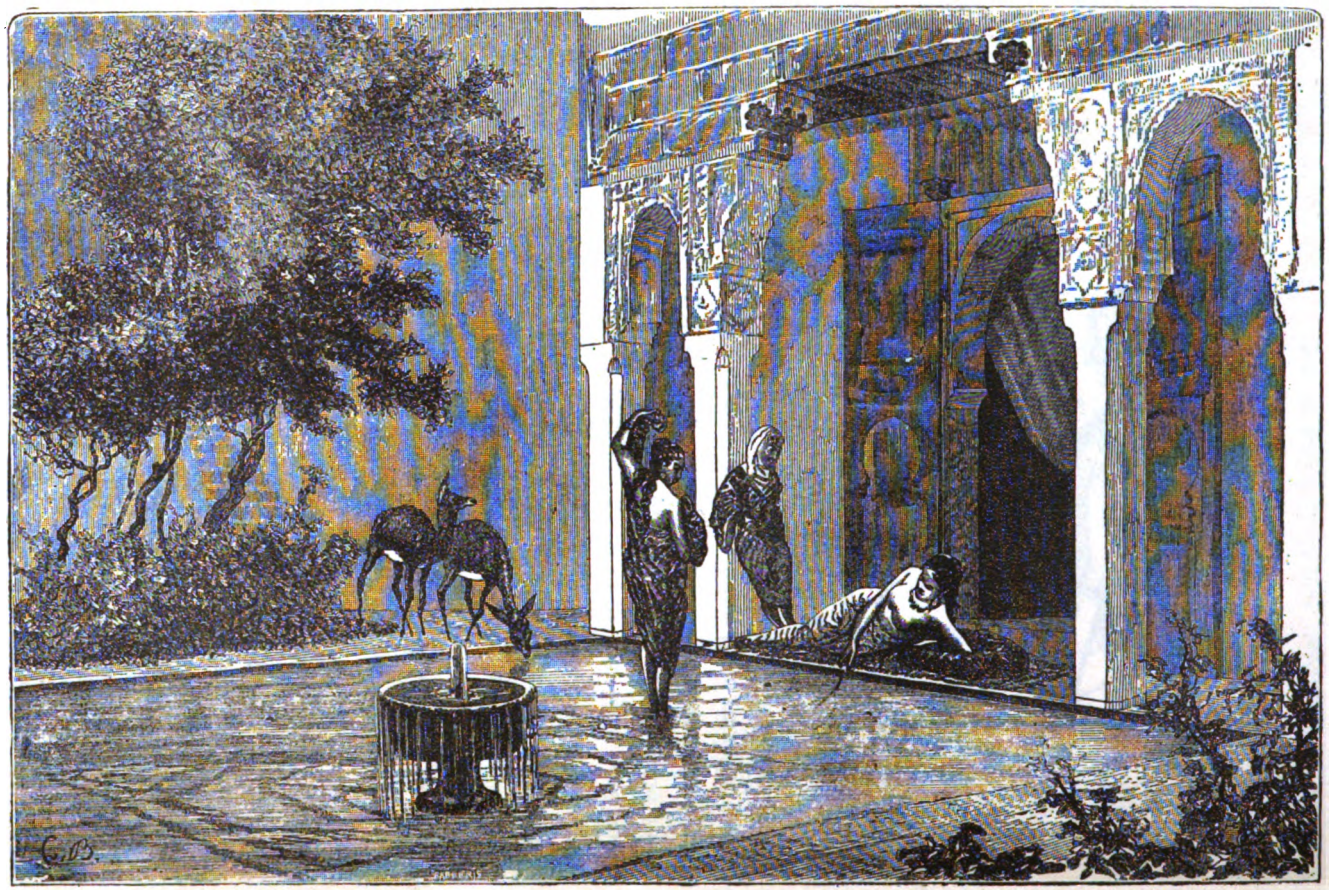

TURKISH COURT-YARD AND BATH.

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wide balcony, reached by a wooden staircase, and opening into the ante-chamber, in which the master of the house receives strangers and persons of distinction. The intimates of the family enter without ceremony by the great window, which reaching from the ground to the roof, often takes up the whole of one side of the house. This window is adorned with stained glass, and the carved work of the frame is of the same tasteful character as the ornamentation of the saloons.

Unfortunately, there is another side to this exterior of elegance. The idea of comfort is unknown to the Tartars, and dirt reigns supreme. The women care nothing for the order or neatness of their homes, and their children grow up in neglect. But upon the street, their toilette must be faultless, at least externally. Their long robes of plaid or striped silk must be rich and costly, and their veils, of semi-transparent muslin, must rival the fleecy whiteness of a web of down. But let no one allow himself to be deluded by all this splendor. No Tartar thinks of washing more than her face and hands. Their garments, however rich they may be, are worn day and night, and changed only when they can be worn no longer; and they are as careless of their minds as of their bodies, giving little thought to ordinary education, and none whatever to the higher intellectual culture. Under such circumstances, the Tartar woman grows up and remains all her life long a superstitious, chattering creature, the entire opposite of the gay and intelligent Georgian, or of the fiery and ambitious Tcherkese.

CAUCASIAN ORNAMENTS AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

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Western Asia.

THE lands of which we shall treat in this chapter are almost exclusively Mohammedan. Christians—such as the Armenians, Nestorians, and Maronites—will be frequently met in its more compact and strictly defined political organizations, (like that of Turkish Asia) but for the most part, Islamism luxuriates in a narrow and exclusive sectarianism, deeply impressed with the bitter intolerance of the long-forgotten heathen races, which ages since, peopled the wild and savage region in which the doctrine of the prophet took its rise.

Western Asia—from Ararat to Sinai, from Pontus to the Indian Ocean—is by common consent regarded as the oldest centre of civilization. Within the boundaries of the feeble and tottering empire of the Ottomans of the present day, might once have been seen the powerful and world-renowned empire of Assyria, the splendid commercial enterprise of Phœnicia, the literature and art of Greece, "Golden Sardis," Babylon, the mother of cities, and Nineveh, whose gigantic ruins are the wonder of modern travelers. In the middle of Anatolia, where nomadic hordes wander over endless wastes of melancholy steppes, was once the royal palace of the Phrygian kings, and Turcoman herdsmen pen their flocks at night in the sepulchral halls of the metropolis of Midas. On the boundary line between Kurdistan

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and Armenia, a path retains in its name of "Shah Fol," or king's highway, a reminiscence of that famous Highway of Nations which served as a channel for the commerce of a civilization long since extinct. Nowhere in all the world is found such a quantity of ruins and remains of cities, belonging to various epochs of civilization, and lying side by side, or piled upon each other like geological strata, as in Western Asia.

And who are the peoples which now inhabit this ground, hallowed by the most ancient traditions? We find first, the Ottomans, the ruling race largely in the majority, and embracing fully five millions. Nearly related to them are the Turcomans of Asia Minor, and after these, the Tartars, who driven or having emigrated from Russia, have found a home in the Ottoman empire. Of the Shemitish races, there are the Arabs and the Bedouins of Syria and Palestine; the Syrians, Maronites, and Chaldeans—remnants of old Aramaic stocks in Syria and parts of Kurdistan; and finally, the Hebrews, principally in Palestine. The number of the Arabs and Syrians of Arabic descent, may be about four millions; those of the second group, hardly half a million, and of the Hebrews, about three hundred thousand. About a million of the Pelasgian races, so-called Hellenic, are scattered in Western and Northern Asia Minor.

The Aryians—among whom can be reckoned the Armenians, Kurds, and Persians—are much more numerous. The Kurds may be estimated at one million. The Persians, never found in compact bodies in Western Asia, are united in considerable colonies in the cities along its eastern border, in and about Bagdad, where they inhabit the small city of Chadim, containing the mausoleum of the Imaum Musa, and the Shiite cities of Kerbela and Nedchef, on the western bank of the Euphrates near the ruins of Babylon.

These races and peoples, as we have already observed, are by no means exclusively Mohammedans, although the majority—say thirteen millions—profess that faith. But the Christians, Jews, and various small sects, form a body by no means inconsiderable in numbers. The mosaic of religions is as singular and varied as that of races. There are Orthodox Greeks, Orthodox or Gregorian Arme-

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nians; United Greek Catholics, United Armenian Catholics; Maronite Catholics, and United Chaldean Christians, with their branches, the Nestorians and Jacobites. Then there are Israelites, Druses, Nazarites, and Ishmaelites; Kitzylbashes and Devil Worshippers in Kurdistan; Shiite Mutavillehs; pure Shiites; Sun Worshippers and Mandaens. Of these sects, the Druses, Nazarites, Ishmaelites, and Mandaens are Arabs; the Devil Worshippers, Kitzylbashes, and Nestorians are Kurds; and the Shemshus and Chaldeans are part Kurds and part Arabs. Beside these, there are Gypsies and Crypto

TARTAR MAIDEN OF EASTERN ARMENIA.

Christians among the Laseans, Kurds, and Arabs, and the wandering tribes of Mesopotamians, and one district of the Arabian peninsula profess a mixture of Mohammedanism with the heathenism of their forefathers.

The regions inhabited by this astonishing collection of races, families and religions, abound with striking contrasts in their physical features. In the north-east, from the Colchian and Pontine coasts of the Black Sea, the Armenian Highlands rise with long stretches of table-lands or steppes, and wild mountain chains. Nature has been sparing of her bounties in these localities; the inhabitants for the most part are poor, and their struggle for existence is hard. Westward of these highlands lies the peninsula of Asia Minor, with the Euphrates for its eastern boundary, and its other sides enclosed by seas. The provinces of the coast depend on Anatolia for the choicest productions of the soil. The north is fine woodland, the interior

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steppes, and the west with Smyrna for its business centre, an ever green and blooming garden.

South of Armenia, the mountains assume another character; and this district, with high meadows and fertile valleys along the Taurus Mountains, and falling away from their slopes, is Kurdistan, the last of the mountain provinces of Western Asia. From this begin the plains of Mesopotamia, the birthplace of the Arabian race, whose descendants may be found in all the steppes and wilderness far down towards the Syrian coasts. This last and the Arabian peninsula are broken, uneven, and hilly. Probably the conformation of Arabia has had much to do with forming and fixing the nomadic habits for which its people, outside of Arabia Felix, have been distinguished for countless ages.

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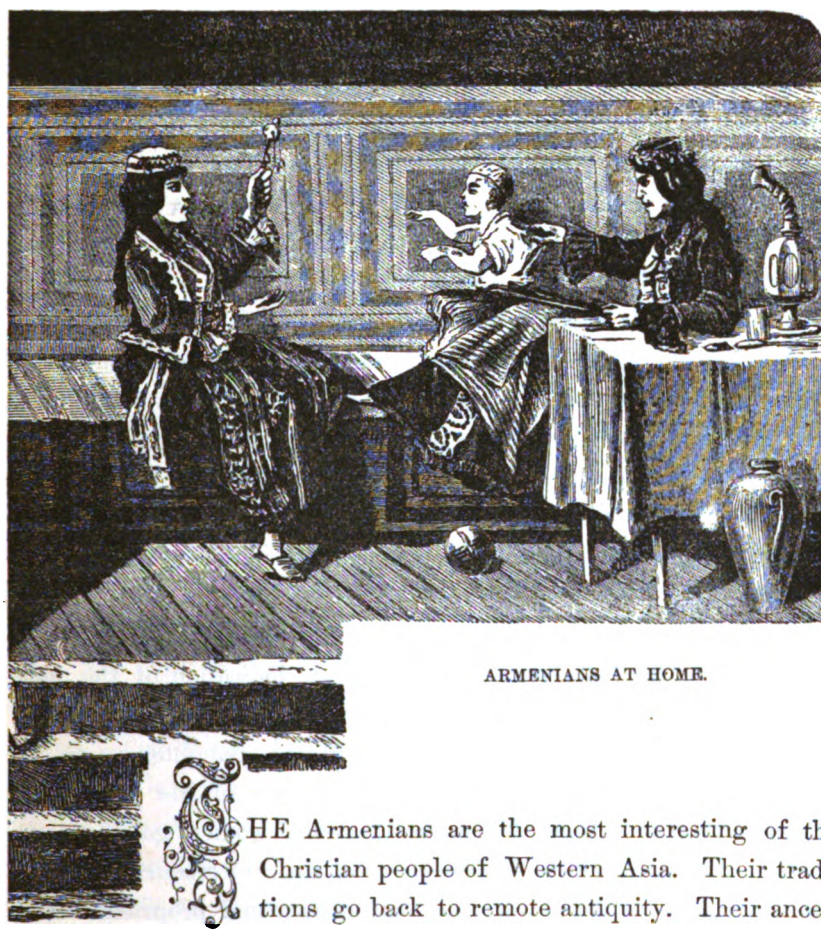
1. The Family Life of the Armenians.

Leading Traits of the Armenians; Their Families; Freedom of the Female Sex; The Maidens; Position of the Wife; Clothing and Jewelry; The Armenians Outside of their Homes; Greeks and Armenians; a Glance at the Armenian Quarter of Smyrna.



ARMENIANS AT HOME.

THE Armenians are the most interesting of the Christian people of Western Asia. Their traditions go back to remote antiquity. Their ancestor they say, was Haik, the grandson of Japhet, who, having crossed the mountains of Ararat, settled with his family in the land of Araxes, and founded there his first city.

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Then followed a line of kings, for the most part fabulous, contemporaneous with the Aryan legends of the beginning of civilization. Out of this dim and misty collection of traditions, historic figures begin to emerge, and among the great events of the second Assyrian Empire, the cuneiform inscriptions of Wan record the names and the actions of Semiramis and Xerxes.

The Arsakides, and their deadly enemies the Sasanides, ruled Armenia for a very long period; but the highest glory of the nation was attained under the Bagratides, the royal family of Georgia. Unfortunately for these people, their country lay directly in the way of the great irruptions of the Mongolians and Tartars, who, in the middle ages, swept westward like a living deluge, creating in their passage the mightiest revolutions. Notwithstanding these untoward circumstances, by their patriotic devotion, their intelligence and cohesion, they succeeded in preserving their nationality and a literature of a very remarkable character, which has come down to us through the medium of the learned Mechitharistes.

But the special interest of the Armenians for us is in their patriarchal family system. The head of the family is its autocrat. The male members may indeed transact business independently, but the profits belong to the whole. Trained to show the highest reverence and respect to their parents, an act of insubordination is scarcely thought of by the children, and disobediences are as rare as great crimes.

When the head of the family dies, his place is taken by his eldest son, or frequently by the widow—an indication of the independent position of the female sex, which we look for in vain in any other Eastern nation. No Armenian sells his daughter, as in the neighboring provinces, and there is no seclusion of the young girls behind curtain or lattice. Marriageable young women go about unveiled, and no restriction is placed upon their intercourse with the young men, except the requirements of modesty and propriety. Notwithstanding the calculating thrifty character of the Armenians, love marriages are not uncommon among them.

The young women marry between fourteen and fifteen, and fre-

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quently as early as twelve, while the young men seldom remain unmarried later than from eighteen to twenty. Armenian marriages are not without certain tinges of orientalism. The young bride forsakes formally the family circle on her marriage day. She must cover her face and figure, even in the house, and is allowed no intercourse with her nearest relations. If domestic duty requires her to communicate with any one, she must do it by signs only, and this enforced silence must be kept up until the birth of her first child. Till then, she may speak with her husband only; after that, to her mother-in-law, then with her own mother, later with her husband's sisters, and finally with the remaining members of the family. This seclusion frequently lasts for five years or longer. Naturally it is in the highest degree reprehensible for the young wife to speak, or be seen unveiled, outside of her own dwelling. If a male guest enters the house, she must disappear immediately. The males of the house usually take their meals with the married women and maidens, but the mistress of the house only prepares the table, and retires behind a screen, while the other women of the family entertain their friends and guests.

That this envious screen often hides the fairest faces from the inquisitive eyes of the guest, is evident from the pertinacity with which these people maintain it.

The Armenian ladies have large, dark eyes, often deeply set, with a soft mild light, that is exceedingly attractive. Their complexion is fair, their skins fresh and soft, but apt to become roughened red and leathery in old age. The hair of a deep blue black, is especially beautiful. The gaily-colored dress, entirely oriental in its cut, harmonizes perfectly with their forms and features. Red or plaid stuffs are mostly favored. The dresses are usually costly, and adorned with rich embroidery. The principal parts of them are the red trousers, the jacket, and the robe-like overdress, which usually ends in a long train. In order to keep this off the ground, the lower half of the over-garment is drawn up to the hips, and then thrown lightly around them like a shawl, giving the wearer an original, but somewhat grotesque, appearance. The head is covered with a little cap, embroidered with gold over which a veil is thrown. All Armenian women adorn them-

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selves with great taste and skill. The national ornament is a chain of coins, braided into the hair or fastened about the cap. If the wearer can afford them, jewels cover the neck and arms. So, when they walk abroad, their jewels flashing in the sunlight, with their bright scarlet trousers, gold-embroidered jackets and splendid robes, their eyes sparkling under their transparent veils, they present pictures of Eastern splendor, beautiful as eye could wish to see.

Yet with all her love of dress, the Armenian woman is a capital housekeeper. Industry and thrift are the special characteristics of the whole people; the men earn and save, the women work, dress, and mind the house, each in their own spheres. Even the peasant is too tender of his wife to allow her to spoil her complexion with work in the fields. Of course we are speaking only of the Armenian woman of the Orient who has not yet become acquainted with the institutions of Western civilization. Once having tasted those doubtful gifts, she might become, what the Armenian woman of Stamboul is now, a disgusting mongrel creature, in whom the half civilization of the East has been unsuccessfully blended with the externals of European fashion, to the serious damage of both.

Of the three and a half millions of Armenians, which may be supposed to exist, less than half a million remain in the narrow limits of their original country. The others are scattered over three quarters of the world; and, like the Jews, may always be found engaged in the business which promises the greatest profits in the shortest time. In Asia Minor, the cities of the coast abound with rich Armenian families.

But in these cities, the Armenian element has to compete with another Christian people, the Grecians. We shall return to this rivalry in treating of the female life of Europe, and therefore, content ourselves at present with noticing a single feature of it. To the great sorrow of the Armenians, the Anatolians consider the Greeks the representatives of intelligence and enlightenment in every respect. From our point of view, no one would regard these descendants of the once splendid Ionians as examples of European culture. Their civilization is a mere external varnish, consisting in French coats and

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polished boots for the men, and piano-jingling and Parisian paint for the women. The love of business, which is so deeply rooted in the Armenians is fatal to every ideal tendency. As is the case with most Orientals, labor the very leaven of civilization, is to the Anatolian Greeks a disgrace; and a life of business, a badge of inferiority to

ARMENIAN WOMEN OF THE COAST OF PONTUS.

those who follow it. The thirst for knowledge, the desire for the polish of the western capitals, sends many wealthy merchants' sons to the centres of European culture. But, as is ever the case with the Orientals, they are content with externals; they cannot work and wait for the thorough education, which can only be obtained by persevering, energetic labor. He who is destitute of culture, has little or no comprehension of its true value in others, and most Asiatics, in

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Paris or London, are like a child of nature, standing in admiring wonder before a masterpiece of art, and attempting to instruct his fellows in its composition, without the simplest idea of the study and labor necessary for its development.

In conclusion, let us glance at the Armenian and Grecian quarters of Smyrna. The difference between their dwellings and those of the Turks, strikes us at once. Far from imposing externally, their facades unadorned even to baldness, the prevailing sobriety of their style, the dazzling whiteness of the stucco with which they are covered, and their neat balconies supported by slender iron pillars, give them on the whole an attractive and inviting appearance. A marked feature of these houses is the deep entrance hall, extending from the porch backward, so that most of the living apartments, upon both sides of it, front upon the garden rather than upon the street. These halls are not unused or unadorned. In the heat of the day they are the favorite resort of the family; their walls are gay with flowers and climbing plants, and elegant tables for reading or work and other furniture are tastefully arranged along their sides.

Whoever wishes to observe their pleasant family circles can do so without difficulty, as the entrance is closed only by an open grating. The windows which open on the street are filled with flowers and oleanders, behind which the young ladies frequently place themselves to exchange gay salutations with their acquaintances as they pass, and to concert those trifles of love making which are the rule the world over. If it is considered that the Symrniote ladies are very beautiful, and that they are reported to be more than commonly agreeable—which is more than can be safely said of the Grecian and Armenian women—is it wonderful that the staid traveler, or the enthusiastic young votary of science, to whom Smyrna is only a stopping-place on his way to Ephesus, Miletus, Halicarnassus, Magnesia and Sardis, is tempted for a moment at least, to falter in his resolutions and linger in the presence of such charming pictures of real life.

But like her sisters of Pera, Syria and Athens, the fair Smyrniote is only a lily of the field, which neither toils nor spins, and yet is adorned with all charms. And since the introduction of

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carriages has broken into the Oriental customs of Smyrna, ladies who wish to display their attractions, or the richness of their toilettes, may be found upon the quay at the hour of promenade like the wives of the European colonists; and the social tide floats up and down the strand of the "Pearl of Ionia," the "Naples of the East," as brilliant and as gay as before the royal palace of the Street of Hermes in Athens; or in Pera, the Corso of Constantinople.

ARMENIAN GIRLS.

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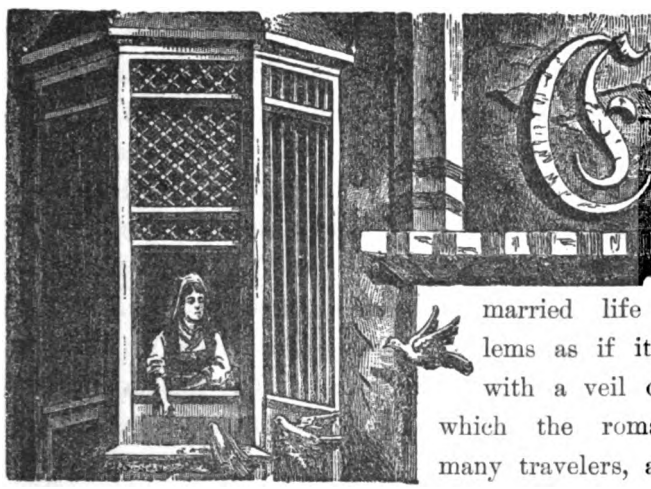
2. The Turkish Harem.

The Mystery of the Harem. Marriage Among the Moslems. Courtship and Marriage Ceremonies. Polygamy—Its Confinement to the Higher Classes. Condition of Female Slaves. Other Social Customs. Freedom in External Intercourse. The Sultanas. Famous Turkish Women. Stamboul.



EVEN in cultivated European society, it is common to speak of the married life of the Moslems as if it were covered with a veil of mystery, to which the romantic tales of many travelers, and the all-pervading influence of the famous "Arabian Nights" have lent many illusions that have not been entirely dispelled by recent revelations and more thorough information. Visions of terrible tyranny and oppression, of jealousy, and intrigue, and murder, haunt the minds of many whose ideas of the family life of the Turks have been gathered from novels or the even more fanciful drama. We may know better, if we will. The ladies of many of the resident foreign ministers at the Porte have been freely admitted to the harems of the wealthy Turks, and the Seraglio itself; and European physicians, in the practice of their profession, are frequently called to prescribe for the fair prisoners who have been supposed to languish out their weary lives behind the gratings of their prisons. From the revelations of these observers a tolerable idea may be

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formed of the inner life of the Turkish women; and though the splendid casket in which the Sultan keeps his living jewels remains closed to the prying curiosity of the outer world, enough has been revealed to clear up many doubtful points, and to destroy forever most of the romance which has enveloped it for ages. The nervous and impatient clamor of Western reformers has not yet succeeded in entirely revolutionizing Oriental family life. Progress is slow in the East, particularly in this direction; yet even here, the advance is marked and certain.

The institution of polygamy, which was permitted rather than enforced by the Koran, repulsive as it must ever be to us, is by no means a general feature in Mohammedan marriages. At the highest estimate, not more than five per cent. of the Moslems live in polygamy; and if from these we deduct those who have not more than two wives each, the ratio sinks to one per cent. of the whole. These facts go far to show that marriage in the East, as in all the rest of the world, is an expensive institution, governed by laws of a religious and material nature, comprehending in themselves rights and duties which neither men nor women can afford to disregard. Marriage with the Moslems is essentially a contract. The Imaum, who performs the ceremony, acts not only as the priest, but as the civil officer. The preliminaries require certain legal conditions, among which the mental and physical maturity and the individual independence of the bridegroom occupy a prominent and important place. It is carefully provided that man shall not follow his inclination in this important business without certain wholesome restrictions. When a young Moslem wishes to marry, he wooes the maiden of his choice through the mediation of a Vakeel. Personal intercourse between the contracting parties is strictly forbidden. The candidate for matrimony knows only the name of his intended bride in most cases. He may have caught a glimpse of her figure covered from head to foot with the thick veil which law as well as custom requires her to wear, in some place of recreation, or upon the streets. But departures from the inflexible custom are seldom allowed. Sometimes through the medium of an "Aschylyk," a very restricted intercourse is permitted;

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and in some parts of the Turkish Orient, the would-be bridegroom avails himself of the services of certain women who make it their business to visit the harems and the baths, and accumulate information as to the mental and physical attractions of the maidens, communicating in return details of the wealth and standing of the wooer. Generally the Mohammedan obtains his bride by a business arrangement not very different from purchase.

Having finished the preliminaries, of which there are many, the Vakeels of both parties execute the formalities, which are concluded before the Imaum or priest.

The two representatives go over all possible details of the dowry to be paid, the manner and time and duration of the wedding festival, etc., etc. All these having been settled, the marriage contract prepared, signed and attested by two witnesses for each side, the formal priestly benediction, for which a fee is paid, concludes the ceremony and the bridal festivities begin, lasting frequently a whole week or longer. On the first day, the betrothal and marriage take place at the same time; on the next, the trousseau of the bride is completed, which the husband must provide, (a Turkish bride receiving nothing from her parents) and which is rich and costly in proportion to the means of the bridegroom; and the pomp and display continue till the eighth, or even the fifteenth day in some cases, when the bride splendidly dressed, and covered with a veil glittering with gold, appears among the guests, after her father has placed upon her her bridal girdle. Still the groom has not seen her face; only her eyes beam out upon him, with the promise of loveliness soon to be all his own. Then with the wealthy, follows the home-bringing of the bride, in a splendid procession with horses richly caparisoned, and adorned with many colored trappings; the richness of her trousseau attracting the curiosity or the envy of the female world, which mingles in the gay scene. In this last respect, the Eastern public differs little from our own.

Meantime the groom awaits his wife at the threshold of his house, from which he leads her to the splendid bridal chamber, where the party leaves her. In the men's apartments a numerous company has meanwhile assembled, which devotes itself without restraint to the

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costly wedding feast, and the master of the house receives the congratulations of his guests, mingled with the clink of sherbet glasses, and the squeak and clatter of primitive music. In the women's apartments a similar scene has taken place, and songs and dances have not been wanting to divert the bride. The moment approaches in which she must show herself to her lord unveiled, for the first time. This lifting of the veil takes place in the presence of a confidential friend, who joins the hands of the wedded pair, murmurs a blessing upon them, and the ceremony is finished.

The life of the Harem is rather monotonous. If the newly-married pair belong to the lower classes, care and trouble soon come to them, and wedded life takes its usual course. In the Harems there is no lack of diversion, if play and song, chit-chat and sometimes politics and intrigues may be called by that name. Latterly the Turkish ladies of rank, particularly those of Constantinople, strive to imitate their sisters in Western Europe—and affect household duties, piano playing, and learning the French and English languages. The greater part of their time, however, is devoted to "sweet doing nothing," smoking, sipping coffee, and eating confectionery. The internal arrangements of the Harem are regulated entirely by the pecuniary circumstances of the master of the house, and luxury and splendor are frequent in the apartments of the ladies of high dignitaries. The designation "Haremlik" is bestowed by the Turks upon their women's apartments, in contradistinction to that of "Selamlik," by which they distinguish those of the men. But the separation between the two is complete, even to the provision of a special service for the female departments, called Odalisks. The Harems are either entirely remote from the outer world, or look out upon it through narrow windows, protected by gratings of very small meshes, often of fanciful patterns of great beauty, which allow the inmates to look out upon the street without being seen by the passers. Behind these the fair ladies of the Harems loiter away many hours, not always to the satisfaction of their husbands, in spite of their undoubted security.

Thus far we have considered only single marriages. The polygamic unions require another chapter. If a Mussulman has the means

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INTERIOR OF THE HAREM.

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to support a second wife, nothing stands in the way of his wishes. The Koran allows the faithful four lawful wives. How much happiness may be expected from these double or manifold marriages may be guessed from the Arabian proverb, "Many wives, much cost and vexation." The dowry, the bride's outfit, the tedious and costly wedding ceremonies, the requisite establishment for the new wife, give very little promise of an earthly paradise, and the peace of the family is seldom promoted by adding to the number of competitors for the favor of its head. The Koran it is true, denounces heavy penalties, both here and hereafter, upon him who favors one of his wives at the expense of others; but favoritism has not thereby been banished from Turkish Harems, where its fruits have been bitter and deadly. Polygamy is far from popular among the Moslem women, and in families of high position it often happens that the husband is obliged to bind himself to monogamy in his marriage contract. In a marriage with a princess of the Empire, or a relative of the royal family of Stamboul, the renunciation of polygamy is implied in the engagement. In this as in some other things, such husbands scarcely justify their claims to be considered the "lords of creation," and here also the advance of our knowledge of the glory of the Harem has swept away illusions with unsparing rigor.

Notwithstanding its occasional outlines of justice, the Turkish system of marriage is in direct opposition to the ideas of Western European civilization. The household arrangements of the Harem are, for example, inseparable from slavery. Though abolished nominally throughout the East, it in fact remains in full force; and must continue, so long as the Harem remains under its present constitution. The Koran forbids, in the strictest manner, the sight of a free woman's face to every male, except the nearest members of her own family. To all others she must appear veiled, or not at all. The slave woman, on the other hand, is exempt from this provision, and may be seen by her master at all times without this troublesome formality. If it is remembered that (except the eunuchs, with whom the privacy of the veil must be maintained,) only female servants are allowed in Mohammedan families, some idea may be formed of the

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inconvenience of requiring nurses, chamber-maids, and cooks, and all the numerous members of the service of the household, to veil their faces in their constantly recurring encounters with male members of the family. Such an arrangement would be simply impossible of execution, and the repulsiveness of slavery is tolerated because of its absolute necessity. The female slaves in a Turkish Harem are, as a rule, well treated; and may, by faithfulness and good service, come to be regarded as members of the family. The slave who bears a child to her master becomes free at once; her offspring have the same rights as the children of the lawful wife; and marriages between slaves and the members of the family are not uncommon, even in the highest ranks. Slavery is not the principal objection to the Mohammedan system of marriage. The difficulty is deeper seated. It is to be found in the moral elements in which the family is founded, from which the equality of the two sexes is conspicuously absent. This element, which is the great moral factor in the development of Christian institutions, can only be added to the Mohammedan system by such a revolution of its social and religious relations as would paralyze it entirely. The Moslem refuses to concede the equality of woman, and thus comes short of the principal means of strengthening and elevating his family and of the better education of his children. His system is not destitute of a certain moral force, and many of the separate parts of it possess elements of fundamental justice, but these have only a minor value, when opposed to the great problem of life, the harmonizing of individual interests upon a basis of perfect freedom. To this, the groundwork of Islamism, is entirely antagonized; and the inward grace of family life, which gives impulse to ideal aims, and power to every fresh development of society, is therefore impossible to it.

The wife of the Mohammedan, (especially of the Turk) is much less his helpmeet than his diversion, or the pastime of his hours of recreation. Her education has been directed rather to externals than to fitting her for the companionship of her husband; to the art of pleasing by skill in the toilette, and coquettish intrigue, rather than to usefulness and efficiency in the duties of the household. The qualities

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which a Western husband prizes most in his better half, and which have with him such great moral significance—nobility of womanhood, and depth and tenderness of feeling—the Turkish lady considers articles of luxury.

But the cancer which eats deepest into the heart of the family life of the Moslems, is not the selection of their wives, nor even their married life itself, but rather their divorces. The facility with which the marriage connection is dissolved among them, for causes resulting in great measure from the imperfect intercourse between the parties before marriage, is a fruitful and alarming source of demoralization.

TURKISH LADIES. (Street Costume.)

Usually it is sufficient for the husband to make known the fact that his wife is divorced to effect the separation. The Koran in regard to marriage, declares that a divorced wife may be reunited to her husband not only a second, but a third time. A third marriage is forbidden only in case the divorced wife has, in the interval, been married to another husband and repudiated by him. It permits a man to enter into formally legitimate relations with any number of slave women, without limitation, though he may not lawfully marry more than four wives. When, as frequently happens, the slave has borne her master children while the lawful wife remains childless, it is easy to imagine the facility with which the slave may be substituted for the mistress, and to realize the tendencies of this demoralizing and degrading part of the Moslem family system.

We have dwelt upon these details perhaps too long for the

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patience of our readers. Let us make amends by introducing them to the life of a great and splendid city. We will enter Constantinople on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, when if we traverse the great street of Pera, go over to the Golden Horn, or out upon the railways leading to the suburbs, we shall see on every hand the brilliant picture of hundreds of women, elegantly dressed, wearing veils of greater or less transparency, walking or riding in handsome carriages, in the enjoyment of a freedom which they have known for some years past. Any one may feast his eyes at leisure upon the beautiful forms which pass and repass in this gay procession. Many of them are plump, for the Turkish ideal of beauty demands a certain amount of solidity. But the friendly transparency of their veils reveals, not generally Turkish, but Tcherkese and Georgian faces. Glimpses may be caught of dark eyes flashing or melting into tender light, of ruby lips and perfect features. On festivals like the great Beiram, one or another of the blooming maidens who are soon to alleviate the care-burdened life of the Sultan himself, may be met in these great exhibitions of female loveliness. The Koran allows to the Sultan seven lawful wives, instead of the four whom it concedes to the ordinary believer. They bear the title of "Kadines" or Sultanas, but in spite of the fabulous splendors which surround them, are generally less to be envied than their sisters in lower ranks of life. Intrigue, jealousy, and calumny have claimed countless victims in the imperial palace of Stamboul. The Sultana is only a slave to her haughty and exacting master, who may thrust her aside without formal divorce, if she fails to gratify his hopes of princely offspring. On the other hand, the number of Sultanas who have played a conspicuous part in the world is considerable, though Turkish writers are shy of relating their history. Turkish poetry is utterly silent with regard to them, and only their isolated graves are left as memorials of the proudest and fairest of them all.

In one of the darkest corners of Stamboul we chance on such a grave. It is that of Ailima, the mother of Sultan Mahmond II. whom the Turkish historians have styled the Father of the Conquest. Ailima was the wife of Murad II, and the people only know to-day

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that she was a highly celebrated woman. Near the mosque of Bajazet II. lies another Sultana, renowned in the traditions of her people as the mother of Sultan Gul Bahar, or Rose of Spring. One roof covers the graves of mother and son. Also in the court of the splendid six-towered mosque of Sultan Selim I. rises a monumental sarcophagus beneath which sleep the remains of a great Sultana, Kafissa,

BEDCHAMBER OF A SULTANA.

the mother of Suleiman "the Magnificent," the most splendid figure in Turkish history. Dark and bloody shadows gather round us as we linger by the mosque of Selim; but we must not forget in passing the shrewish wife of Suleiman, the notorious Charrem, better known as Roxelana, who has slept beneath the plantains in the court of this mosque for a hundred years. At her side lies one of her innocent victims, the unhappy Kassebi, another of the wives of Suleiman. The name of the Sultana Esma is also famous in modern history. She

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was a sister of Mahmoud II, and married to the Grand Admiral Kutschuk Hussim, the brave defender of St. Jean d'Acre in 1832. The empty palace of Esma stands near Bershiktash on the sunny shore of the Bosphorus. Near its yellow walls flows the canal down which the bodies of the victims who braved fate in their love for her

TURKISH LADIES VISITING.

floated to the sea. She lies buried in the suburb of Eyub, near the mosque of the same name. Behind the gratings of the enclosure roses and jessamines bloom, and the air is vocal with the songs of birds, a place of repose where Oriental fancies might love to linger, and such as only the Orient could provide.

Along the shores of the Bosphorus spread out before us the stories

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of long forgotten days. We see rising there in shimmering splendor the villas and summer palaces of the principal residents of Stamboul, and over the plashing waves hang the balconies of the harems like dainty birds-nests. Gardens rich with exotics surround them, behind whose lofty walls the fair inmates wander, loitering away the dreamy summer hours, unconscious of the magic in the air around them. Whoever would see the Turkish ladies in their glory, should linger near the great church-yards, or ramble through the meadows by the "sweet water" where he is certain to meet innumerable groups of chattering, laughing beauties, whose graceful figures, arrayed in the most splendid and dazzling colors, present one of the pleasantest and most refreshing aspects of the life of Turkish women. The veils which cover their faces are of a texture so airy that they betray more charms than they conceal, recalling Goethe's verses—

"The veil may hide the maiden's face;
Her speaking eyes, her nameless grace,
Her soul in every movement traced,
Behind its folds of shining lace—
Herself it hideth not."

TARTAR GIRL FROM SICILY.

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3. Nomadic Life of the Kurds.

Position of Women among the Mohammedans. Nomadic Tribes. Peculiarities of the Kurds. Their Heroic and Love Songs. Women and Children. Stealing by the Turks. The Kurdish Amazon Kara Fatima. External Appearance of the Kurd Women. Their Type, Dress and Ornaments. Tent Life. The Nestorian Women. The Devil Worshippers. Religious Festivals by Night. The National Dance.

NEXT to the Anatolian Turks, among the Mohammedans of Western Asia are the Kurds. If we wished to compare the unenduring nature of religious and social customs and forms with the effects produced by climate, soil, tradition, and external intercourse, our travels among the Mohammedan provinces of Western Asia would furnish full material for the test. We have observed among the Mohammedan races of Caucasia, the Ottomans, and even the Christian Armenians, that women occupy in their household and family institutions a subordinate and greatly restricted sphere. Their condition is greatly improved among the nomadic races, who are partially independent on account of their wandering habits, or the inaccessibility of their retreats. We lose sight of the Armenians where their high lands merge into the rugged and precipitous mountain range of Taurus, which, projecting from Cilicia throws out a mass of table-land toward the Euphrates, along which it bends to the eastward for twenty miles of cañon and cataracts between Malatin and Samosat. This Taurus chain among whose

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lofty heights the Tigris finds the sources of both its branches, is the natural boundary between Armenia and Kurdistan. Through nearly the whole of its length it is unbroken by passes or cross valleys, and exhibits in its ever recurring changes of wood and rock, deep valleys and lofty peaks, fearful abysses and inaccessible hiding places, a grand and awful series of the wonders of Nature.

Behind its fort-like walls a brave and free race have sought and found shelter against the advances of the Ottoman power, which they have met at all times with bold and persevering energy. On the slopes of these mountains they found rich pastures for their herds, and here and there in the valleys strips of arable land, which invited the labor of the husbandman. To these nomads this region was a paradise, affording them liberty, security, and an abundant gratification of their simple wants. No wonder their love for it breaks forth in simple and thoughtful song, of which the following is a specimen:

"Highest and fairest, and best of all
Of the lands which their children praise,
Is that where the mountain shadows fall
On the fields where the oxen graze."

"Where the summits glisten with endless snow,
Where the tents of the herdsmen stand,
Where the fat herds feed in the plains below,
Where the Kurdish lads to the mountains go,
Or with maids in the evening whispering low,
Walk slowly hand in hand."

"Highest and fairest and best of all
Of the lands which their children praise,
Is that where the mountain shadows fall
On the plains where the oxen graze."

The Kurd has good reason to love his mountain home, for he has held it in undisturbed possession for ages. Rough and wild in war, there is a strain of chivalry in his bearing, though the haughty pride of the warrior caste, whose feudal lords glory in the remote antiquity of their families, too often results in the oppression of the despised boors, and is a cancer which eats deeply at the heart of these other wise noble people.

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The freedom and independence of the life of the Mohammedan Kurds has not been without its influence upon the position of their women. Surrounded by grand and awful scenery, often left to themselves for months together upon the outlying pastures, or in the lonely strongholds of the mountains, the Kurdish woman knows nothing of the splendor or the idleness of the Turkish harem. She enjoys a good repute for chastity, gayety, and household efficiency. Early and late she is busy about her tent, caring for her children, preparing

KURDISH WOMEN.

their food, burnishing her husband's arms, petting and feeding his horse when at home, and braiding his mane with gay ribands when he goes out to hunt, or rides forth with his band on some deadly foray.

About her work, she is always happy, and while twirling her spindle, or sitting at the family loom, the mountain air about her is vocal with the pleasant songs of her native land.

Naturally those songs all turn either upon the memories of war, or the old family feuds, which are pursued with great bitterness, a whole tribe being sometimes exterminated in revenge for a single murder. Like all the mountain tribes, the Kurds insist sternly upon the duty of

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avenging the blood of their relatives; and if this evil is sometimes checked, it is almost always by the timely interference of a woman. Their war songs relate principally to battles with the Turks, whom the Kurds, on account of the raids made upon their women and girls, hate bitterly. Many a haughty Emir has had his fortress stormed by the Bashi Bozoucks of the Pashas of Mossoul or Diarbekr, and his wife and daughters snatched away by these merciless robbers to be sold in the Turkish slave markets, and wear out their lives in the Harems along the Bosphorus.

NESTORIAN WOMAN OF HAKIARI.

Omer Pasha, the energetic suppressor of one of the bloodiest insurrections of the Kurds, married, as it is well known, one of these free-born daughters of the mountains, who had been stolen from her home and her people in such a foray. When years have passed after these bloody events, and the young warriors come with their wives and children to encamp near the desecrated ruins of their once happy homes, it is not wonderful that rage and sorrow, and the hateful memories of wrongs unavenged, break out into wild and passionate poetry. Around the minstrel lie the listeners, in their striped garments, with spiked helmets or great swelling turbans upon their heads. A musician performs a short prelude upon a rude flute; the women and girls throng around him, speaking in low whispers, and the singer begins. His first strains are tinged with the anguish of the stricken hearts in which sorrow for the lost, and deadly hatred for the foe, contend for the mastery. By

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degrees his voice grows stronger, till rising rough and wild to its full compass, it inspires the listeners to a yet wilder chorus, like the following:

"The lion, the hero, of beasts the king,
Ne'er sneaks to the fight like a guilty thing;
He roars with joy when the foe he sees,
But he spares the weak which before him flees.

And Ehub Khan was a lion bold,
Who bearded the foe in his mountain hold,
And looked him straight in his eyes of blue
As he clove his heart with his sabre true.

Like an owl of the night, on his victim creeps
The Turk, and stabs him while he sleeps;
He spares not the old, nor the maiden's bloom,
And murders the babe in the mother's womb.

The dove that nests in the tower aloft,
With its brooding note and its plumage soft,
Brings food in her beak to her tender young,
And coos to her mate with a faithful tongue.

And Khanum was ever a doveling fair,
With her melting eye and her raven hair;
But her Khan has fallen in deadly fight,
And she is the prey of the Turk in his might.

The jackal, the foulest of nightly beasts,
On the graves of the dead holds his horrible feasts;
But the jackal the living and loving will spare,
And shuns the youth and the maiden fair.

The Turkish Pasha came down in the night
To his supper of blood, like a ravenous kite;
The blood-dripping head of thy father, Child, see!
Think, Youth, of the maiden he stole from thee.

And curse him; who two loving hearts could sever;
Curse him! who mercy has known, no never:———
Till the dead come back to their desolate house,
Let curses abide upon Melek Taus!"

So bold and warlike is the nature of these irrepressible mountaineers, that even the women take part in their forays, and the Kurdish Amazon, Kara Fatima (black Fatima) has attained an historical renown. Born in Rowandiz, one of the wildest of the mountain provinces, at the breaking out of the Crimean war she collected a troop of daring fellows of every sort, with the intention of entering the service of the Sultan. Her appearance in Constantinople created a remarka-

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ble sensation, as clad entirely in male attire, she bestrode her milk white palfrey with the easy grace of a chief of cavalry. Familiar with war from her youth, and her complexion bronzed by exposure, her exterior was so entirely masculine that no one would have supposed her a woman. Of the magic charm of the "Hadijah" or Arabian Palladium, she had little, and she presented no opportunity for romantic transcendentalism—as there was absolutely nothing womanly in her character. Her desire of taking part in the Russian war was not realized, and returning with her troop some time later to her native province, she passed out of notice altogether. Upon the dizziest precipice of the Alpine land of Rowandiz, a white grave stone adorned with interwoven daggers, lance points, and battle-axes, probably marks her last resting place, in the fitting manner of a Kurdish warrior's grave.

The impression produced by the external appearance of the Kurdish women is entirely favorable. Here and there they display the bad habit of tattooing, or wear like so many other Asiatic women, knobs and rings in their noses, but otherwise the faces of these nomadic beauties display good taste and contentment. They are strongly built, with fully developed figures, and all their movements betray elasticity and freedom without forwardness or obtrusivness. Naturally chaste and modest, they insist upon decorous and orderly behavior; and strangers otherwise disposed find them shy and bashful, but always earnest and discreet.

The cast of their features indicates two deviations from a distinct type; the women of the warrior caste having roundish heads with high cheek bones, and generally dark hair and eyes, while those of the agricultural class are decidedly handsomer, having frequently *blonde* hair and mild blue eyes, and the whole face presenting a nobler cut. All the Kurd women are fond of decking their caps or their hair with chains of coins, or similar glittering trinkets; but shapeless or uncomely head-dresses are worn only by the Anatolian Kurds. Their costume is as, a whole, extremely handsome—red trousers reaching to the ankles; over these a red or white over-dress, which is open in front to display a rich jacket, adorned with glass, pearls, gold embroidery,

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KARA FATIMA—THE KURD AMAZON.

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metal clasps, or chains of coins. Most of them go unveiled, the wives of the higher chiefs alone covering their faces in public, in obedience to the law of the Koran.

Mention has already been made of the ceaseless industry of the Kurdish women in their homes, which among the nomads are simple tents of coarse black cloth. Those who have settled habitations build houses of low stone walls, with flat roofs. Long rows, or clustered groups of these primitive dwellings may be seen upon the mountain pasture grounds, or in the sheltered valleys where the herds are gathered for the winter. Within such as these the chiefs keep open tables, the smoking roasts, with their favorite "Kufda" and "Pilaw," being spread by the housewife upon the carpet or mat of reeds which covers the floor. The men eat first, and having finished and withdrawn, the repast is prepared for the female members of the family. Thus we see that even in the Asiatic tribes, in which the position of woman is most honorable, she is not without certain humiliating conditions.

Of the somewhat peculiar customs of the Armenians, we have spoken in detail. The Nestorians, the southern neighbors of the Kurds, are, though Christian, as truly Asiatic in their family life as the Mohammedans. Their women learn with astonishment that the Western father demands no price for his daughter's hand, and that maidens are allowed to decide in the choice of their life partners. The Nestorian woman is not permitted to eat with her husband or the other males of the family. In most respects their customs are similar to those of the mountain races of Western Asia. They are always busy—spinning, or preparing the food or the clothing for their families. Their dress is of scarlet or checked woolen, the plaids much resembling the tartan of the Scottish Highlanders. Cleanly, modest, chaste, and without false shame, frank and open in conversation with the other sex, their demeanor is as pleasing as their external appearance.

One of the sects of the Kurds is known as "Devil Worshippers," and exhibits some peculiarities worthy of notice. They call themselves Jezides—from Azed, an ancient name of God—and their faith is only that of the ultra Shiites; holding fully the incarnation of God

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in His prophet, whom they recognize in the patron saint of their nation, the famous Sheikh Ali, the instrument of God, honored by them almost as highly as God himself. They also believe in the final restoration of the fallen angels, which has gained them the reputation of worshipping devils, and the deadly hatred and persecution of other sects—particularly the Mohammedans, who have hunted them with relentless fury, and only ceased their raids upon the Jezid women when the slave market at Stamboul rejected them.

The Jezids have several national feasts, the greatest of which, the festival of Sheikh Ali, strongly resembles in some of its ceremonies the wildness of intoxication. A procession of men and women, clothed in loose white garments, with dark coverings upon their heads, winds its way into the valley where the saint lies buried, dancing to the sound of rude flutes of reed. The dance is called the "Tchopi;" and in it the dancers, standing in ranks, strike their hands together, move their bodies in fanciful contortions, stamp their feet, and utter wild and distressing cries. Then a company of women, dressed in silk and adorned with golden spangles, enter the rows and go through similar evolutions. Performed by night, under gigantic walnut or plantain trees, by the flickering light of torches, and accompanied by the frantic shouts of hundreds of excited women—whose "Tahlil, tahlil" is re-echoed from the surrounding rocks, till the whole valley rings—this dance has a weird and fantastic effect, often broken by the dash of a band of Turks or Kurds, who swoop down upon the hapless Jezids like wolves upon their prey.

For many years the Turks excused these raids upon their defenceless neighbors, by the pretence that these Jezids were a band of robbers who plundered the caravans; but this charge belonged rather to the Jezids of Mesopotamia than those of Kurdistan, whose valleys in the Sindjar mountains have been ravaged by the cavalry of Hafiz Pasha for more than thirty years in the most terrible manner, their men massacred, and their women carried off and sold for slaves.

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THE ARABIAN LADY OF BAGDAD.

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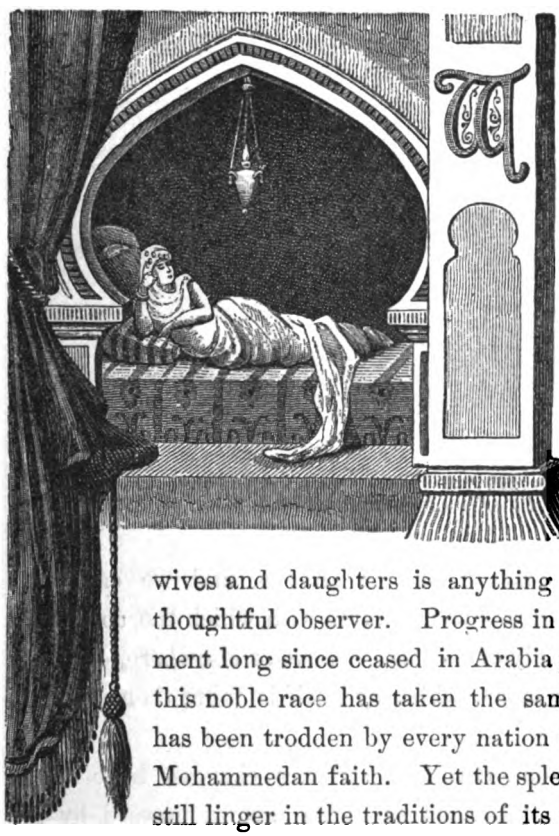
4. Arab Women in Palace and Tent.

Pictures of Bedouin Life. Love songs and marriage customs. The "Hadijah." The Arabian City Women. Their Uncomfortable Position. Their Love of Ornaments, Dress, and Outward Show. The Women of Oman and Medschd. A Romance of Civilization. Famous Women of the Enlightened Age of Arabia. Poets and Minne-Singers. South Arabia. Syrian Christians. Druses. Singular Betrothal Customs of the Nasarians.



WE have found among the Kurds a certain originality and uniformity of manners, customs and usages, in their relations with women. Among the Arabs, another and very different picture presents itself. The condition of their wives and daughters is anything but satisfactory to the thoughtful observer. Progress in culture and enlightenment long since ceased in Arabia; and in its retrograde, this noble race has taken the same downward road that has been trodden by every nation that has professed the Mohammedan faith. Yet the splendors of its past history still linger in the traditions of its people, and surround it with a magic radiance which we must feel, though admitting its illusions. In speaking of Bagdad or Damascus, the mind instinctively goes back to the glorious memories of their past, and the sad and

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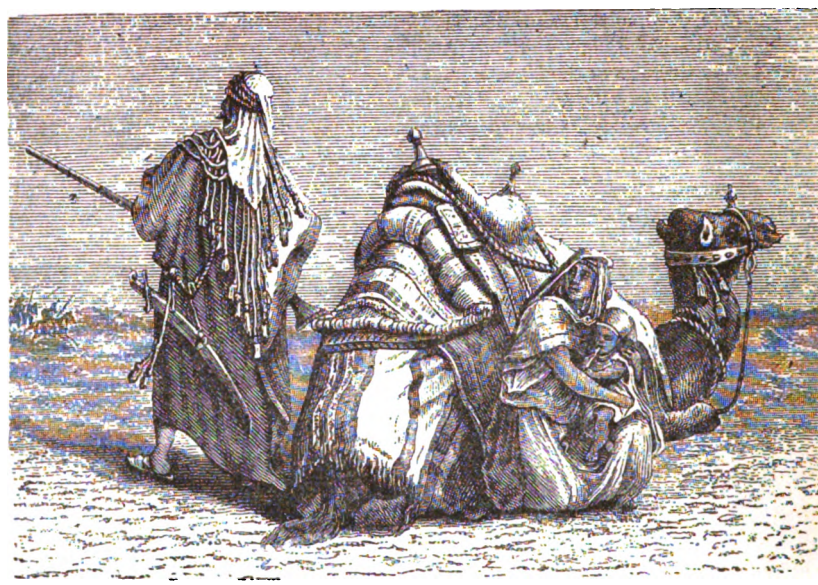
perishing memorials of their early magnificence lie around the traveler on every hand. So with Arabia, which will present itself in the glowing light of by-gone days, in spite of the vast changes of ethnical and religious relations which have taken place within the individual races and groups (North, Central and South,) of which its population is composed.

Our space forbids us entering upon an examination of the depth



FAMILY OF BEDOUINS.

and extent of the civilization of the Arabs, and we can only glance hastily at the geographical features with which the conditions of the people are so closely connected. Here, as elsewhere, our business is with the life of woman, which by itself is more than sufficient to fill all our pages.

In that life very wonderful and striking changes have taken place, presenting a rich collection of types thrown upward by the stream of time as it has swept the burning sands of Arabia with its resistless flood. We shall return to that splendid gallery of beauty, magnificence and intelligence, but for the present must content our-

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selves with a glance at the modern Arabian women in palace and in tent.

Let us begin with the latter, which best preserves the romance of the original type. Burckhardt and other famous students of Arabian customs, insist that among the Arabian nomads the love life, so to speak, has maintained its original purity better than among any other of the peoples of the East. The poetry of the desert is permeated

ARABIAN WOMEN.

Bagdad Lady. Sabean Maiden. Druse. Woman of Mecca. Bedouin Girl.

with a singular glow of ideality, while in the life of the cities every nobler impulse is deadened by coarser passion.

One of the war songs of the Bedouins very strikingly portrays this characteristic:

"Mother, bring me my full of food,
The truce is broke by the faithless foe;
And the ring of my lance shall drip with blood,
Till the eye of the maiden I love may glow."

Usually the Arab tells his mistress, as he sets out for the battle-field, "I go to glad thine eyes with blood and death." And it is very

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much to-day in the tent of the Bedouin, as it was when Abu Temman in the ninth century collected a volume of Arabian songs—one of the oldest of which illustrates the wild and martial character of the Arab wooer, in a highly original manner. The song is as follows:

"I thought of thee when the lances crashed,
When the tide of battle before me dashed;
When the thirsty points of our ashen shafts
From the hearts of the foemen their life-blood quaffed.

Truly I may not, must not say,
The spell that enthralls me from day to day;
It is not weakness, it is not death,
But it binds me fast with a single breath.

Oh, were it the power of a magic charm,
My heart would pardon its gentle harm;
And though it should bring me to nameless ill,
One thought of thee, and I welcome it still."

Ruckert truthfully says of these songs:

"Here leads the muse a sad and wretched life,
With thirsty herds amid the scorching sands;
With cactus flowers and shadowy vapors rife,
With nought but dew to quench day's burning brand.

Yet here are found life's passionate endeavor,
The heart's high impulse and the tie of race;
The hope that lights the battle-field forever,
The love which lends to heaven its highest grace."

It is not to be forgotten that the poetic fervor of the Bedouins exhausts itself entirely upon the unmarried maidens, and never extends to the wife. The position of the latter is that of the Moslem wife in all countries. Tennyson might have had her in his mind when he wrote:

"He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its little force,
Something nearer than his dog, a little lower than his horse."

Indeed the wife is fortunate if she is only "a little lower" in her husband's affection than the steed which he pets and praises and caresses with all the ardor of an impassioned lover. For her, his passion exhausts itself in courtship; and her married life is prosaic in the extreme.

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The situation of the unmarried girls differs according to the customs of the various tribes. Among the thrifty Shomerites, the maiden is pressed by her mother upon the most eligible bridegroom that offers. As only a very small price is demanded for the consummation of these transactions, the unsatisfied groom may, and often does, forsake his bride within twenty-four hours after the marriage—without costing the more calculating than tender parent a single tear; as she has probably a second or even a third husband in view, and acts in further matrimonial overtures with a promptness worthy of a better cause.

The Bedouin marriage ceremony is usually as follows. After the wooing—which is mostly done with a friend of the father of the intended bride—the time is fixed for the wedding feast, ordinarily five to six days after the betrothal. On the wedding night, young men chosen for the purpose, kindle a fire before the tent of the bride, around which they gather and discharge their muskets; at which the women set up their shrill "Elmuta-wahat," or song, each strophe of which is accompanied with a peculiar shout, the trilling "li–li–li–li" of the chorus ringing away over the steppes, inviting the occupants of the most distant tents to collect around the flickering bridal-fire. Each takes up the shout; the desert resounds with the marching call, "Isru," and men and women rush together—till even the strong nerves of the brown children of the desert can scarcely endure the unearthly sound of yelp, and shriek, and musketry, without order or distinction. After awhile the disorder ceases, and is followed by songs whose rugged verses flow in a sort of martial rythm, with a chorus as follows:

"I fear me not, and go in the night,
And fear me not;
I seek my love, and deny it not,
And deny it not;
Like a thief in the night, I seek my love,
Like a thief in the night,
The belt of my love, and long as the belt, the braided locks
Of my love, my light.

The older people sip their coffee and smoke, the younger members of the party dance, and the women keep up their ear-splitting "Sagruta"

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far into the night. Among many of the Bedouin tribes, the bridegroom comes and snatches his bride and carries her away by force, either from her own tent or that of a neighbor; or, as with the Bedouins of Sinai, from the mountain where she has hidden herself. It is considered entirely correct for the bride to escape from her husband's house if she can.

A GIPSEY TENT.

But the Bedouin maiden has at least more freedom of choice than her sisters in the cities. Coy reserve, or lack of inclination on the part of a fair maiden of the desert, has given endless trouble to many a dexterous horseman. We copy one of the finest of Bayard Taylor's Songs of the Orient, in which the love of the Bedouin is eloquently expressed:

"From the desert I come to thee,
On a charger shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,

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With a love that shall not die.
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie in the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die,
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kiss shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

The highest distinction to which a Bedouin maiden can aspire is to be chosen the "Hadijah" of a campaign. The Hadijah is the Palladium of her tribe, and accompanies it upon all its raids, riding upon a spotted camel, richly adorned. Although this distinction is not without great risk to her personal safety, no maiden ever refuses it; and goes, with a haughty smile upon her lips, willingly into danger and even death. Usually the choice falls upon the handsomest daughter of the Sheikh of the tribe. Divine honors seem to gather about her head at once; and at the sight of his Hadijah, the most faint-hearted warrior becomes a hero. Her loss, either by death or captivity, spreads terror and panic among her party; and many a battle by the "River of Arabia," or in the Date provinces of the middle Euphrates, has been irretrievably lost to one or another of the great tribes, when the brilliant eyes of its Sheikh's daughter were dimmed by a musket shot, or she was dragged away the captive of some ruthless Pasha.

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What a contrast between the primitive lives of the Bedouins and those of the Arabs in the cities! Even in our own times it is common to hear of the paradise among the gardens of Damascus, and the romantic charms of the palm-girded city of the Caliphs by the Tigris; but all these are illusions which disappear upon the first glance at the real inner life of the Damascenes, and inhabitants of Bagdad. The

CAPTURE OF A HADIJAH.

kind of existence which is led by the beauties in the famous harem of the Caliph—Epigone, may be imagined when we take into account that the noble husband of Bagdad considers himself a creature of an entirely higher order than the female portion of his family, which he ranks beneath the ill-bred curs of boys they have brought into the world, and whom he allows to be kicked and cuffed by the latter with indifference, if not with applause. Of education there is not the slightest trace in these families. The lads have scarcely put on their

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shoes, before they are tumbling the whole day in the streets, or engaged in some mischief, or rough horse play, which the parent considers as an unmistakable proof of spirit. The women, married often as early as the age of ten, and blooming prematurely, are jealously watched by their husbands; but under cover of their masks, which make them entirely unrecognizable to each other, enjoy a greater personal liberty than is pleasant to their lords. Of the higher class of amusements, nothing is known in the harems. The poets and poetry of the country are forgotten, and no one of these fair ladies would be able to give any account of the celebrated Sultanas, whose fame was once the theme of song and legend, from the Persian Gulf to the peaks of the Taurus. Song and music are alike silent; and their dance is simply the wild contortion of female slaves, accompanied by passionate utterances, without harmony or grace. The report that the ladies of Bagdad beguile their leisure by singing tender love songs to the music of the guitar, is pure fable.

If the married life of these poor wretches is monotonous and wearisome, that which precedes it is much after the same pattern. The Koran has the same authority with the Arabs of the towns as with the other permanently located Mohammedans. The customs of betrothal and marriage are much the same as in the latter, and have therefore been fully described.

The chief concern of the Arab woman of rank is her dress, upon which the husband frequently spends almost fabulous sums in order to gratify her pretensions. In the continual rivalry between these ladies, whole fortunes, often hardly gained, pass into the till of the jeweler, who has to furnish bracelets and anklets set with pearls; earrings, necklaces, diamonds, splendid lockets, costly armlets, collars and girdles, in endless variety, and of the highest value. None of these glories are displayed upon the street; for as soon as the woman appears in the open air, her mask condemns her to strict incognito. This mask is woven of horse-hair, quite transparent; yet covering the face so completely, that not a single feature is recognizable through it. The entire form is robed in a "Tschartschaf," a wide garment in two parts, oddly knit together—one of the corners of which is fastened to the girdle

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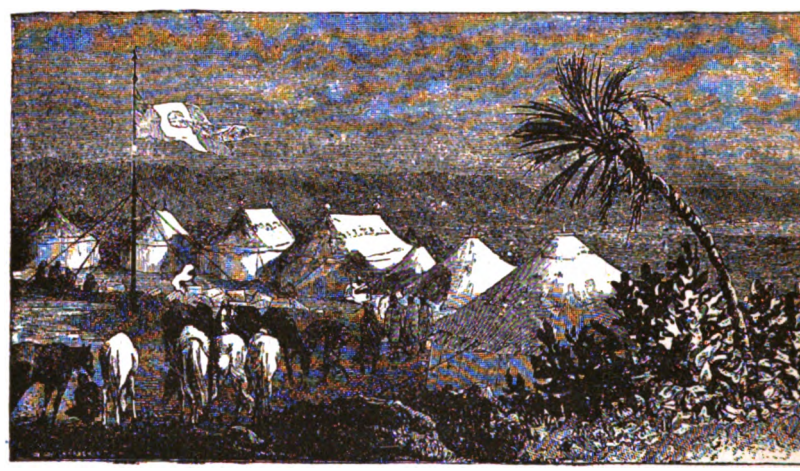
at the waist, or with a clasp between the shoulders. This sack-like mantle is thrown around the body and over the head, and drawn so closely together that only the mask is visible. The hands also must be hidden by it, as etiquette forbids them to be seen.

Keen observers, and travelers who have spent much time in Arabian cities, long since perceived that this masquerading is far from meeting the object of its design. Espionage is scarcely possible, when every lady needs only to exchange her outer garment with her friend to become unrecognizable to either husband or father. But



A BEDOUIN ENCAMPMENT.

the principal ladies go out but seldom, and generally ride upon white palfreys, handsomely ornamented, and accompanied by numerous servants.

Their household attire demands no very particular description. It consists of a chemise of red, white or blue silk, and trousers of the same material, which flow loosely to the ankles, about which they are tightly drawn. Over this is a kind of robe, of very transparent material, held together at the waist by a costly girdle. A favorite ornament is the anklet, which, with ladies of the highest rank, is a ring of massive gold open at one side sufficiently to enable them to be put on or off. Persons of less distinction, wear them of silver. Their earrings are triangles, hung with all kinds of pendants; their necklaces, strings

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of pearls. The wives of the lower classes, and the Fellah women wear glass corals about their necks, with bracelets of the same material. The stereotype dress of the Fellah women is the blue chemise, which is worn upon the Tigris, in the Arabian highlands, in the Steppes, at Damascus, on Sinai, and by the Nile. The Bedouin women indulge in nose rings or knobs, and marriageable girls throw a red cloth over their blue-black hair.

There are many beauties among the women of Bagdad, but good living produces very early in life a certain degree of corpulence, which is as unwelcome to them as to the fair dames of the West. The Bedouin ladies are usually thin even to leanness, on account of their ceaseless activity, and their life in the open air. Handsome faces are not common among the wandering tribes, though the poetry of the desert is eloquent upon the charms of the "Brown maidens with Gazelle eyes," and many a Marabout's daughter, blooming in the solitude of some oasis, has inspired the rhapsodies of the Western poets. The most beautiful women live at Ouran, the well-known coast kingdom of the extreme eastern part of Arabia, where they are allowed so much liberty that it is not uncommon for these brown beauties to press into the tents of European travelers, and talk and joke freely with the inmates.

GERMAN COLONIST IN SYRIA.

We shall linger but little longer amid the female life of the Arabia of the past, which presents highly significant points of connection with the contemporary civilization of this richly-gifted people.

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Before Islamism had found its way into Arabia, the position of woman was equal to that of man. Her intellectual gifts were highly prized, and though more than five hundred years have passed since their time, the names of Sohr, Amrah, and Hind are not forgotten. Mohammed, however, terminated the contests of the Arabian muses, and condemned to seclusion the heroines, whose mental and physical attractions were so dangerous to true believers, though he had not himself disdained intercourse with the fair daughters of Arabia; and prophet as he claimed to be, specially beloved of God, allowed himself to possess fifteen lawful wives, who were as different in age and condition as in features. While his first wife, the rich widow Kadisha, was considerably older than himself, he married Ayesha, while yet a child in her tenth year, and betrothed to him three years earlier. Of the remaining wives, all were either widows or divorced from their previous husbands when he married them.

The period of the Caliphs furnishes us a particularly splendid gallery of female portraits, which would bear a most extensive examination, had we time to give it, instead of the fugitive glance which our limits allow for those magnificent names around which a thousand magic charms still linger. Who, for example, has not heard of Zobeyda, the wise wife of Haroun al Raschid, the brilliant star which sparkles through the whole galaxy of the "Thousand and One Nights?" Next to her comes the poetess Oleja, who could restrain the rage of the tyrant Haroun by the charm of her wit, and for the pleasure of hearing whose silver voice and delightful harmonies he is said to have once poured the contents of his treasury (six millions) at her feet.

It is known that the Caliph Motassim, displeased with Bagdad, went away to found an earthly paradise for himself and the ladies of his court, in the palm gardens of Samarra upon the Tigris. With this change of scene, came a yet more important change in their condition. The free-born women had, in the process of time, lost their value; and beautiful slaves, often costing fabulous sums, had taken their places. Especially at Samarra, where the revenues of a world were expended in revels, the demand for these fair chattels was

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brisk and exciting. There was much similarity between this later epoch of the Abbas dynasty, and the earlier poetic court of Damascus, and the higher life in the holy cities of Mecca and Medina. At that time, a school of song flourished in Medina, from which came the renowned Djemila, who was accustomed to receive as high prices for her notes as the slave singer Salama of Samarra. Many of the Sultanas also devoted themselves to learning; and one of them, Shohda, became especially noted for her accomplishments. These were the last struggles of the noble Arabian women for intellectual honors. When the Mongolians captured Bagdad the glory of the Caliphs and the magic of the women of Eastern Arabia perished together.

Hand in hand with the rise and fall of the Arabian women, went, as was to be expected, the love-poetry of the nation. The Bedouins have vainly endeavored to arrest its decline, and while in the palaces of to-day only faint imitations and extracts from the best poems are given, the poetry of the desert in the last century may have in some measure increased in its range. The centre of the modern rhapsodists is the Oasis of Djof, on the road from Damascus to Upper Arabia, and the most famous of these poems is known as the Asamer. They are executed only by women, and consist of strophes of three lines, which are preceded by a highly primitive melody. The first two lines are repeated five times, and the last fifty times, and the whole dies out in inarticulate trills.

Forsaking now the gay and joyous company of the Caliphs we conclude our notice of Arabia and the Arabs, having learned something of the Bedouins of North and Central Arabia, and finding only those of Southern Arabia and Arabic Syria yet in our way. The Sabæans, as is well-known, possessed in the ages before the epoch of Islam, a distinct cultivation of their own, of which not a shadow has come down to us. We know, for example, of Balkis, the Queen of Saba, and something of the mighty deeds of Asad Hamil, Raid, and Shemmer; but every detail of their history floats in the misty region of tradition, and only a few detached fragments give evidence of their literary magnificence. The "Black Hero in Silver Armor" is the ideal in all the songs of war and love of Southern Arabia. The Himjar wo-

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men next claim our attention. They are far from beautiful, closely resembling in form and feature the pure Negro race, although all amalgamation between the Himjars and the Negroes of Kenner is forbidden.

The singing women of South Arabia are a class or caste by themselves, who reside principally in the British province of Aden, and display their art at the courts of princes, but are so utterly despised that no one will have any intercourse with them.

A PEEP AT OUR ARTIST.

In Syria the Arabs are fewer in number, as are also the Christian Syrians, who next demand our notice. There are United Greeks, United Syrian Christians, Maronites and Jacobites, besides a German colony in Palestine. The women are distinguished generally for beauty, agreeableness and good sense; and are, as a rule, devoted to their household duties. They are easily distinguished from the Greek women of the Levant, and the Armenians of Stamboul, whose entire effort is to ape the French in every frivolous external accomplishment. But it is to be noticed that wherever the European fashions have gained a foothold, the ancient peculiarities of the Syrian women begin to waver. The education of their youth is now being carefully attended to, and this undoubtedly re-acts upon them in many ways. The principal part of this good work is performed by the Sisters of Charity, and the missionaries of the English and American societies, who are supported by the benevolent in their own lands.

In Lebanon, since the bloody revolt of 1860, the Maronites have made a decided progress—though very many Oriental customs remain

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among them. Their women still wear wide trousers, and veil their faces. Instead of shoes they wear sandals, with two high clogs of wood attached to each sole, causing them in walking to resemble the movements of an over-fed goose. The whole day is passed by them in talking and smoking the hookah, which the Maronite women seem to have caught from their Druse neighbors who are even more passionately addicted to smoking. In visiting a Druse Emir, one is immediately ushered into the family circle, where husband and wife and daughters sit in stately gravity, drawing clouds of smoke through the bubbling narghileh. Both Druses and Maronites affect high-sounding baptismal names, such as "Most Beautiful," (Batyah), "Delicious," (Latish), "Alma," (Diamond), "Smoro," (Emerald), "Malaki," (Queen), "Nasra," (Famous), etc., etc.

In the northern mountains of Syria there is still the sect of Nasarians whose religious customs are denounced throughout the Orient. It has not unjustly been charged, that in the mystic secrecy of their temples, the worship of the ancient Astarte is still carried on, though the parent sect from which they sprang was that of the Carmates. The Nasarians, who have had to undergo many persecutions for the sake of their faith, have a custom of betrothal which is very singular. As with the Mohammedans the wife is purchased by the husband, who presents to the father of his bride a sum ranging from 100 to 1,000 *piastres*, a cow or an ass. He must then pay to the chief officer of the village a fee, not exceeding 500 piastres, for permission to marry. As soon as the bargain is complete, the bridegroom and his friends—armed with sticks—carry the bride up to the roof of her house; while her friends, similarly armed, do their best to bring her down, in order to save her from being soundly beaten. If the bridegroom can reach her in the melee, he beats her until her cries are heard by all around. Then the entire company return, and the betrothal is completed. The marriage festival is extremely simple. Divorces are not allowed, and polygamy is limited to the posession of four wives.

After death, according to the Nasarians, the soul must pass through several transmigrations. Even the just are not rewarded alike; the specially good are changed to stars, while those who have

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imperfectly performed their earthly duties are condemned to live a new life, and the wicked are changed to Jews, Christians and Moslems. Those who die in persistent infidelity must come back to earth as beasts of burden. Perhaps the confused and uncertain ordinances of the Koran are responsible for much of the fanaticism and senselessness of the Nasarian beliefs, as well as for the cruelty of their persecutors.

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"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the birds' song."—*Moore.*

1. Persian Women.

General Observations. The Persian Family. Life of the Maidens. Temporary Marriages. Singular Formalities in Divorce. Betrothal and Marriages. Treatment of Wives. Household Management and Education. External Appearance of Persian Women. Their Intellectual Training. The Harem of the Shah. The Religious Enthusiast. Gurret ul Ain.

WANDERING from the classic fields of Mesopotamia a single day's journey eastward, a singularly picturesque scene unfolds itself before the traveler. Far on the horizon, across the hot and misty plain which has been traversed for centuries by the caravans, rise mountain walls of various forms, which lose themselves in yellowish-red clouds, as ever ascending one chain over-tops another, divided by the terraces and valleys which are the homes of the nomadic Kurds. This is the south-eastern extremity of the Taurus range, which skirts the Iranistan Highlands in the west. A mighty mountain pass leads from the rugged table lands in the east, to the burning plains of the Euphrates and Tigris, now covered with the dust and ruins of

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countless cities. Through this "Gate of Zagros" once passed a great high-road, of which nothing now remains, and the caravans which travel there have great difficulty in passing the valley of the river Holwan, along which the way now lies. At times one meets endless strings of camels scrambling down the old path, laden with the mortal remains of pious Shiites. These are the famous caravans of the dead, which go long pilgrimages to the sacred places of Persia, Kerbela, and Mesched Ali, in the swampy plains of Babylon, to give the bones of the just a resting-place in the earth hallowed by the fourth Caliph Ali and his son Hossein, both national saints of the Persians. East of the Zagros gate, the terraces ascend step by step into the central plateau of Iranistan.

Persia, the ancient home of culture; the starting point from which historic movements have gone forth to revolutionize the whole world; the birth-place of conquerors and mighty kings, and later the home of poetry and song—this primitive nursery of civilization, is to-day a wretched, wasted country. Elements, it is true, remain of that paradise whose charms the Persian poets never seem weary of exalting. But a great part of its provinces are now deserts of rock and sand, and neglected Steppes; and the cultivation apparent among the mountains in the west, the location of all the great cities, like Hamadan, Tabris, Ispahan, Shiras and Kirmanshale, is very meagre indeed. The striking differences of climate—the people themselves say Persia has seven climates—are in themselves a great drawback. After wandering through deserted valleys, or along the lonely rivers which lose themselves in dreary steppes, for days, one comes all at once upon some island in the desert, where fields of grain flourish, roses and hyacinths blossom, the nightingale sings, and all recalls the time and the poetry of Hafiz and Dschami.

The modern Persians for many years have made no advances in civilization or culture. Now and then an optimist like Dr. Polak, for some time physician to the Shah, maintains that there is, in many respects, much to be hoped for Persia; but the collective evidence of travelers and others, who have had the best means of acquiring information, gives little ground for such prognostications. All

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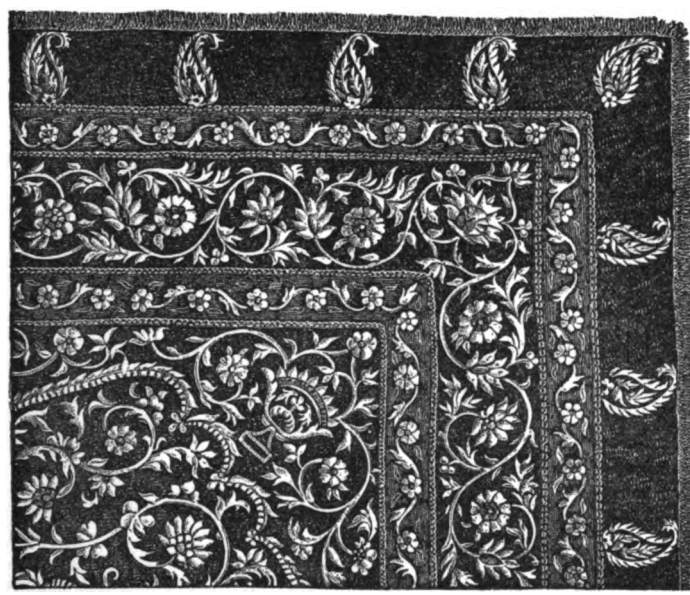
the projects of improvement have hitherto amounted to little more than the amusement of the great; and when any European institution has been introduced for the personal satisfaction of the Shah, and brought into tolerable efficiency, the masses of the people have not derived the slightest benefit from it.

On the other hand, the agricultural population is crushed more and more by oppressive and vexatious impositions, and totally impover-



PATTERN OF A PERSIAN CARPET.

ished. Nothing flourishes but trade; and in that, the modern Persian displays rather glibness of tongue than commercial sagacity. Meantime, all classes are devoured by the most shameless corruption. At the Court of Teheran, display governs; and if the Shah conceives a meritorious idea, it is neutralized by the immorality of the high dignitaries of the kingdom. The principal governors are shameless thieves and extortioners, who steal hundreds of thousands, justifying themselves by the plea that great sums are necessary to maintain the dignity of their positions. The seat of the evil is in the head; but from long continuance it has become chronic, and pervades the whole body,

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with very little hope of cure. As the Persian nation, since the times of Nadir and Feth Ali Shahs, has lost greatly in warlike prestige and made no progress in cultivation or enlightenment, the conclusion is irresistible that any speedy restoration of its past glory, or any permanent and thorough advance in its intellectual or moral condition, is in the highest degree problematical. Its institutions are too deeply impregnated with the fatal leaven of Islamism, to be soon or radically mended.

We have devoted this much space to preliminary observations, to avoid interrupting the description of female and family life, which is our chief object. These are, in many respects, modeled after the usual Islamistic pattern. The Shiite imprisons his wives behind the gratings of the Harem, after he has bought them from their parents by the expenditure of greater or less sums. Marriages for love, are not unknown; but the Persian idea of the "grand passion" is usually very different from that of the European, in spite of the ecstatic enthusiasm displayed on its behalf in the national poetry.

For the full understanding of this last, an interpreter is necessary; and much care must be taken to unravel the mystic phrases with which the odes of Hafiz abounds. Wine stands as the symbol for faith; intoxication for the ecstasy of admiration due to the Most High; love as the symbol of God, etc., etc. . . . .

Let us allude now to the young girls, who must put on the veil from their ninth year, beyond which they are forbidden to show themselves in the open air without it. This is looked upon as a declaration of their having reached maturity, as the Persian women marry very early in life—particularly when they belong to the lower orders. The principal reason for this haste is to be found in the fact that a pretty girl is so much capital for her parents, which can be realized by her marriage to a wealthy suitor. The position of the bride is little considered in the theocratic democracy of Mohammedan institutions; and the poorest maiden, if endowed with beauty, may aspire to the hand of the highest noble, or even of the Shah himself.

Ordinarily, men marry in their own families; a custom which is not, according to Dr. Polak, attended with the disadvantages to their

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posterity which are thought to follow such connections in Europe. One difficulty with these early betrothals, is found in their cutting the parents off from all chance of a more advantageous match; as a breach of contract in this respect is visited by severe penalties, besides leading to bitter hostilities and feuds. As their marriages are contracted either with their own near relatives, or at least with their own race, the Persian women have preserved the national type purer than any other of the Mohammedan races of Asia

We have already stated that the Persians are Shiites, maintaining, in opposition to the Sunnites or Turks, that Ali the fourth Caliph should have been recognized as the successor of Mohammed; but not the three remaining friends of the prophet, Abu-Bekr, Omar, and Othman, who have, as the Shiites declare, usurped the dignity of the caliphate. This historic right they base upon Ali's having been the father-in-law of Mohammed, who as is well known, married Ali's daughter Fatima. It is scarcely possible to believe, that misunderstandings, involving the hostility of whole races and endless bloodshed, should have grown out of such a trifling difference; yet, upon it the breach between the Shiites and the Sunnites was opened irreparably.

An institution entirely peculiar to the Shiites is the "temporary marriage," which is contracted by them everywhere in the "Land of the Sun." Marriage with them is of two kinds: one permanent, the other continuing for a time agreed upon—which may be from a single hour to ninety-nine years. The first of these is known as "Akdi," the other as "Sighi." By this arrangement the Mohammedan law, of which we have frequently spoken, is greatly modified in its application. The Shiite may not possess more than four Akdi, or legitimate wives, as the Koran commands; but a Sighi can take the place of an Akdi who has been lawfully divorced, and the latter may be received again into favor as a Sighi. From this singular process it results that, by a formality which the Koran tacitly sanctions, a divorced wife can be received back by her husband—even after a divorce from the man she has married in the meantime; and the Persian can not only change his legitimate wives into temporary ones, but may also ex-

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change them with his neighbor, by a jugglery very repugnant to our European notions.

The Shiites excuse this revolting usage, on the ground that they are forbidden by custom to take their wives with them on journeys

THE MINSTRELS IN THE HAREM.

or expeditions; and as in Asia, on account of the great distances traversed on commercial or religious excursions, absences from home may be of a duration of months, or even years, they find it convenient to contract connections in the places in which they may temporarily reside. Of such Sighis the provision is always abundant, and the chief factors in the business are the Moolahs themselves, or Mohammedan

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priests, without whose assistance the temporary rite cannot take place. Such marriages may occasionally be found among the Sunnites, but in these cases the initiative is taken by the women. The Koran forbids the wife to go on a pilgrimage without her husband. If, then, a woman desires to visit Mecca or any other of the holy places, and her husband, from any reason, is unable to accompany her, she can make an engagement for a temporary substitute, called a Muhahil, who must separate from her at the termination of the specified time. In other cases he may retain the woman, but he must not engage in the capacity of a Muhahil again.

The formalities which precede marriage in Persia are very like those which have been described in speaking of other Mohammedan races. The husband seldom sees his intended bride before marriage, and must make use of a mediator (Delaleh) who labors to set the charms of the lady in the most attractive light. If she fails to fulfill the highly-colored representations of the go-between, upon being presented to her husband, it is only a part of the risks inseparable from such a course of procedure in the most important business of life. However, the Persian makes but little account of such accidents, as the marriage is as easily dissolved as made.

The marriage ceremonies are arranged entirely with reference to the ability of the groom. With the poor, they are very simple and brief; among the wealthy they may extend for one or two weeks, and are celebrated with great pomp. During the continuance of these ceremonies, the parties see each other only in the presence of a great company of eunuchs and slaves, keenly watchful to detect the slightest deviation from the propriety which etiquette prescribes.

When the last bath has been taken, and the hair and nails of the bride dyed to perfection, beasts of burden are loaded with the household goods and bridal presents, and the bridal procession sets out. The bride is brought to her husband about midnight. Custom requires him to unveil her with some violence, which she is in duty bound to resist. This takes place under a pious saying—"In the name of the All Merciful," etc.

The Persians usually treat their wives as kindly as is possible un-

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der the withering influences of the Mohemmedan system. Of course, we speak of external treatment only; anything higher or better is entirely excluded by the very nature of the case. Very much of the wife's position depends upon her own character. Women of decided ability, who have the skill or the tact to exercise it, may acquire great ascendency over their husbands. Much also depends upon the rank of the latter, as with the intricate and involved family relations of the Persians, it is understood that the man who is elevated to honor and dignity, raises his whole kindred out of their previous obscurity, and provides for them official positions, in one form or another, and the fall of one member of the family reduces the whole to its primitive condition.

A PERSIAN LADY.

In the education of their children, the Persians go far beyond the other Mohammedans. Disobedience and irreverence to father or mother, are unknown in their Harems. The children are strictly trained to honor their parents, and these lessons are never forgotten. Cases in which the parents are left to suffer, or are neglected by their children, as happens frequently among the Western Sunnites, or the Bedouins, are unheard of in Persia. The father is there regarded as the head of the family, and possesses not only its authority but its entire property; and is in short, its patriarch, as completely as among the Armenians of Western Asia.

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The Persian ladies are of middle height, neither fat nor lean, with large almond-shaped eyes, beaming with tenderness—"love drunken" as the poets have it—their eye-brows are heavy and finely arched, their hands and feet are exceptionally well formed; but their complexion is very seldom of a pure white, and as fairness is highly esteemed among them, paint is freely used to simulate it. The abominable fashion of tattooing has happily gone out of use among them.

PERSIAN MARRIAGE FESTIVAL.

Like all the other women of the East, the Persian highly prizes her dress, her toilette and her jewelry—none of which is displayed upon the streets, where women and girls must appear closely masked. The head is covered with a shawl cap, or turban, and the bust with a short perfectly transparent chemise, beautifully arabesqued with gold. Over this is a wide low cut vest of brocade, and finally a kind of spencer or jacket; below which are the heavy silken trousers, always unshapely, and a hindrance to the movements of the wearer. For jewels

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they wear arm and foot bands, principally of strings of pearls, and just as many other trinkets as they have money to procure. As in Constantinople, and every other Mohammedan city, the steady increase of luxury and extravagance in the harem is a great annoyance to the husband, and often his ruin.

In the Persian family, the knowledge of the great poets of the nation, such as Hafiz, Saadi, Firdausi, and Dschami, is considered an essential part of the most moderate education, and their works are text books in the schools from the highest to the lowest grades. Saadi's "Gulistan," for example, in spite of passages which boys cannot and should not understand, is read and committed to memory by them with the same care as the Suras of the Koran. Persian epistolary literature is full of quotations from it; and the more overladen and intricate it appears, the better it is enjoyed. When quotations fail, the style becomes even heavier and more pompous.

In this connection we give a letter to which a certain historic interest is attached, and which Goethe cites in his "Divan," addressed by one of the Persian Sultanas to the Russian Empress, on the occasion of a special embassy from Feth Ali Shah to St Petersburg.

"So long as the elements of which the universe is composed shall endure, may the Serene Lady of the Palace of the Great, the Treasure Casket of the Pearl of Empires, the Constellation of the Stars of Glory, she whom the splendid Sun of the greatest of Kingdoms has produced, the circle of the chief points of Supreme Authority, the Palm tree of the fruit of the highest Power, be happy, and preserved from all harm. After, in accordance with my most earnest and often repeated prayers, I have had the honor, in these most fortunate days to inform you, that through the special intervention of the Almighty Being, the Gardens of the two high powers have blossomed anew with the roses of peace, and every thing which had come in between the two glorious courts has been put away by entire unity and friendship; in acknowledgement of this great blessing, all who are drawn more closely into union by it in both courts, should not cease to support each other with letters and interchanges of friendly sentiments. . . . Now, therefore, when his Excellency Mirza Abdul Hassan Khan, Ambassador to the great Russian Court, journeys to its capital city, I have found it necessary to open the doors of friendship by the key of this sincere letter.

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PERSIAN TENT LIFE—FEMALE SLAVES BRINGING WATER.

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And because it is an old custom that in proportion to their friendly affection, friends should present to each other tokens of esteem, be pleased to receive the specimens of the finest jewelry of our country, which I have the honor to offer you, and allow me to hope that you will refresh by the drops of a friendly letter, the garden of a heart which loves you extremely. * * * * * *

God keep your days pure, happy, and glorious."

A description of the presents follows, viz: a necklace of pearls, weighing 498 carats; five Indian shawls; a paper casket made at Ispahan; a little box for holding feathers; case of toilette articles; and five pieces of brocade.

PERSIAN MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

In connection with this singular letter, we may remark that Feth Ali Shah, who was famous in his time for his magnificent beard, his stately appearance, and over-weening fondness for the fairer sex, had a hundred wives, who presented him with 57 male, and 203 female children. When he died, in 1834, his descendants already numbered 784, and thirty years later they were 5000. This extraordinary progeny procured him the sobriquet of Adam II.

A single word as to the harem of the Shah, and the condition of the ladies who are popularly supposed to lead splendid lives in its cham-

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bers, but who are no more to be envied than the inmates of the palaces upon the Bosphorous. It will hardly be believed that the leading Persian families, far from coveting for their daughters the honors of an alliance with the Shah, avoid this high destiny as far as possible. They have found by experience that the maiden who has attained such extraordinary good fortune, is apt to be sent back to her father's house after a brief enjoyment of her honor. The indemnity in money which is received in such cases is insignificant; and as all the jewels and costly garments of the royal ladies belong, in the event of their divorce, to the crown, the poor creatures often return as destitute as they were originally.

The wives of the Shah are part Akdis and part Sighis, but the number of the latter is always greater than that of the former; their condition in every respect is equal, and every one of them may attain a predominating influence over her lord, if she happens to bear him a son. Under the notorious avarice of Shah Nasr Eddin, his wives were but sparingly supplied with pocket money—less than one hundred dollars monthly being allowed to each; which is anything but royal munificence, when it is considered that they have to maintain from it a considerable number of servants, etc., etc. It is, therefore, far from a profitable speculation for parents and kinsmen to marry their daughters to the sovereign, if they expect any substantial assistance from them.

A companion picture to this very questionable glory may be seen in the Teheran of to-day, the Kadjar residence which stands on the Northern edge of the great sand and salt deserts, of which so much of the Iranistan plateau is composed. The citadel occupies nearly one-fourth of the space enclosed by the high mud walls of the city. The women's apartments are entirely distinct from those of the King, and are, in fact, little more than a comfortable sort of a prison. The residences of the Ministers are the only buildings in the city worthy of mention, the remaining houses being so wretched, that every great rain seems likely to send them tumbling into ruins. Each of these rough mud-walled dwellings is surmounted with a yet ruder battlement of the same material, surrounding the flat roof or terraces on which the

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inhabitants sleep undisturbed during the summer months. The streets are little better than sewers, and the water pipes running along them frequently come in contact with heaps of decaying filth.

The other cities, once splendid royal residences, have sunk into a half ruinous condition, so that little is to be said of the renowned Ecbatana, now Hamadan; Ispahan, once glorious with magnificent mosques; Tabris, the residence of the famous Safids, and Shiraz, "the city of Roses and of Wine," which countless poets have celebrated as the paradise of South Persia. Shiraz, it is true, presents even yet a picture of surprising beauty as it bursts upon the sight of the traveler who rides down toward it from the north, through the gloomy passes of the valley of rocks—though most of its earlier splendors have vanished forever. Only its celebrated gardens remain, fragrant with the perfumes of roses and orange blossoms. In one of these is the grave of Mohammed Shem's Eddin Hafiz, the most popular of all the Persian poets.

We insert specimens of some of his poems:—

WITHOUT WINE AND LOVE.

In vain without my darling's cheeks
  In beauty blooms the rose,
In vain the spring its fragrance sheds,
  Unless the red wine flows.
The flowers that bloom, the rich perfume
  For me are all in vain,
Without those tulip tinted cheeks,
  My rapture and my pain,
Without the tender speech of love
  Thy lip no more is fair,
Without thy kiss, thy warm embrace,
  Hope fades in empty air;
The nightingale his song may trill,
  But all in vain he sings,
In vain waves low the cypress boughs,
  Unless Love on them swings.
Thy picture, limned by master hand,
  Thy self, can never be
Thine image, till within my heart
  I know thou lovest me.
Wine, roses, gardens, all the world
  Must be but tasteless show,
Unless above beyond them all,

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Thy matchless love I know.
My heart a worthless bauble seems,
Though pure as virgin gold,
Until my darling's ruby lips
The tale of love have told."

PERSIAN WOMEN AT HOME.

VAIN HOMAGE.

Far in the depths of the evening sky
The moon looks down with a placid eye;
On the path in the fragrant orange grove
Where wanders, a peerless star, my love.

The pathway lies strown with lilies sweet,
Myrrh dies in perfume 'neath her tiny feet,
The bulbul sings with his softest tone,
But my love goes wandering on alone.

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Alone! but how proudly this maiden fair,
Her queenly head has learned to bear,
My sighs are wasted in empty air,
And she hears not nor heeds my earnest prayer.

I THOUGHT OF THEE.

I thought of thee at dead of night,
And all around grew fair and bright,
The darkness blossomed into light,
And gloom was clear as morning light.
That very hour I thought of thee,
Thine eyes, oh maiden fair and free,
Awoke, and thrilling eagerly,
Thy heart in love remembered me.

In spite of the deep rooted hypocrisy which has prevailed for so long in Persia, a religious reform sprang up among the Shiites a few decades since, the only one of its kind in modern times. It has a special interest for us, from the fact that the name of a woman is inseparably connected with it; a woman who appears on the dull gray back ground of Asiatic female life, with something like a supernatural radiance about her.

From the rigid dogmatism of the creed of Islam, a doctrine had begun to develop itself in the Middle Ages, called Sufism, which was little more than a kind of pantheism, or religion of Nature. Its adherents declared, and still maintain, that God is in all things and that all things having come out of the Divinity, could return back to it again. This doctrine was persecuted severely in Persia, without any diminution in the number of its adherents, till between 1820 and 1830 it reached a certain degree of aggressive force, and threw off a branch sect, of which Mirza Ali Mohammed of Shiraz became at once the founder and the prophet. His advent was the signal for a great uprising, and he was soon at the head of a numerous body of adherents of both sexes, who became as zealous for the new faith, as for the social reforms connected with it.

Foremost among them was *Gurrett ul Ain*, the daughter of a doctor of laws, from Kaswin. Her name signifies "open eyed," and may have been somewhat characteristic, as she came unveiled to preach the new doctrine, and make proselytes to the prophet—who was now called "Bab Eddin," or the Gate of Faith. Divorce and temporary

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marriage, were alike forbidden by the new dispensation, and though its followers might take a second wife, the practice was looked upon with disfavor. The moral elevation and social equality of the female sex was to do away with the use of the veil, and open the doors of the harems; and these ordinances, instead of being clothed in the dry and tasteless formalities of the Persian style, were announced by Gurret ul Ain in eloquent and inspiring appeals.

Whether on account of her beauty, her eloquence, or her enthusiasm, a great company of adherents flocked to the standard of the prophet. While Bab sought to attack the existing government with an armed force, Gurret ul Ain, continued preaching without opposition, and in spite of the entreaties of her parents, who saw nothing but ruin in her dangerous mission.

The prophet was finally defeated in a decisive battle, and shot by the government forces, and the courageous woman was imprisoned in the house of the minister of Police to await her trial.

The minister, charmed by the beauty of the fair Babist, begged her to repent of her illusions and be set at liberty. But rejecting his persuasions with firmness, she was burned alive four years after the death of the prophet.

Singularly enough, she foretold the violent death of the minister himself, who was executed by order of the Shah thirteen years later. Since her death a great number, of men, women and maidens, have fallen victims to the persecuting rage of the Shah against the adherents of the new doctrines.

A PERSIAN BELL.

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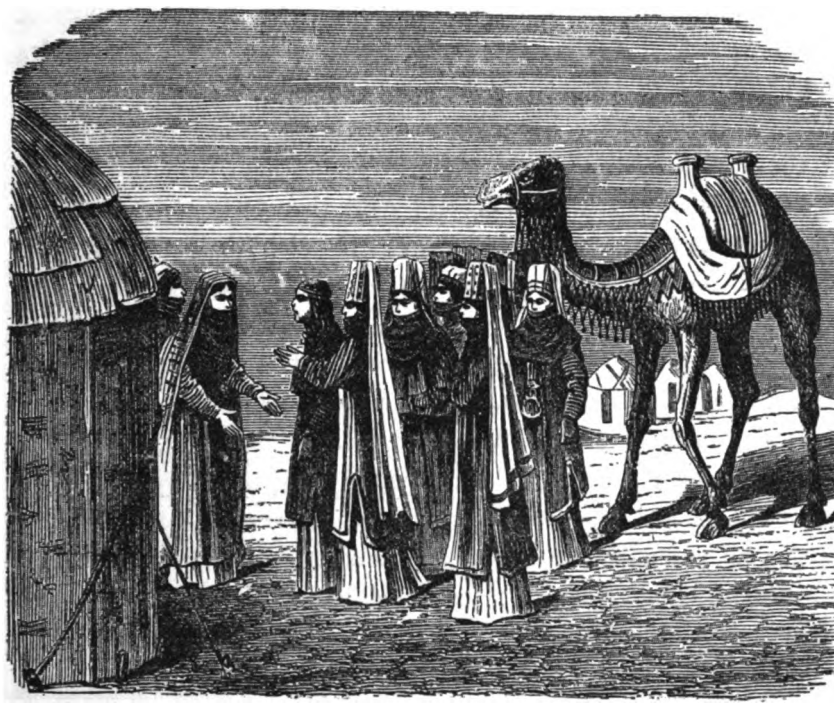

TURCOMAN MARRIAGE.

2. Oases and Steppes of Central Asia.

Glance at Turkestan. The Turcomans. Manners and Customs. Family Usages. Position of Women. Betrothals and Marriage Ceremonies. Dress and Jewelry. Household duties and occupations. The Uzbeks. Court of the Khan of Khiva. The Khirghis-Kaizaks. Life on the Steppes. The Kalmucks. Home of a Kalmuck Prince on the Volga. The Altai-Kalmucks, and Shamanism. Afghans and Tadshiks. The Sijah Posh.

IF the reader will place himself mentally upon one of the heights on the edge of the Persian province of Khorassan, his eye will traverse a boundless plain, whose unbroken levels losing themselves in the distance, extend from the Eastern shores of the Caspian to the great river Oxus, the Amu Daria of the present day. On the North it is terminated by the stony table lands of Ust Art, and the sea of Aral; and on the

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South by the Atrek, and the mountain rim of north-western Afghanistan. This extensive district is the home of the Turcomans, who in the East, extending beyond the Oxus among the mountain spurs of Upper Asia, form the Khanates of the Steppes, of which only Khiva and Bokhara have retained a tolerable independence. Khokand, once powerful and extensive, has submitted gradually to the steady advance of the Russians, who now, masters of Samarcand, hold the heights in which the Oxus rises, and are not more than forty miles in an air line from the north-western boundary of the English East Indian Empire. In the Chino-Turkestan mountains at the East, the Kirghese proper, or Kara-Kirghese are found, and north-east from these in the Altaic regions, the Kalmucks. These last are properly Mongolians, while the Kirghese-Kazaiks, the Turcomans, the Uzbeks and Kara-Kalpaks belong to the Tartar groups.

This immense region which forms a very considerable part of Central Asia, and is known as Turkestan or Terran, is inhabited principally by nomadic tribes, whose peculiarities deserve a particular description. The *Turcomans* are a war-like and robber people, who in their raids sweep the whole pathless and almost waterless desert between the Oases of Khivra and Merv, and the Caspian Sea, in which their cruel barbarity and license have made them the terror of all their neighbors. Their bravery is so renowned, that even the Arabs, like all the other Asiatic nomads, attack them only in superior numbers, and consider it no dishonor to take to flight when assaulted by them.

From the moment of birth, the hardening, toughening process, begins with the Turcoman children, whose only education turns upon theft and robbery, the first success in which is the stamp of manhood, and the passport to its privileges. The raids of these worthies, particularly those of the Tekinze who are scattered between Merv, and the Atrek, are generally made in the night; and their movements as they dash upon the scene, and vanish in the darkness of the desert when their work of plunder is complete, have almost the rapidity of lightning. Pursuit is generally fruitless, as much on account of the quickness of their movements, as of the inaccessibility and uncer-

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tainty of their haunts; and their utter subjection to any authority is scarcely possible, for the same reasons. So dreaded are they by the inhabitants of neighboring provinces, that the Atrek valleys have become known as the "hell of the Persians." In their bee-hive shaped huts, the captives they have taken in their forays drag out a miserable existence, loaded with chains, and subjected to unheard of barbarities. These wretched beings, bound to the stirrups of their captors, are often obliged to make long forced marches, in which the prisoner who falls from fatigue is hewn in pieces without mercy. The Turcoman Moolahs—who preach sermons by the hour against the cutting of the beard, and similar trifles—do not hesitate to send these robbers out upon their murderous work with their blessings, or to share in the plunder they have obtained by the most revolting methods. And yet, among themselves these Turcomen are so honorable that an evidence of debt is held among them by the debtor, instead of the creditor, "What have I to do with his note?" asks the latter, "Let him keep it, that it may remind him of his indebtedness."

The general appearance of the Turcoman is handsome and martial. His features are noble, and his eyes fiery and expressive. His bearing is dignified, he seldom denies his covetousness, and he gives freely, only on very special occasions. Of all the different tribes, the Tekkinzes or Tekke-Turcomans are the worst robbers and thieves. Every one of them steals; the child pilfers from his mother, the wife from her husband, the sister from the brother—but their thefts must be confined to their own family circle. He who attempts to practice his long-fingered propensities in the tent of another family, is outlawed without mercy, and delivered over to the certain vengeance of the injured party.

Let us now turn to the home of a Turcoman, which is a hut in the shape of a bee-hive, held together by ropes, and bands of horse hair. The covering is composed of pieces of hair cloth, laid upon the poles which form the frame-work of the tent, and which are supported by ribs of tough wood, bent to the proper shape, interlaced, and bound firmly together at the points of intersection. Pins are driven in the earth on all sides, to which the tent is fastened by cords. At the top

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a flap is left open for the escape of the smoke and for ventilation. The entrance is closed with a curtain of hair cloth.

The hut of the Turcoman contains all the property of the family, and the interior is in consequence a chaos of household utensils, clothing, arms, rags, blankets, provisions and fuel. It is said that the cold of the winter prevents them from washing or bathing their bodies throughout the whole season, a very questionable sacrifice of cleanliness to health.

Yet the Turcoman has his own ideas of luxury, and having once accumulated a little property, sets himself at work to embellish his house according to his means. The white tent of a wealthy Turcoman displays carpets of fine texture, handsome curtains, and hangings of rich materials, fire arms, dishes, etc. When a newly married pair sets up house-keeping, the tent is arranged with a certain amount of neatness and order. This, however, soon wears off, and the hut becomes disgusting within and without, with accumulations of dirt.

The childhood of the Turcoman women is the happiest part of their lives. Marriages with them come later than with most of the Moslems of the East, and until her sixteenth or seventeenth year the maiden enjoys a tolerably free existence, encumbered with but a very moderate quantity of household labor. As they seldom wear veils, the young men have no difficulty in making selections according to their fancy. The choice once made, female friends of the parties arrange the dowry to be paid by the groom, and the Moolah prepares the contract, and appoints the wedding day. The other ceremonies are highly peculiar. The bride must seem to be carried off, and for this purpose a formal procession is arranged. First, the female relatives, friends, and mother of the bride come together, and having loaded camels with carpets and other household goods, mount upon the top of the whole, and ride to her tent. Behind these women, follows a company of men on foot; while a troop of horse hastening on in advance, proceeds to get up a sham fight before the fair one's door. The footmen have in the meantime brought out the lady, and seated her on a carpet, in order that she may be snatched up suddenly and carried to the camels with the booty. Another great tumult follows

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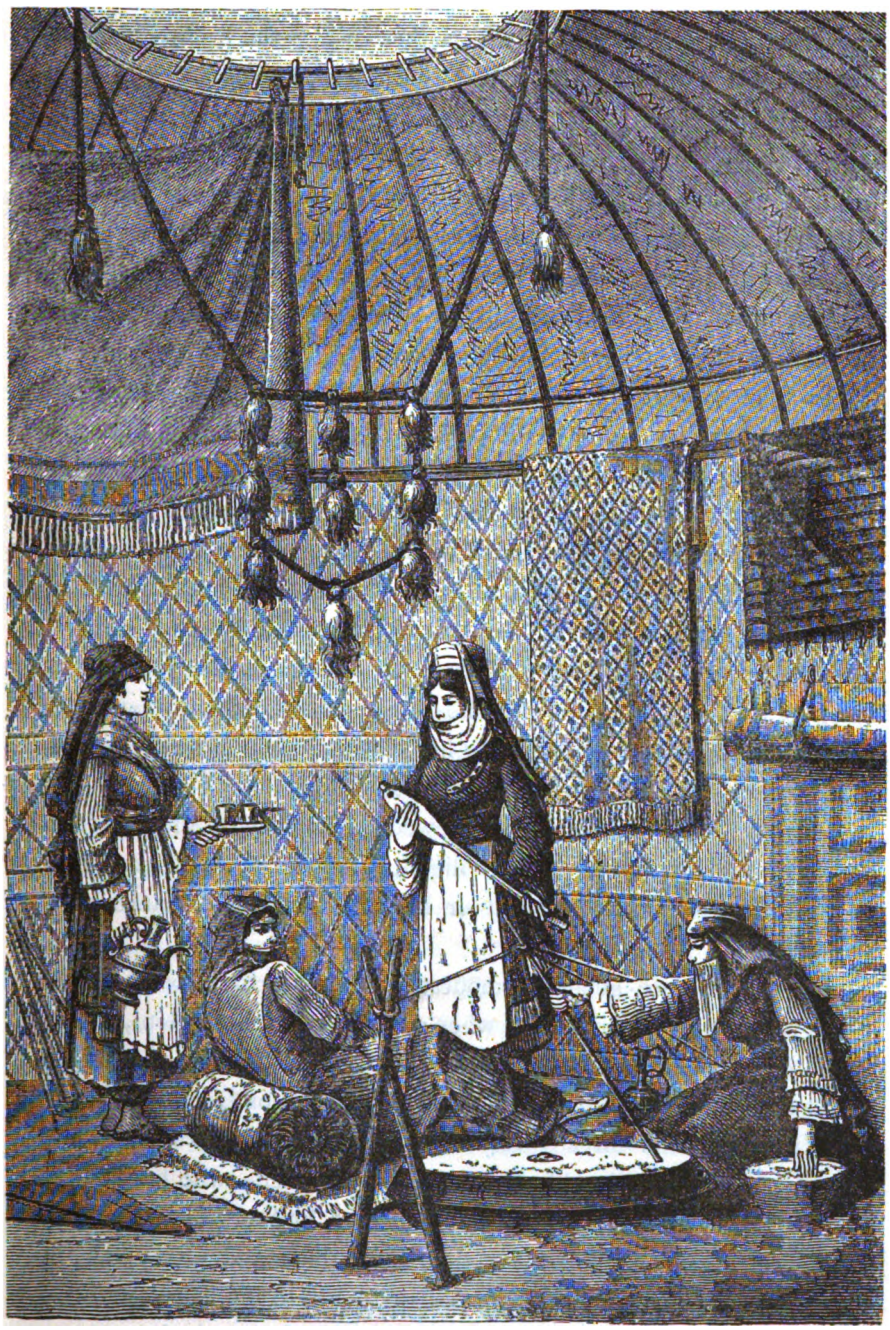

TURCOMAN WOMEN IN A TENT.

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on the part of the horsemen, a veil is thrown over the bride which she must lift whenever she passes a tent, and the scene closes.

The youth then gather about the betrothal tent, quarrelling and clamoring to be regaled with cakes and other refreshments. The bride is placed inside, with her back towards the entrance. The once dirty hut is decorated with all possible splendor, hung with silk, and adorned with feathers and all sorts of jewels. The bride receives the congratulations of her friends until the feast or bridal supper begins, from which the men are carefully excluded.

Such an amount of ceremony might, one would think, have been sufficient; but they are only the prelude to such a trial of patience, as no bridal pair in any other part of the world has to undergo. The bride must remain for two weeks in the tent of betrothal; then she is brought back by the kinswomen to the house of her father, where she must pass twelve or more months. Perhaps no better proof of affection or constancy could be required from the bridegroom, who is allowed, in all this time, to visit his intended only in the presence of her parents. At last, after all these trials of virtue and faith are completed, the bride is brought to her husband upon a richly caparisoned camel, and the marriage is complete.

As a wife the Turcoman is allowed, perhaps, even greater freedom than the Kurd; and is not obliged, like the Christian Armenian or Nestorian, to forsake her tent or her work at the entrance of a stranger.

The women are generally modest in their bearing, drawing their veils over the tips of their chins when a stranger enters the tent, speaking in a low voice, and busying themselves in preparing and offering the customary refreshments of bread, milk, cream or fruit.

What has been already said of the external appearance of the Turcomans, applies tolerably to that of their women—who have finely cut, rather brown faces, with regular features, and bright lively eyes. They are particularly noted for their long, thick and glossy hair, in which they frequently braid goat's hair to add to the length and size of their tresses. After separating the two side locks which meet under the chin, the remainder of the hair is simply parted and worn

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down the back. Their feet and hands are not especially delicate, but their movements are elastic and graceful, and like their husbands, many of them are fearless and skilful on horseback. Their dress, is composed of trousers cut tolerably loose and drawn close at the ankles, above these are the long silken chemise, and the "Arshalak," a short sleeved coat, which is exceedingly convenient for the display of the rich embroidery and ornamentation of which they are very fond. Above the coat is the "Kalat," a plaid shawl like wrapper, which is thrown over and envelopes the whole person. On their feet, either slippers or sandals are worn, except in cold weather, or when riding on horseback, when they have high boots of red or yellow Russian leather, with long-hooked toes, and high heels. Before putting on the boot, the limb is wrapped in strips of flannel, over which a thick sock is drawn. Their head covering is a little cap upon which the veil is fastened, with a broad band or coronet which is the receptacle of many ornaments. Their jewelry is an amazing affair. From the richest to the poorest woman of the Steppes, old and young, load upon their heads, necks, arms and breast a perfect mass of gold or tinsel—gold if possible—and adorned with precious stones of the largest dimensions. Prominent in this display is a massive ring about the neck, to which a lozenge-shaped plate is attached by small chains and pendants. This ring is at least two fingers, and the plate one finger broad. Besides these, loads of amulets or talismans are carried; usually consisting of hollow cylinders, to which a three cornered silver plate with serrated edges is hung. These are worn on a shoulder belt of leather, embossed with silver. Young girls wear embroidered caps, hung with frippery, and broad oval bands upon their arms, and stick monstrous trapezes in their ears, heavy enough to tear away the flesh if they were not supported by guard chains which fasten them to the head dress.

The breast is decked with plates, and thin pieces of gold or silver, of which the principal is a disk in the shape of a star. The effect of all this array of splendor upon their male acquaintances, is far from disagreeable. Husbands and lovers are enraptured with the glitter, and charmed with the music of this jingling apparatus, when its wear-

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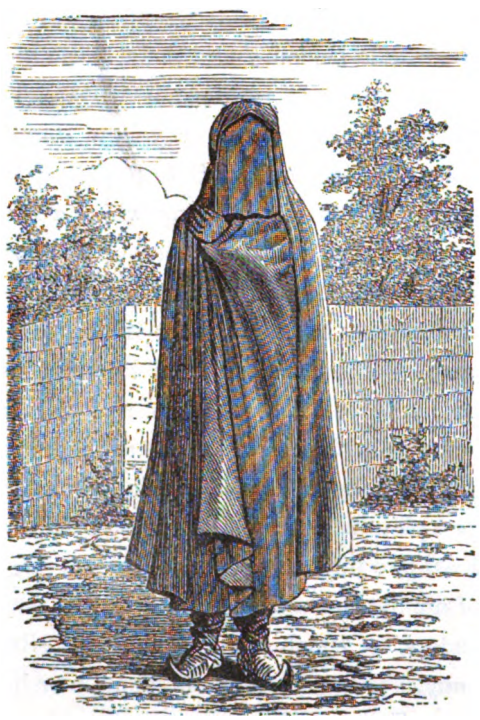
ers move in great troops, and the poorest woman, even though her dress is of rags, must bedizen it with some part of all this catalogue of finery. They wear their jewelry in bed, and seldom allow themselves to be separated from it.

The cookery of the Turcomans is not inviting. Their favorite dish is a soup prepared in great kettles, into which are thrown pieces of mutton, goat's flesh and gourds, seasoned with salt and pepper. While the soup is cooking, every one who happens to be near dips her spoon in the broth for a taste, and licks the accumulation of fat which has hardened upon the rim of the kettle with great gusto; and the mistress of the house frequently takes out portions of the meat for her own use, or that of her friends.



SLAVE WOMAN OF BOKHARA.

The flesh of the animals that are killed for food, after the bowels and joints are removed, is cut into pieces and salted, after which it is boiled or roasted. The entrails, scantily cleaned and hastily cooked, make titbits which the children munch the whole day long. Other relishes are made of bread and onions, and on very extraordinary occasions, cakes and pastry. As with all other Mohammedans, "Pilaw," a dish of mutton cooked with rice is always at hand. Besides these articles of food, they are fond of sour cream, beans, and melons or gourds.

Inexpensive as such provisions are, a great scarcity frequently exists.

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The supply of food for whole tribes occupying some meager oasis, in the midst of boundless wastes, is often cut off, and then men and beasts starve together. If in this extremity the Turcoman becomes possessed of provisions, he falls upon them like a ravenous animal, and rushes from the depth of abstinence to absolute repletion. If strong drink is wanting, they distill a sort of liquor from fermented camel's milk; and tea, always without sugar, is drunk in great quantities. In famine times these sons of the desert will not scruple to roast and eat the stale and hardened hides of sheep and other animals, though grossly offensive.

WOMAN OF KOKHAND.

The life of the Turcoman women is not, all things considered, so very laborious. Their household duties are not severe, and their occupations consist in spinning silk, cotton and wool, in weaving carpets, in pitching and striking the tents, grinding the meal for the family's use, &c., &c. Their treatment varies among different tribes, and in some of them they are required to perform the roughest, hardest out-door work, while the men sit about in idleness, or recount their exploits of robbery and murder.

Most of the tribes have their troubadours, who sing Turcoman love songs to their two-stringed "Dutaras." These songs, and the poets are held in high esteem, and the latter are frequently men of property and standing. We might speak of their plays and dances, their tilts at the ring, and races, in which last the women participate, but space forbids.

Besides the Turcomans, the Uzbeks, another Tartar tribe, inhabit

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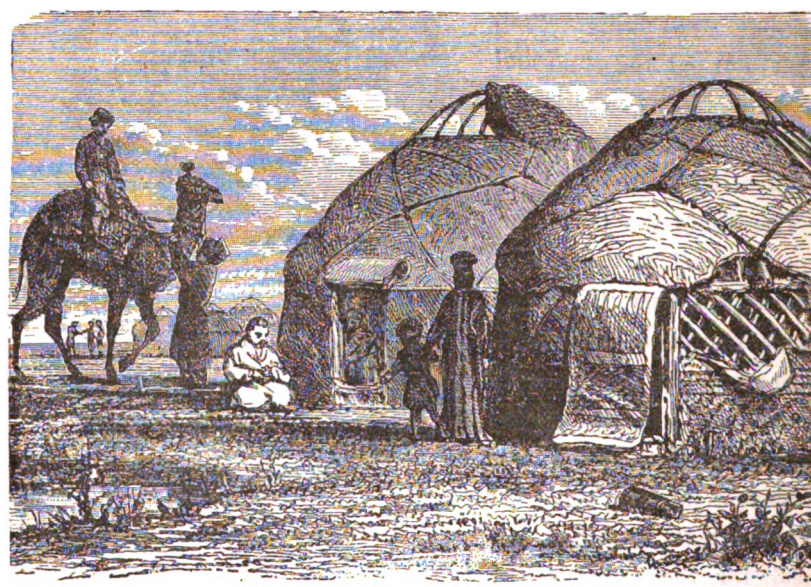
the region of which we have been speaking, a race of rough, but kind-hearted children of nature, though highly fanatical in matters of religion.

Our limits will not allow us to describe all those cities of Central Asia, which like Bokhara and Khiva are capitals of independent kingdoms, but we pause a moment to notice some peculiarities of the court of the Khan of Khiva. It would be grossly erroneous to connect any idea of princely luxury with the residence of this monarch. It is tol-



TURCOMAN HUTS.

erably well known that since the extinction of the Mohammedan grandeur, from the pillars of Hercules to the Oases on the Oxus and Taxartes, as well as in the ancient capital of Turkestan, courtly magnificence has been on the wane among the followers of the prophet. But many of our readers will be surprised to learn that the expenses of the culinary department of the present Khan of Khiva amount to less than $1,500 yearly. So at least we are told by Lerch, who calls the whole establishment pitifully mean. The ladies of the household receive very stinted rations, and if any of their pilaw

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is left, it is sent to the bazaar and sold in order to obtain for them a few *piastres*. So great is the poverty of the Khan that tea is furnished for him only. His mother is considered rich, because she has the rice grits of the royal kitchen to divide among her servants. The ladies bake the bread for themselves and their children, and are

INTERIOR OF A KIRGHESE CHIEF'S TENT.

compelled to sell the caps which they embroider to supply themselves with money for toilette and other expenses.

Another of the Steppe races of Turkestan is the KIRGHIS KAIZAKS, who live north of the Caspian and Aral seas, and of Syr Daria. They are divided into three hordes, and their country is more than 40,000 square miles in extent. There are also the Kirghese proper, or Moun-

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tain Kirghese, five tribes of whom inhabit Alatu and the environs of Issi-Kul. These are the only people who call themselves "Kirghese;" the other tribes are properly "Kaizaks," and are indebted for the designation of "Kirghese" to the Cossacks, who having become acquainted with the true Kirghese, bestow the name upon them and the Kaizaks without distinction.

The Kirghese are nomads; though they no longer wander about in great hordes, and if one or more families find occasion to change their residence, they frequently join in with other wanderers, and settle down for a long time in one place. Their dwellings are much the same as the huts of the Turcomans, or the Kalmucks, with frames of wicker-work ten to fifteen feet high, and from ten to twenty feet in diameter, covered with thick cloths or blankets. In the winter, which is extremely severe upon the steppes, more blankets are added, and the snow is heaped up and trodden firmly about the walls until the structure is almost air-tight.

The life on the Steppes is monotonous at all times, but especially so during the winter, when the families scarcely go outside of their dwellings, and pass whole days in the smoke and filth that surrounds them. The herds must seek their food under the snow drifts, with little or no care from their owners, and immense numbers of sheep and horses frequently perish from hunger and cold. The only variety which the life of the Kirghese presents, is in the summer; when the herds driven from the pasture at evening, come rushing into the village, followed by a shouting yelping crowd of boys and men.

Then, for a little time, all is busy. The women come out with clattering pails and pans to milk the mares and camels, and to help the children catch the colts and calves. When the work is done, young and old regale themselves with the "Kumys," a mixture of the milk of cows, sheep, and mares. The Kirghese consume astonishing quantities of this beverage, sitting over it for hours together; and swallowing eight or ten glasses, while a European is drinking his first. As in its fermented state it is highly intoxicating, nothing is commoner than for men, women and children to be thoroughly drunk together, and lie about the hut in this beastly condition till morning dawns.

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Then the flocks must be driven to the pastures again, with a repetition of the uproar of the evening. The Kirghese change their encampments twice a year; at the beginning of winter, and in the spring. These removals are a sort of festival, in which the women appear on horseback dressed in gay colored garments, and songs and dances and other means of merry-making abound. All are mounted, the women astride of their horses like men, the children stuck in great paniers upon the backs of the young cattle, which are led by rope halters. Thus the odd procession wanders picturesquely across the sea-like plains—the camels in the van, swinging and staggering under their lofty loads; the horsemen and women following, and the flocks and herds strung out behind far as the eye can reach.

The special points of interest in the family life of the Kirghese women may be briefly noticed. Being Mohammedan, the father disposes of his daughters in marriage according to his own pleasure. When, therefore, a young man proposes to marry, his first step is to conciliate the parent of his intended, and to agree with him upon the dowry to be paid—which is always in camels, horses, sheep, or oxen. This done, the contract is blessed by the Moolah, and a part of the formalities are complete. The groom may now seek his bride in her tent, which is prepared especially for the purpose, and hung with curtains of silk, or less valuable material, according to the wealth of the family. At the beginning of the engagement, at least one half of the dowry must be paid down, and the remainder at the conclusion of the marriage. When the bride is finally taken away by her husband, no great stir is made, provided the dowry has been fully paid over. Any failure in this respect entails very serious consequences to the delinquent. If the wife is sent back to her father by her husband, the dowry is not returned.

The bride devotes much trouble and care to adorning herself for the day of betrothal. Shops full of gay goods, piles of the costly silks of Bokhara, coronets and head-dresses glittering with gold and jewels, or tinsel and glass, are brought into requisition. The forehead is covered with a band embroidered with gold, or set with corals. Over this falls the white veil, and in the hair whose native abundance is supplemented

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by thick braids of horsehair, chains of coins and gay ribbons are interwoven. The trousers are tucked into elegantly fitting boots of yellow or green leather; the "Kalat" is of brilliant silk; the close jacket is trimmed with strips of red cloth, and the fur cap is gay with flashing beads, or bright silver knobs.

Women and girls dress nearly alike, both preferring gay, bright colors, though the "Kalat" of the older women is often a sober

KIRGHESE WOMEN.

gray. The head is usually covered by a sack-like veil which ends before and behind in points, and conceals the face completely, except the eyes, for which it has two openings. On meeting a Moslem, especially in the cities, the Kirghese woman covers her face. Towards Europeans they are more tolerant, and these coquettish children of nature know how to handle their veils so skilfully as to display their attractions very fully. All of them are passionately addicted to paint, which is brought from Bokhara, the Paris of Central Asia. Their manner of applying it is very simple. The red or white is spread and dried upon a piece of hard paper. When needed, it is moistened with the

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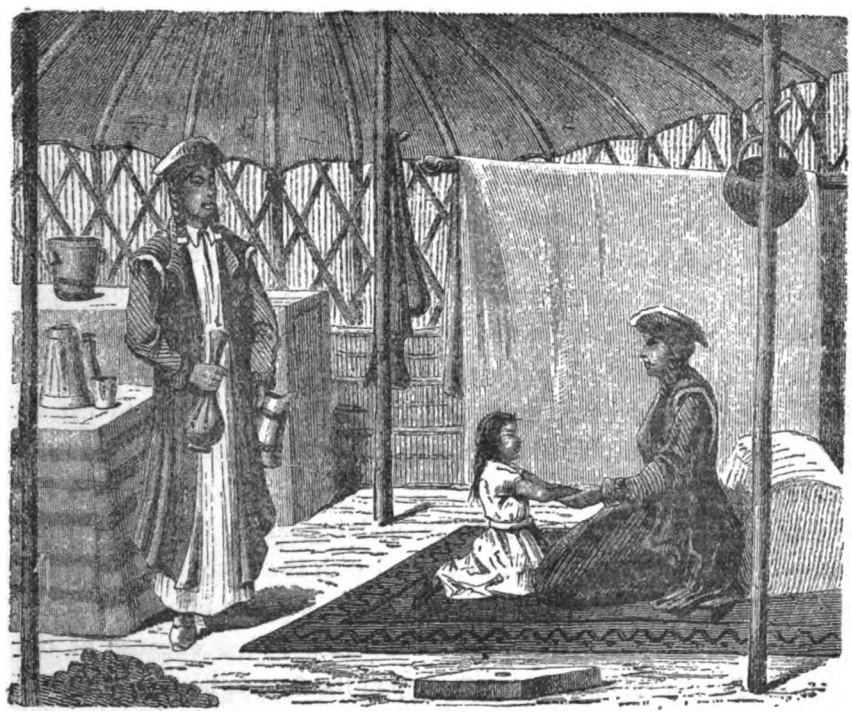
tongue, wiped upon the face and rubbed in. Unfortunately these means of assisting nature are only of temporary benefit. Exposure to the burning sun and biting cold of the Steppes, soon makes the skin hard and leathery, and it only remains for the Kirghese fair ones to make up by extravagant displays of jewelry, for their loss of delicate and brilliant complexions.



KALMUCK WOMEN.

Another nomadic tribe whose home is hard by the western part of the Kirghese territory, is the Buddhist KALMUCKS who are settled along the lower Volga, and belong like their brethren in the Altai Mountains to the peoples of Turkestan. Their houses are very similar to those of the Turcomans and Khirghese, but within them each member of the family has his appointed place which is seldom changed. While there is nothing very remarkable in the tents of the common people, those of the princes or wealthier members of the tribe, are furnished

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with luxury and even elegance. Those of Prince Tumen, the chief of the nomads of the Volga, are magnificent in their appointments—being hung with damask, and their floors covered with thick carpets.

This Prince has also a palace on an island in the Volga, which is reserved entirely for the use of his guests. The ladies of the Prince's household are never admitted to this elegant retreat, and pass their lives in their tents of damask, sipping their tea or "Kumys" with far more satisfaction than they would find amid the piano music, and French cookery of the palace. The Princess herself is an accomplished pianist and plays frequently for her guests, but prefers for herself the mandolin of the Steppes; and on summer evenings, while the young men are engrossed with their races or similar wild sports, she sits and plays her national airs upon this simple instrument.

And what splendid riders the Kalmucks are! Their very cradle is the saddle, or the basket at its pommel, from which the almond-eyed youngsters peep merrily out as they pass. At three years old they are mounted on a dog or a goat, and two or three years later upon a horse. After eight they scarcely leave the saddle, except to eat or sleep, and at twelve the lad is ready to mount the wildest horses in the herd; and the more untamable and dangerous the steed, the greater is the delight of the youthful trainer in subduing him. While a comrade brings the frightened animal to a stand with the lasso, the daring lad swings himself lightly upon his back, forces a bridle into his foaming mouth, and away they dash across the measureless expanse of the Steppe. But all this has little effect upon the frantic beast, till his daring rider plunges him headlong into the wild, deep river, and compels him to swim for life. Two or three repetitions of this rough riding process suffices to bring the wildest racer to reason, and the breaking is done. Prince Tumen is said to own more than 60,000 horses, and the value of his cattle is beyond all calculation. He is especially fond, also, of hunting silver herons and black swans, for which he keeps a stand of falcons.

The life of the Kalmucks of the Altai is much less splendid. They are immediate neighbors of the Kirghese or true Kaizacks, who share with them the western mountain districts. Their women have all the

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work to do, and everything which involves care or trouble is heaped upon these much enduring creatures by their worthless husbands, who pass months together in idleness, or hunting in the woods. In the summer the time is filled up with visiting, and drinking "Kumys," and it is not therefore surprising that travelers have found whole families in beastly intoxication for days together. Their clothing, which is heavy and burdensome, and peculiarly cumbrous to the wearer, is generally ragged and filthy. They are communists, in so far that the richer members of the tribe must divide their provisions and clothing with their poorer brethren—perhaps another inducement to laziness.

The Kalmucks of the Altai are not all Buddhists; on the contrary those of the mountains have a religion, if it may be so-called, of their own, by the name of Shamanism, which consists in the worship of a good and an evil spirit and a great crowd of minor divinities. The people, however, care little about it, and their intercourse with its priests is principally because of the magic they are supposed to exercise; for the "Shaman" is a sorcerer and conjuror who professes to heal, and prevent diseases and misfortunes of various kinds. He propitiates "Sheitan," or secures the favor of the "Tangiri Khans," or heavenly powers, for a specified consideration of course. The priests are not so much servants of their divinity, as its incarnation. Their office is hereditary in certain families, and their forms of worship have been handed down from father to son, till the prayers of the Shamans are unintelligible to very many of those who profess to offer them. Most of them are, no doubt, more or less conscious impostors. When not engaged in their priestly duties, there is nothing in their outward appearance to distinguish them from the other Kalmucks. But when they execute their religious dance, their singular dress and fantastic gestures, recall the "medicine men" among the Indians of North America.

With this hasty notice we must dismiss the Kalmucks of the mountains, and invite our readers to pass with us from the sources of the Irtish, away over Turkestan to the heights of the classic Hindu-Koosh. From the snowy peaks of this range of mountains, whose passes were once threaded by Alexander the Great, the eye of the

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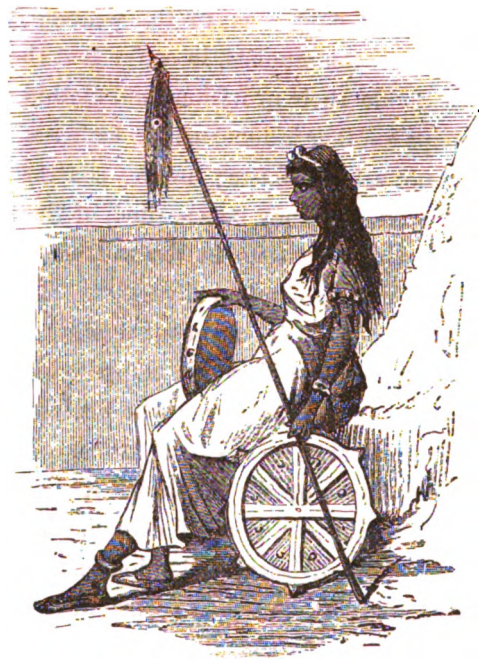
mind may take in the whole region between the Caspian Sea, and the western spurs of the mountain ranges of northern Asia, a singularly variegated district, containing an immense diversity of peoples and races. Turning to the south, another world unfolds before us—Afghanistan, the country of mountain chains, wide table lands, and lovely valleys.



SHAMAN PRIESTESS.

Approaching Cabul, the residence of the famous Emirs of Afghanistan, from the east, the picture is a miracle of Asiatic beauty. From the lofty pass of Lutabun, ten hours distance from the city, a landscape spreads out almost as lovely as that of Samarcand—one of the four paradises of Mohammedan poets. The entire basin of Cabul abounds with fruit and flower gardens; the wine is only inferior in excellence to that of Madeira. And the imperial chronicles of Sultan Baber, who made Cabul his residence more than three hundred years ago, declare, "Drink wine in the bosom of Cabul, and let it make its rounds freely; for it is like a mountain, a sea, a city, and a carpet of flowers."

Such another Eden as the basin of Cabul lies at the south side of the Hindu-Koosh in the delightful valleys of Khurkand and Pendschir, at the head of the Cabul river. The principal place of this province is the garden city, Istalif, the favorite summer residence of Sultan Baber, and the site of the delicious Bagh-i-Kilan, which Baber bought from the learned and famous Ullugh-Beg-Mirza of Samarcand, in order to give himself up to the enjoyment of nature in its most beautiful forms.

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All parts of Afghanistan are not, certainly, as romantic as Cabul. Many districts are flat and tedious, others swampy, and still others uninhabited wastes. The population of Afghanistan is far from homogeneous; the greater number are Afghans, or Pathans who are of Aryan descent, and speak the Puschtu dialect. War-like, proud of their liberty and independence, they are, with the exception of their somewhat confused ideas of *meum* and *tuum*, at least as moral as their Mohammedan neighbors of other races. Next to the Afghans come the Tadshiks, descendants of the original population of Iranistan, who speak Persian and live not only in the cities, but scattered in villages throughout the country. Although they have lost, with time, many of the distinctive features of their forefathers, they maintain their old traditions and legends, and are the most intelligent part of the whole population. After these two races come Uzbeks, Turks, Kurds and Armenians; and the Afghans themselves are divided into numerous tribes, whose dissentions have hitherto neutralized the power of this brave and war-like people. Their relations with the female sex are particularly interesting. It is maintained that the Afghans alone of all the Asiatics, understand the word "love" in its *European sense*.

TADSHIK WOMAN.

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Although, like all Mohammedans, they purchase their wives—that is, the father receives from the bridegroom a dowry previously agreed upon—marriages for love are frequent; and the lover who can not raise the necessary purchase money, often betakes himself to India, in the hope of gaining the price of his happiness in the shortest possible time. The education of girls and women, is considered important; and reading and writing, with which so few of the women of the East are acquainted, are everywhere taught. Poems of the wife of the Chatak chieftain, Kush-hal-Khan, are preserved, in which she has fitly answered the poetic effusions of her husband's love. One of the peculiarities of Afghan married life, requires the widow to marry the brother of her deceased husband, if their union has been childless. If the brother refuses to marry her, she can only wed with his consent.

The Afghan women ape the men in their dress, wearing an outer garment of similar pattern, but much longer, and made of finer materials, generally colored and embroidered. They have colored trousers, tighter than those of the other sex, and a small cap of bright colored silk, embroidered with gold thread, which comes down to the forehead or ears, and a large sheet, either of plain or printed cotton, which they throw over their faces when a stranger approaches. In the west the females often tie a black handkerchief over their caps. They divide the hair on the brow, and plait it into two locks which fasten behind. Their ornaments are strings of Venetian sequins worn round their heads, and chains of gold or silver, which are hooked up, and end in two large balls hanging down on either side. Ear-rings and finger-rings are worn, as are pendants in the middle cartilage of the nose. Such is the common dress of either sex; but it is subject to infinite variety, as it happens to be influenced by foreign intercourse, or difference of fashion in particular tribes. In town, the fashions approach those of Persia or India, according to the proximity of the one or other country. The women tattoo a little with indigo on the chin and forehead, and in the form of rings on the fingers, arms and wrists.

The nomad tribes cultivate little or no soil, and rarely visit towns, except at certain seasons for the sale of the produce of their flocks,

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AFGHANS.

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such as wool, skins, camel's hair, cheese, etc., in return for which they take home with them, for their own use, corn, salt, small quantities of rice and spice, and a coarse cloth called "karbas."

They are a handsome, athletic, muscular people, capable of great endurance, but vain and bigoted in religion and political matters, revengeful, avaricious, and penurious in the extreme. Their affable and apparently hospitable manner is apt to disarm the unwary, and deceive him as to their true character.

They fare well, living chiefly on bread and vegetables cooked in the form of a pottage, with dried pulse or raisins; mutton, goats, buffalo, or camel's flesh. Fat is freely used when rancid, to a degree which would make it unbearable to any stomach but that of an Afghan or Tartar. Milk and fruit are also common articles of diet. Tobacco is used by all classes, and the resinous exudation (churrus) from the hemp plant is sometimes employed to produce intoxication. These displays are, however, not of frequent occurrence. Cleanliness, both in their persons and houses, is disregarded. Hence, epidemic diseases are very deadly when they attack a community.

Cabul, the chief city of Afghanistan, is a narrow, dirty, angular town, with numerous brick houses, often two stories in height, crowded thickly together on both banks of the river from which it takes its name, and with nothing but numerous poplars to break the monotony of its simple architecture. From the south and west, wild jagged cliffs look down upon the chaos of houses; on the other sides the city is open, and the famous gardens of the olden time stretch away from its very feet. In one of these, Sultan Baber lies buried by the side of his wives and children. The Cabulese make pilgrimages to the sepulchre, which is in a well-kept flower garden surrounded by a solid wall of white marble.

On the pediment of the little mosque may be read, "At the gate of heaven, Rizwan inquired the day of the Sultan's death. The answer was, The dwelling of Baber Padishah is in heaven forever." This mosque was erected, by Shah Jehan, in 1640. East of the city, the valley is interrupted by a perfectly isolated rock one hundred and fifty feet in height, upon which is the famous old citadel of Bala-Hissar. Farther

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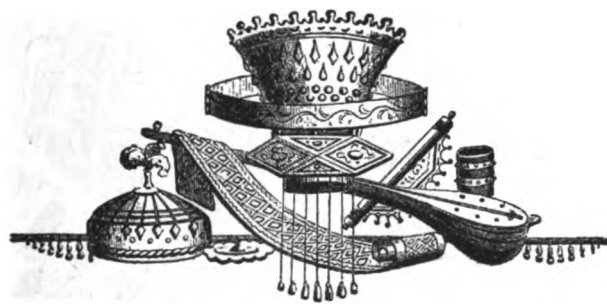
up, another castle of the same name contains the royal palace, and the government buildings. These were erected by the descendants of Sultan Timour, the last of whom that reigned at Bala-Hissar was the famous Aurung-Zebe, who like all the reigning princes of this family was obliged to keep the younger members of his dynasty as prisoners of state. Life long incarceration was at that time the traditional lot of those unhappy kings, the family like the Turk, enduring

"No brother near the throne."

One of the peoples which are peculiar to Afghanistan is the *Sijah Posh*, of whom very little is known, as their country—Kafiristan—has never been explored. It extends from the south-east slopes of the Hindu-Kosh along the forked valley of the Kunar, to the south edge of the Pamir. The Sijah Posh, or "people in black" as their name signifies, seem to be a remnant of the ancient Aryan race, and have received from these Mohammedan neighbors the name of Kafirs, or Unbelievers. Their religion seems to be a mixture of corrupt Buddhism with the faith of Zoroaster, and they give the bodies of their dead to the birds. Their features are comely and intelligent; they wear garments of black goats hair, and their ornaments are earrings and necklaces of iron. In betrothal the wooer takes his bride upon his shoulder, and dances from tent to tent to a wild huzzaing of the women, and the singing of the assembled crowd.



TURCOMAN TOILETTE ARTICLES.

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LADY OF CASHMERE. 184

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"Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave;
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?"

Moore.

INDIA, one of the earliest homes of culture, has taken for centuries the first place among all the countries of Asia, in the magic world of song and story. From the southern base of the great Himalayan mountains, the Indian peninsula stretches away, with its mysterious grotto temples and ruins, from whose cornices the heads of grotesque animals grin upon the passing traveler in rigid ugliness. Ivy-wreathed fragments of gigantic buildings, lie half revealed in the purple mist that floats upwards from the Ganges, and out of the mango crowns, the heads of countless images look forth with the mystery of thousands of years in their stony eyes. The stillness of the sacred river is broken only by the psalm of penitence from the lips of the pilgrim, who goes to wash away his sins in its holy waters.

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The literature and the ruins of India, give only slight indications of the character and composition of the numerous races which make up its population. The common idea that these form a tolerably united and homogeneous body, is the farthest possible from the truth, as few countries present a greater variety of popular elements, of the most diverse, and even antagonistic descriptions.

Before the Aryan emigration, the ruling race of India from the southern point of the Himalayan range, was the Dravidas. The advance of the Aryans between 1500 and 2000 years before the Christian era, gradually compressed into the southern part of the peninsula those of the Dravidas who were not entirely subjected and assimilated to their conquerors. These original races present now two great groups, divided into a great variety of families or tribes.

Ceylon is the only island in Western India of any account. The numerous clusters, mostly of coral formation off the western coast, and in the archipelago of the Lacadives and Moldives, belong to other ethnographical divisions. The inhabitants of the first are Indo-Arabs, the others are Mohammedan-Malays. The Malays also inhabit the Nicobar Islands, while the Andaman group, further to the north, is settled by a race of Negritos.

NICOBAR GIRLS.

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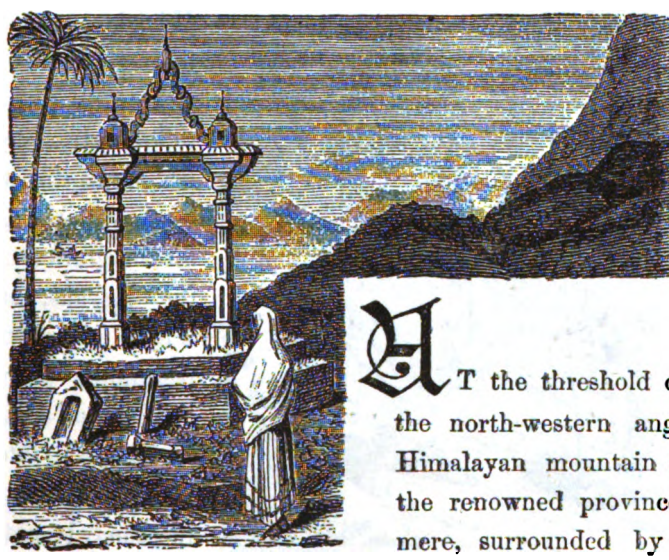
1. In Hindostan.

Cashmere and its Women. The Races of the Punjaub. Ancient and Modern Organizations of Caste. Condition of Hindoo Women. Burning of Widows, Child Murder, and Human Sacrifices. Description of a Suttee. Excesses of Polygamy. Statistics of the Murder of Girls. Calcutta. The Indian Capital and its Society. European Women and Children. Mixed Marriages. Dress and Ornaments of the Hindoo Women. Intellectual Movements. Toru Dutt, the modern Poetess. Ancient Indian Literature. The Sex and Family Life in the time of the Vedas.



RAJPOOT TOMB.

AT the threshold of India, in the north-western angle of the Himalayan mountain system lies the renowned province of Cashmere, surrounded by ranges of snow-clad mountains, some of which are the loftiest known. Its deep secluded valleys are carpeted with the richest flowers, and the most luxuriant vegetation. Water-falls dash in musical cadence from the cliffs, and numerous lakes reflect and multiply the magnificent landscapes which surround them on every side.

The people who inhabit this Paradise, are usually handsome, with faultless physical proportions, and the fairest complexions. Their rather prominent noses scarcely detract from the glorious beauty of their sparkling eyes.

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The morals of both sexes are far from corresponding to their external attractions. The men are deceitful and false, the women fickle and crafty; and the keen tongue of the Cashmere beauty is as much feared in the Indian harem, as her caprice.

WOMEN OF THE HIMALAYAS.

The higher classes are Brahmins; the peasantry are generally Mohammedans. The former have, perhaps, of all the Hindoo races, maintained most steadfastly those religious traditions which are directly opposed to the oldest institutions of the Aryans, and which from the beginning have invited and assisted English intervention. Among these may be noted the barbarous custom of child murder, and the self-destruction of widows—both innovations of the later Brahmanism.

Following the course of the Indus, we come next to the Punjaub, or land of the five rivers, the first settlement of the Aryan emigration. The original inhabitants of the Punjaub were not Brahmins, but Dschats, who have held fast to their old Aryan institutions, and repudiate caste entirely.

Another race that is settled in the Punjaub, is the Rajpoots, who

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entered upon the political theater of India somewhere about the sixth or seventh century of the Christian era, and have maintained themselves for a long time upon the Indian frontiers. They differ from the other Hindoos in type, customs and usages, and resemble more nearly the old Parthians. Every wealthy Rajpoot has at least three wives, who play a far more conspicuous part in the business of life than the Hindoo women, as their husbands undertake nothing important without consulting them.

RAJPOOT WOMEN.

The social life of the Hindoos takes its stamp from an institution peculiar to themselves—Caste. They have not only preserved the rigid exclusiveness of classes and races, but intensified the natural divisions by a monstrous sub-division of society into groups and associations, separated by arbitrary and most inconvenient lines. Since the inauguration of the British Dominion, the tendency has been to modify these restrictions, and some of the Mohammedans already acknowledge only personal worth as the measure of social standing. But it is necessary to examine this important element of caste organization, before proceeding with our subject in detail.

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Originally—that is at the era of the Aryan emigration—there were but three castes recognized; the Brahmins or priests, the soldiers, and the peasants who tilled the fields. Later a fourth was added called "Sudras" or laborers, produced by the subjection of the original inhabitants by the invaders. These divisions would hardly have been of long duration, as business and locality soon introduced sub-divisions which were certain to blend into and destroy

HINDOO MARRIAGE FEAST.

one another, if left to themselves. But when Manu, the oldest of the law givers and founders of society in India, became also king and head of all the Indian races, it was necessary to so modify the Caste system, that it should not result in the decentralization of his power. The original institution was as different from that of the present, as the ancient theology from that which has replaced it. As it may be seen to-day, it exhibits a certain resemblance to the guilds or trades unions of Europe in the middle ages, when a trade or

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calling was a matter of inheritance, resting upon divine authority, and subjecting the refractory member to expulsion. This somewhat rigid organization is so far modified now, that men of different castes who have elevated themselves by diligence and skill, or intellectual superiority, rise without difficulty to a higher order. By this, the previous permanency of the caste restrictions was in effect broken, though new organizations came to light from year to year, in the disintegration of the old.

This social institution gives us the best introduction to the position of the women of India. Marriage formerly was only concluded between members of the same caste. The type of each has in consequence so perpetuated itself, that it is possible now to point out the members of different trades by their physical distinctions, which are so marked that they might be taken as belonging to different nations. At present this restriction has fallen into disuse, and the relaxation has been largely brought about by the process of subdivision.

At the same time, it is evident that the position of woman in India, is entirely unworthy of her. Intelligent Hindoos freely admit the necessity of female education, and are glad to avail themselves of the rapidly multiplying female schools, which are among the most significant marks of Indian progress; and there is great reason to hope that with the agitation of the subject that is constantly going on, and the assistance and countenance of the English government, the grossest barbarities will soon have disappeared entirely from the Hindoo family life. Among these, we have to note Child Murder and the immolation of widows.

Nothing has excited more astonishment in Europe than the ecstasy with which the widow threw herself into the flames which consumed the mortal remains of her husband. Entirely aside from the uselessness of the sacrifice, it was a consequence of this barbarous fanaticism that with the death of the father, the family was frequently broken up entirely. A great difference of opinion has begun to develop among the Hindoos, under the English rule; and now when a widow insists on burning herself, the "Suttee" is performed privately, so that it cannot be hindered by the Government.

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The Hindooism of the past, as exhibited in the Vedas or sacred writings, has very little connection with that of the present. As an example of the devotional poetry of the Vedas, we give the following, addressed to the goddess Maghoni or Indra.

HYMN TO THE DAWN.

"Now lifts the sun his crown of glorious beams
Bright as the silver flow of yonder sea;
To smooth thy pathway round the world he gleams,
And bids all nature welcome Maghoni.

Holy and awful, with his burning rays,
With splendor robed as with a garment, he
With reverent hand unveils thy smiling face,
And shows thy glory, wondrous Maghoni!

Then upward, onward, borne by radiant steeds,
Which bound before his chariot light and free,
The mighty conquerer all victorious leads
The hosts of night to worship Maghoni.

The way is clear amid the clouds' thick gloom,
Thy path triumphant smooths the raging sea,
And from remotest climes thy servants come.
To do thee homage: queenly Maghoni.

Ride on victorious, Goddess of the Dawn!
Before whose steeds we gladly bend the knee,
Give to thy servants, (all their wants are known)
More than their asking; generous Maghoni.

When thou appearest, see the birds forsake
Their nests, and forth to seek provision flee;
From thy rich store of blessings bounteous take
And feed thy creatures; Goddess Maghoni!"

We have now to speak of another Brahminical institution, so destructive to social organization, that the anxious attention of the English government has been constantly drawn to it—Polygamy, which in Hindostan is even more abominable than among the Moslems. With the Hindoos a man might marry as many wives as he

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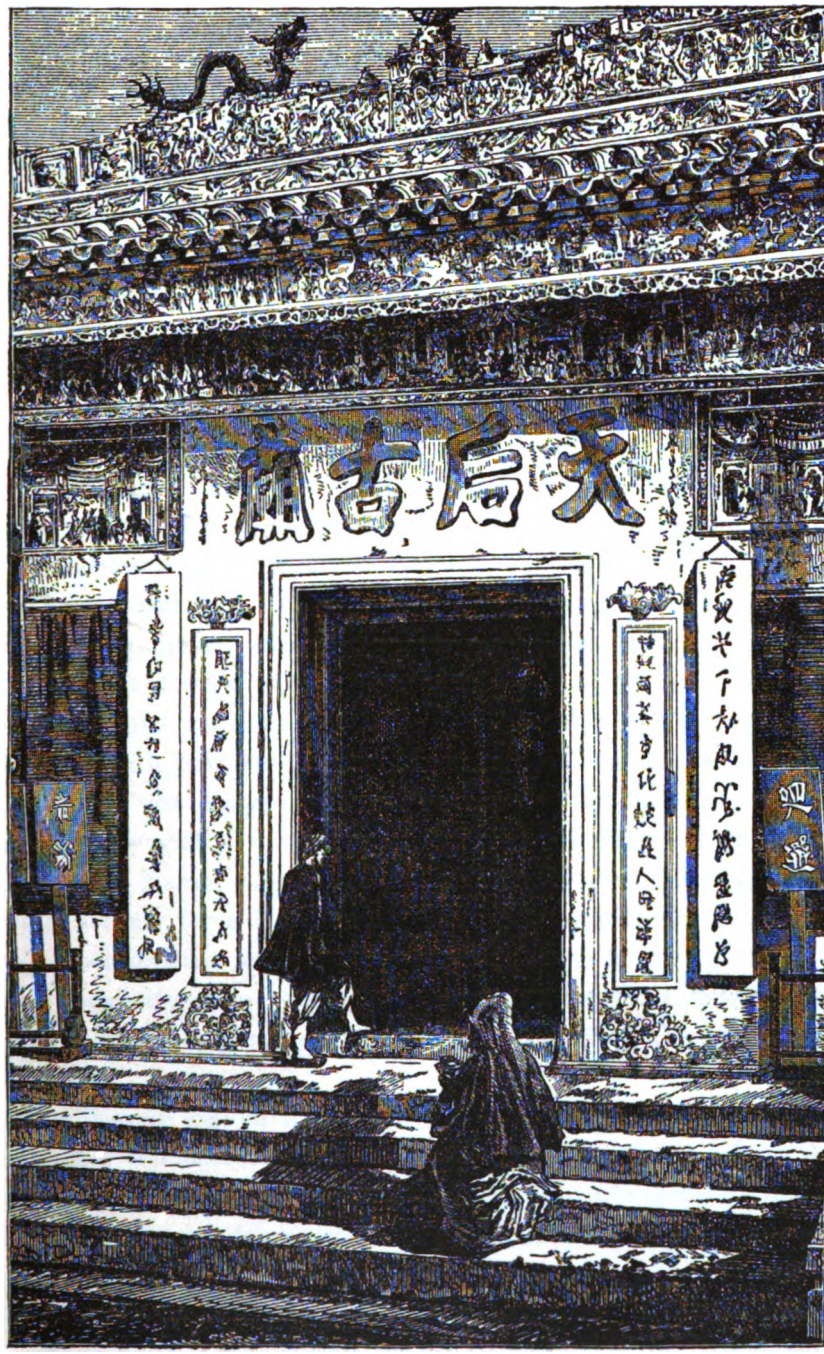

ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT. 143

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pleased, and some even contrived to make a lucrative business by "sealing" themselves to women of a lower caste, for a handsome consideration. The husband in such cases, was not obliged to take his wife home, or provide for her; simply leaving her with her parents. From the statistical reports, it appears that impoverished Brahmins had carried on this wretched business to an astonishing extent; one having been found who had a hundred and twenty wives. Superstitious parents considered their own happiness, and that of their whole families insured, by connecting themselves in this manner with some holy man; and some of these Brahmins had married all the females of a family, old and young—daughters, aunts, sisters, and cousins.

An irrepressible agitation had been going on over this subject for fifteen years, when very unexpectedly to the government important assistance came from the Hindoos themselves. Learned pundits, rich landholders and many of the wealthy Brahmins themselves, not less than twenty-one thousand in all, united in a petition to the government to put down the practice; and in 1856, shortly after the law permitting the marriage of widows, an ordinance was arranged to do away with polygamy, when the Sepoy rebellion broke out, and the project was delayed, and it was only in 1860 that the opportunity came again. One of the most respected citizens of Benares, Rajah Deo Naram Singh, laid before the Governor General, Lord Elgin, a draft for a law, which was gladly adopted; and in a few years such progress had been made, that according to intelligent Hindoos themselves, the practice is effectually restricted throughout English India; and such abuses as we have described above, are now exceptions.

A still worse custom than that of the Suttee, was the murder of children. We meet this horrible practice in China, but nowhere in such proportions as it has attained in India—particularly in those parts which are not immediately under British authority. The principle reason for it seems to be, that in many districts, and with certain classes, marriage entails expenses beyond the ability of the people to meet. For example, among the wealthier Rajpoots, honor requires a man in marrying his daughter to impoverish himself

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and his family. To avoid this, the Rajpoots and many othor Hindoos destroy their female children at birth. The custom, from long use, has attained the authority of a divine command. The fathers have killed their daughters, and their sons repeat and perpetuate the system of murder. Maidens of caste are married as early as possible, but remain until maturity with their parents. A girl who is not married in her childhood is a disgrace to her family, and was formerly sacrificed to the cruel goddess Kali. Although the English government has spared no pains to put an end to them, these sacrifices still go on in some places; and it is with very great difficulty that the stiff-necked Hindoo is made to believe that a daughter who reaches her twelfth year unmarried, is worthy to belong to her family or her caste.

GODDESS KALI.

A few statistics on this subject may be interesting to our readers. In 1836, when the British government instituted its first investigations, it appeared that in Western Rajpootana, among a population of 10,000, not a single girl was to be found. In other places it was found that among the people, and especially at the court of the Rajah, the birth of a son was greeted with great rejoicings; while that of a daughter, was looked upon as an evil. In Manikpore, the Rajpoot nobles themselves admitted that for more than a hundred years no female infant had lived to be a year old in their district. Shortly after the suppression of the Sepoy rebellion, a new investigation revealed an equally horrible state of affairs. One of the government

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officers states, that of 308 places which he had visited, he found in twenty-six no girl under six years; and in twenty-eight, none under marriageable age. In some places no marriage had taken place in the memory of any one living, and in others the last one had been celebrated eighty years before. This was exceeded in the province of Benares, where the inhabitants declared there had been no marriage in two hundred years!

But we must now return to the "Land of the Five Rivers," in which our wanderings have been so long interrupted. A few miles southeast of Simla, the famous summer residence of the British Viceroys we enter the district of the Ganges, the sacred river of the Hindoos, whose fountains lie far away among the peaks of the Himalayas, from whose cliffs its silver waters dash in sparkling cascades.

In its monstrous delta lies the great city of Calcutta, the political capital of the British East Indian Empire.

The refuse of its countless population decays in the scorching sun, in open sewers on both sides of the streets. These horrible canals have no outlet, and their contents fill the air with poisonous vapors and sickening stench. The mortality of the city is only to be conjectured, as neither births nor deaths are officially registered.

Calcutta is important to us because in the confusion of its races, religions, and nationalities, the distinction of caste must necessarily be weakened or destroyed. The bloody human sacrifices to the goddess Kali, the burning of widows, the murder of new-born children of the female sex, have there been effectually checked. It was at Calcutta that the Hindoos were first taught respect for human life, and from thence a better civilization has spread; at first over Bengal, and later through the whole Indian peninsula.

Women commonly bear the climate of India, and particularly that of Calcutta, better than men; yet even they suffer extremely, and the fashionable promenades of the City of Palaces display a formidable array of pale emaciated women and children.

These children, mostly the offspring of mixed marriages, are much more Indian than English; they understand their mother tongue imperfectly, or not all; are shy, awkward, nervous and peevish. An

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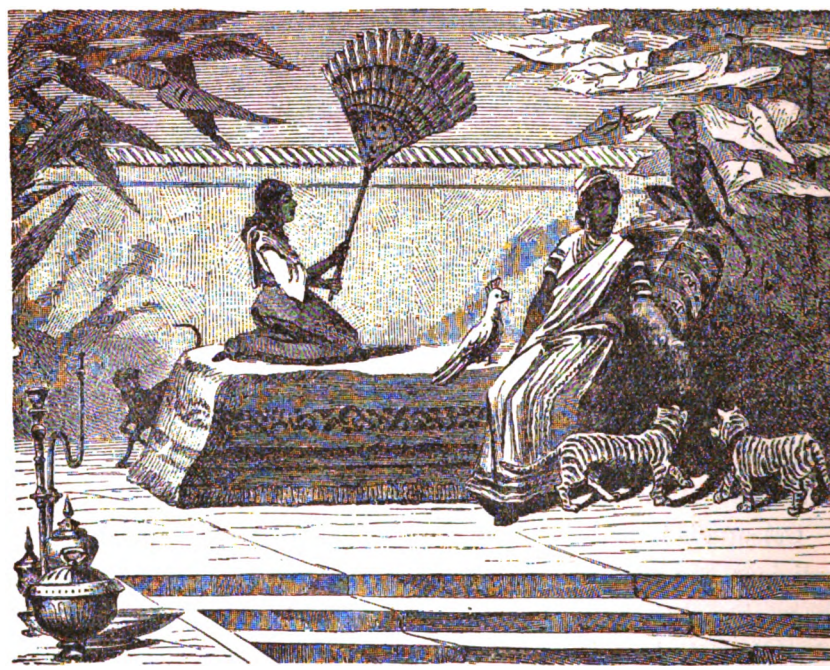
English boy of five or six, in lower Bengal, is far from an agreeable object of contemplation; he swears in Hindostani like a Sepoy, has caught all the bad habits of his native attendants, is shrunken to a meagre copy of his nurse, and has lost all the native vivacity of his race.

Marriages contracted by Englishmen with native women, are far



HINDOO LADY.

from satisfactory in their results. The union between the representative of western culture, with the fairest and highest of the native girls, seldom transmits to their offspring the better points of either parent. And besides such mixed marriages are not favored by the rigid Hindoos, who look upon them as a loss of caste, and consequent degradation. So long as the European is regarded by the orthodox Brahmins as "unclean," the Hindoo maiden who marries him is treated as an apostate and a castaway.

The English, as is well known, have little facility in accomodat-

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ing themselves to the manner of life in tropical countries, and are resolute in taking the customs and habits of their homes with them in foreign lands. The black dress coat, the faultless gloves, and the "stove pipe" hat, are as indispensable to them in Calcutta, as in the first society of Old England. They give dinners and suppers, balls and

A CARRIAGE AND TEAM.

tea parties, and think more of attracting the principal natives to such diversions, than of attempting to share in those which are deeply rooted in the national feeling of the conquered race. Their houses contain every comfort and appliance by which the Indian climate may be made tolerable. Each has its "Punkah," or broad fan, suspended from the ceiling, to create a cooling breeze, and drive away insects, and nearly every one has its verandah as a protection against sun and rain.

The most welcome distraction of the European Colony, is the arrival in the cool season of the year, of an English steamer with a cargo of

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British girls for the marriage market. On these occasions, the young fellows who are satiated with their Indian bachelorhood, betake themselves to Garden Reach to see the new arrivals; some of whom are very pretty, but the greater number giving visible indications that their attractions have ceased to be desirable at home. Each cargo is under the charge of a worthy matron, who kindly guarantees the unexceptionable character and standing of her proteges. Upon landing, the fair ones display a delightful unconciousness of their mission, but allow themselves to be pleased, when, very soon after their arrival—for wooing in India is surprisingly fast—a suitor appears.

The external appearance of the native women and girls presents a very characteristic type, modified by caste, and many other influences which act upon the different representatives of the women of the Hindoo families. This is conspicuous in their dress, each caste having its own, and its peculiar style of wearing it. The Tcholis, for instance, contribute to the endless varieties of female toilette—a jacket with short sleeves; and the Sary, a great piece of stuff which is wound around the body, thrown over the shoulders, and twisted about the head.

The Hindoo women, like most other Asiatics, have a passion for jewelry. It is not uncommon for those of the lowest class to wear nose-rings of gold, or set with pearls. On their arms, rings of silver, copper, or glass are worn; little rings upon the toes, and heavy metallic bands upon the ankles. The ears are usually loaded with gold rings; and in order to make room for other massive ornaments, their lobes are pierced and strained in a disgusting manne.. At first a hole is made in the lobe of the ear, into which a roll of stiff paper is inserted, which by constantly unrolling extends the puncture. As soon as the first roll has lost its elasticity, another, and yet another is put in its place, until the opening is large enough to admit two fingers. The operation is by no means painless, and the ears frequently become greatly swollen and inflamed. When the openings have attained the desired size, the principal ornament is introduced; generally a plate in the shape of a wheel, with a lozenge in the rim, by which other articles are attached. If this ornament is of open filigree

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work, it is heavy enough for the ear; but in many cases the wearers add bands of spangles, which are fastened to the hair or head-dress, in order to support a part of their weight.

HINDOO WOMEN CONVERTS TO CHRISTIANITY.

In the food of the East Indians there is little variety. The staple is rice, boiled in water, with "curry;" a mixture of herbs, drawn butter, saffron, and different roots. To this are added eggs, fish, milk, cakes, bananas, bread fruit and other fruits. The bill of fare is the

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same for all meals. Only the lower classes eat meats which are strictly forbidden to those of caste, under pain of excommunication. Spirits are also rejected, with the single exception of palm wine. On the other hand, betel leaves and arica nuts are chewed by every one; and these are said to promote digestion.

We have already mentioned the pressure that is brought to bear upon the leading Hindoos in certain parts of India, particularly in the provinces of Bombay and Bengal, and lately in the Punjaub also, to provide a better education for their daughters and wives. The impulse came from the Europeans, but the natives have taken it up with zealous energy. A society has existed in Bombay for more than twenty years, for the purpose of promoting female education; and this society was founded by the learned Hindoo, Bhau Dadshi. Since then, schools and institutions of learning have sprung up as if by magic. When it is remembered that religious freedom is very great in India, and that religious concerns have been carefully kept out of the way of intellectual movements, it is not surprising that Hindoos and Mohammedans and Christians have entered into this matter with equal zeal. The only difficulties to be overcome are those of language.

HINDOO COSTUME.

A striking evidence of the participation of women in the intellectual movements of the Hindoo people is found in the story of the celebrated Toru Dutt, who died in Europe, on the 30th of August, 1877, at the early age of twenty-two, after having gained the admiration of the learned by her literary achievements. This Hindoo

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maiden who had early mastered the Sanscrit, translated English and French poetry into her mother tongue,—and shortly before her death had written a romance in European style, with its scene laid in Europe —was a literary phenomenon of no common order. Besides this, she had published a collection of poems in English, "A Sheaf gleaned in French Fields," before visiting Europe. While still a child she read English poetry in the original. Her greatest and most deserving work, was the translation into English of the famous Vishnuparana, of which only fragments had previously been rendered into that tongue. She wrote three languages with almost equal facility; translating English and French poetry into Hindostani, and making the western public acquainted with the choicest extracts of the literature of her own country. Of the French poets she preferred Victor Hugo, Lamartine and Alfred de Musset; and next to them Baudelaire and Gautier. She was eighteen when her first translations were published, and fell a victim before the end of her twenty-second year, to pulmonary disease, which she had vainly sought to alleviate in the south of France.

DANCING GIRL.

The religious reforms undertaken by the Hindoos themselves, have been of great service to the intellectual awakening of their country. Learned and leading thinkers among them, have undertaken to show that their religion is not, as its opponents have represented, a mass of gross superstitions and falsehoods. Most of them have heartily supported the English efforts for the suppression of such

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abuses, as we have seen in treating of the Suttee, and the murder of infants. Thus a purer, higher Brahminism has been revived, which, while maintaining the old religion, labors to cleanse it from the abuses which have grown up about it.

The following is a good illustration of the emotional Hindoo poetry of ancient times:—

THE DEATH OF THE BELOVED.

Ah cruel Fate! that up to heaven has borne
The fairest pearl that ever home adorned,
To whom, alas, my heart wilt thou complain,
Whose kiss shall cool the fervor of thy pain?

Who shy approaching with an ardent smile,
Will sooth my woes, my aching heart beguile,
Or, lowly bending breathe in gentle tones
The sweetest music mortal ear has known.

Wealth, knowledge, fame, all that I prized below,
Fruits of my toil, forgotten, vanished go,
Since thy soft eyes, my darling and my doe,
No more my labor or my triumphs know.

In vain the lotus in its beauty gleams,
The moon unrivalled sheds her radiant beams.
The birds unheeded twitter in the groves,
Since thou no more shalt hear their songs of love.

From earth beguiling, O enchantress, thou
Alone hadst power to draw me heavenward; now
From thine abode, oh turn thy radiant eyes
Where low in dust my soul despairing lies.

Thy voice, whose sweetness shamed the falling rain,
Thy face, whose charms inspired the poet's strain,
Thy being's richness, like the nectar's flow,
All, all are gone, and nought remains below.

Some of the Indian proverbs are exceedingly pointed, as will be seen by the following examples:—

THE POWER OF WOMAN.

"The poets, good fellows, are stupid enough,
They sing of the weakness of woman, all stuff!
The weakness beholders must surely surprise,
Which fetters the gods with a glance of its eyes."

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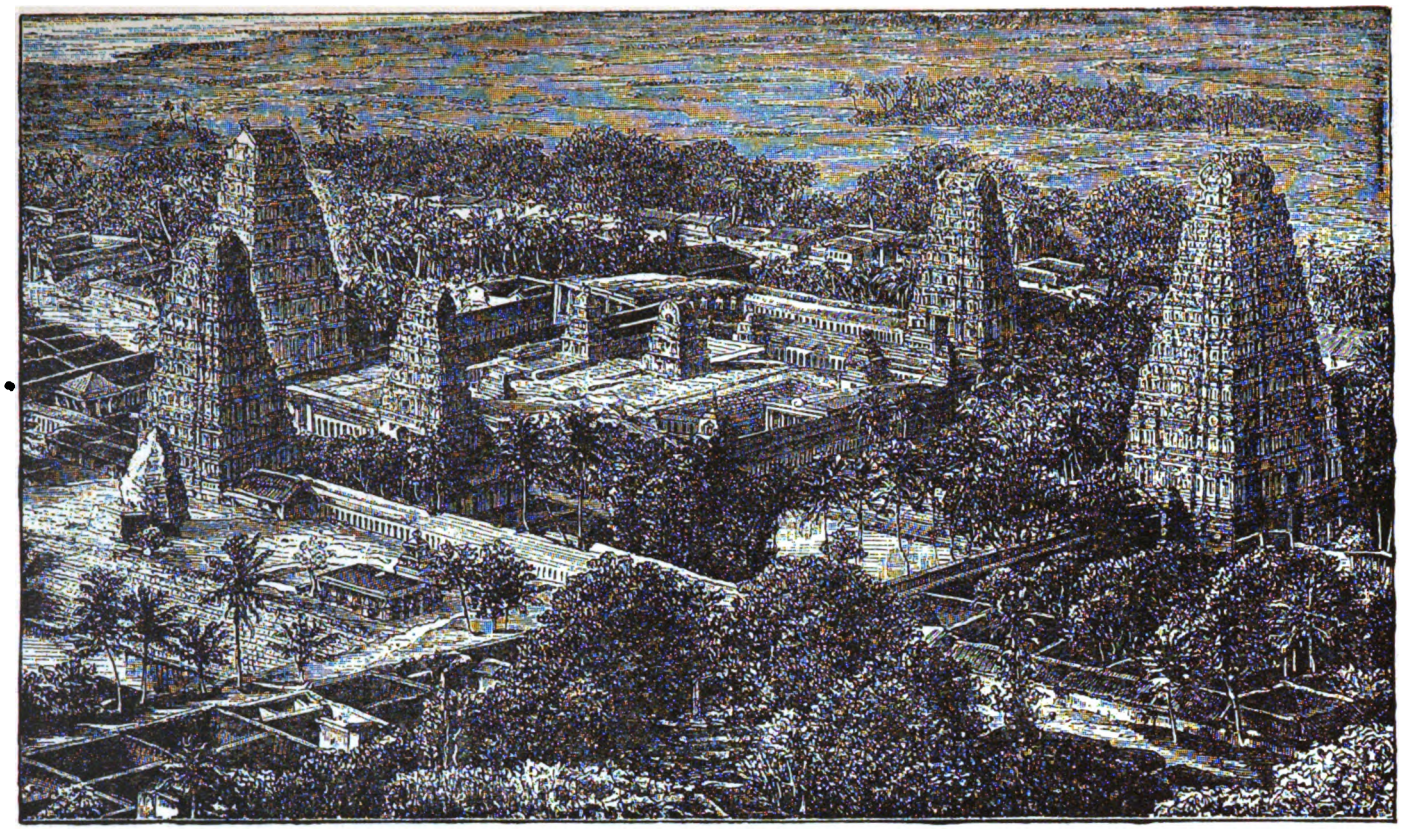

A CITY OF PAGODAS.

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FLATTERY.

"She kisses the one in whose arms she lies,
She dazzles another with loving eyes,
She drinks in the depths of the heart of a third,
Say which of the three has this woman preferred?"

The following is equally pithy:—

"A prince and a teacher, a woman and fire,
Too near may be hurtful; quite useless afar,
To keep them from mischief, or make them of use,
A moderate distance the wise man will choose."

A very moderate study of the Vedas, which abound with pictures of the family life of the ancient Hindoos, is sufficient to demonstrate that much which shocks us in their manners and customs is of comparatively recent growth. The society of those times was simple and comparatively pure. The condition of woman was not without honor, and the intercourse between the sexes, dignified and proper. We read of "the busy, merry woman," and "the faithful virtuous wife, who adorns the home of her husband, like the dawn of the morning," etc.,

ARRANGEMENT OF HAIRINGS.

Mothers encouraged the acquaintance of their daughters with young men, and weddings and social gatherings afforded ample opportunities for extending and cultivating it.

Polygamy was little known. Most men were content with one wife and the sacredness of the marriage tie was fully recognized. The details of courtship and marriage were somewhat lengthy and ceremonious, and were concluded by kindling a fire upon the hearth in the centre of the house, by which the bride and groom took their places; their hands were then joined by the head of the family, and the groom, holding the hand of the bride in his own said, "I take thy hand for joy, so that we as husband and wife may go

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down happily to old age together, and may the great gods give thee to me for the prosperity and peace of the household." They then walked three times round the fire, and the ceremony was concluded with a feast and dancing.

Widow burning and child murder were unknown among them. Riches and large families were considered equally desirable, and the birth of a female child was not thought to be a misfortune. The barbarities in the treatment of women and infants which are now so

TELINGO WOMEN.

common in India, are glaring contradictions of the spirit of the Vedas, and the customs of the times in which they were written, and may be traced almost entirely to the interpolations of the Brahmins.

The modern Hindoo is hemmed in on every side by caste, which is stronger than the ties of family or kindred. The affection of the husband for the wife and of the parent for the child, are limited and dictated by this iron despotism. Caste is lost by a great variety of offences, some of which are of the most trivial character. To eat with a person of lower caste, to accept food which has been prepared by him, to leave the sacred Hindoo soil for any purpose whatever, or to

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WOMEN OF BOMBAY. 159

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hold the slightest intercourse with one who has lost caste, is sufficient to thrust a man out from his home, debar him the society of his friends, and the companionship of his wife and children. He becomes "civilly dead;" his wife is widowed, though she may not marry again during his life, and his dearest friend must renounce him, or share his outlawry. Nothing illustrates the difference between the old and the new Hindooism better than this monstrous institution, which the latter has grafted upon the former.

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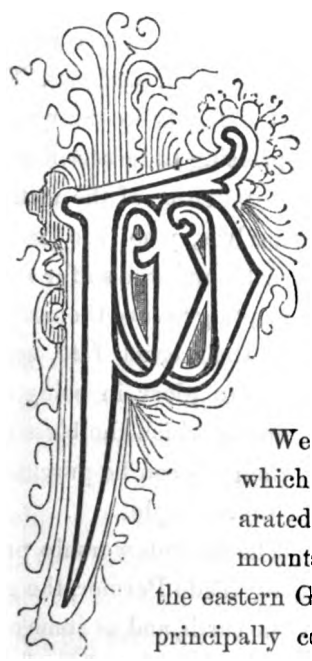
2. The Dravidas.

The Central and Southern Hindoo Races. The Pilgrimage of Juggernaut. Human Sacrifices among the Khonds. Their Women. Maternal Affection. Marriage Customs. Beauty of the Banjar Women. Bombay. The Parsees. Nautch Girls or Bayaderes. Hyderabad. The Tamuls. The Todas. Canarese and Malabar Women. The Singhalese.



HILE part of the Peninsula of Gujerat, is inhabited by the Hindoos, the remainder is occupied by the Dravidas, the aboriginal inhabitants.

We shall notice, first, the province of Deccan, which is composed of a series of table lands, separated by long rivers, and broken occasionally by mountain ridges which reach from the western to the eastern Ghauts. The population of the province is principally composed of the Gonds in Godwana, the Telingas, whose country extends from Orissa, over the table lands of Hyderabad and Balaghat, and the Tamuls, who inhabit the high lands of the interior. The great plateau of Mysore is occupied by the Canarese, and the western coast by the Malabars, Tulus, and Todas.

South-west from Calcutta, we come upon the road which is traversed by the pilgrims to the temple of Juggernaut, at which hundreds of human sacrifices were formerly offered every year. These wretched devotees, believing that heaven was to be obtained by self-immolation,

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prostrated themselves before the massive wheels of their idol's triumphal car, and were crushed deep in the earth beneath it. The strenuous efforts of the English Government have abolished the worst features of these processions; and now scarcely enough worshippers can be got together to drag the ponderous machine from its resting place.

TODA WOMAN.

Proceeding inland, we enter the wild mountainous district of Orissa, the country of the Khonds, who have till recently maintained their revolting human sacrifices. The chief difficulty in the way of suppressing these sacrifices, is the infatuation of the victims themselves, who are called Meriahs, and who so far from attempting to save themselves from their cruel fate, seem rather to glory in being the means by which the blessings of the gods can be purchased for their people.

The Khonds worship principally Tado Permor, the god of the earth, and as some contend, a God of light, who is the source of all evil. The victims are sacrificed to the former to secure abundant harvests, and to the latter to avert his anger and turn away famine and disease. The Meriahs were often devoted from infancy. But many of them were stolen or purchased from neighboring tribes, which were visited by kidnappers or agents in times of distress, and their children snatched away or bought, or their young people enticed by offers of employment and good wages. Once among the Khonds, they were treated with kindness, and often allowed to

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marry. No attempt was made to conceal from them their ultimate destination, to which, indeed, they gave themselves up with the blind fatalism of Orientals. The children of those who married were also reared for sacrifice.

The final process was frightful. For a month before the sacrifice, festivities were kept up incessantly, and the Meriahs, crowned with flowers, intoxicated with spirituous liquors, and crazed with enthusiasm, were led from place to place in a wild dance. At the end, the victim was bound to a stake at daybreak, anointed with oil and stupified with drink. A mob of fanatics surrounded him, dancing to wild music, howling and brandishing their "tulwars." A hog was then killed, and its blood allowed to flow in a hole at the Meriah's feet, the victim was crowned with fresh flowers, the favor of the gods implored, and at a given signal, the flesh of the wretch was literally slashed from his bones, by the tulwars of the excited crowd, each eager to obtain a fragment, or dabble in the blood. Sometimes the Meriah was crushed between planks, and after unutterable torments, his head was stricken off, and his body cut in pieces, each representative of a family or clan cutting away a slice of the quivering flesh, and running to offer it to his idol, or burying it in the earth to ensure health to the people, fertility to the soil, increase of the flocks and herds, and victory over their enemies.

KHOND GIRL.

Many thrilling incidents occurred in the progress of the crusade

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against these barbarities. The Meriahs themselves, unbound from the fatal stake, and released from their horrible fate, were scarcely thankful, believing that a still worse destiny awaited them if they escaped that to which they had been dedicated. In fact, many of them, particularly the women, ran away from their deliverers.

WOMEN OF MALABAR COAST.

The following touching story is related of one of these poor creatures, who had been snatched with her three children out of the clutches of the Khonds, and who seemed very little pleased at her escape. Possessed for a long time by the idea that she and her children were to be the central features of a very great festival, she was proud of the distinction, and awaited it with impatience. After she had become reconciled to her new friends, she confessed that she had yet another child among the Meriahs, and begged that he too might be saved. This was impossible then, as the tribe was hostile to the English, and the season for military operation was past. Suddenly the poor mother disappeared from the camp, leaving her children behind, evidently determined to attempt the rescue herself. After forty days absence, she returned with the

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child, having crept in the rainy season, through primeval woods and swamps, abounding with wild beasts and poisonous serpents, afraid to sleep, until she dropped in her path from exhaustion, and subsisting on such fruits and roots as she could gather by the way. Having made her way to the village where her child was a prisoner, she profited by the absence of the inhabitants to get possession of him, and set out

HUMAN SACRIFICE AMONG THE KHONDS.

upon her return. The journey back, burdened as she was by her child, was far worse than the other; and she returned wasted, sick, and almost helpless.

The Khond women enjoy much influence, and are treated by their families with great respect. The husband has no right of property in his wife; and if he wishes to marry another, the assent of the first must be obtained and all her rights must be secured to her.

Their marriage ceremonies are peculiar. The bride is usually con-

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siderably older than her husband; she, for example, being sixteen, while he is probably ten. After the contract has been settled by the parents, and the stipulated dowry, which consists of buffaloes, sheep, swine, poultry, grain, and brass kettles, is paid, rice and strong drink are brought into the bride's house, the priest takes the liquor, offers a libation to the gods —and the parents on both sides declare the marriage consummated. After this, there are songs, dances, and other festivities, in which the bride is brought home, and commonly lives in the house of her father-in-law, assisting in household duties, until her husband has grown up, and can provide an establishment of his own.

BANJAR WOMAN ON A CAMEL.

We have already observed that the Aryan races have made their way into most of Central and Southern India, often in such numbers as to become the ruling people. The Aryans were originally nomads who have wandered over Hindostan proper, as well as the table lands in the Deccan. Among them are the Banjars, a strong and handsome race, greatly resembling in their manners and customs, the Gypsies. In Central and Southern India, where the roads are bad, and the means of intercourse uncertain,

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they form an efficient commissary department, transporting grain and cattle, upon private speculation or for the use of the Government, from one district to another, often rendering most essential service.

The Banjar women are noted for their beauty. Slender, with finely formed limbs, and a noble expression, each of their movements displays pride and grace. Their dress is a short jacket, and a long plaited robe. Over the pointed head-dress a cloth is thrown, which falls down the back, and envelopes the figure like a cloak. Their jewelry often represents the entire capital of their husbands. They wear rings in the nose and ears, rings and chains braided in their hair, and bands of shells, and red and blue ivory rings upon their arms. Upon their ankles they load heavy metallic rings hung with many little bells. These walking jewelers' shops present a truly picturesque appearance—throned upon camels, their garments flowing in graceful folds, a child in a knap-sack upon their shoulders, and a mandoline in their hands.

BANJAR WOMAN.

The position of these women is far from happy. In their wanderings the care of the herds fall entirely upon them, the men contenting themselves with patrolling the camps, and protecting them against the attacks of robbers and wild animals.

At Surat we reach the Western Ghauts, whose capital is Bombay,

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the natural metropolis of India, with a population of more than 650,000 souls. Of these over 400,000 are Hindoos, the rest principally Mohammedans and Parsees; the latter being descendants of the ancient Persians, the worshippers of Fire and Light, and numbering about 50,000.

The Parsees are the most estimable people of Asia, intelligent and enterprising in business, and zealous for progress and education. Bombay was the first city of India to inaugurate female education, and to the Parsees belong much of the credit of the movement.

NAUTCH GIRL.

The Hindoos of Deccan are very similar in manner and customs to those of other parts of India, though the influence of the Dravidas and of foreign intercourse is recognizable among them in many particulars.

Here we must notice a class of the Hindoo women, whose fame has extended far beyond their native land, and whom Goethe and Miss Landon have depicted as refined and poetic beings, totally different from the reality. The Nautch girls, or Bayaderes are as little like the creatures of a poet's fancy as their dances are like those of Europeans. Though commonly better than their reputation, it is impossible to witness their dancing or listen to the songs with which they accompany it with pleasure. Nothing in fact, is more monotonous than the dance of the Nautch girls, as the Bayaderes are called in India. Men accompany the movements of the dancer with trumpets and

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cymbals, while other Bayaderes who sit around her in a circle, beat time with their hands, and sing a monotonous refrain. The effect of the dance is produced less by the grace of the dancer, than by her gay-colored garments, and the profusion of jewelry which hangs and glitters and rings about the head and arms and ankles. The dress of the Bayadere is generally rich, and arranged with some degree of art; differing, of course, with the infinite variety of customs and costumes of the race to which she belongs. That which is considered most effective is composed of a jacket, very low in the neck, trousers, and a long veil which floats about the whole body.

CANARESE WOMAN FROM MANGALUR.

One class of the Bayaderes is designated as the slaves of the deity —Devadashi. Their art is devoted to religious services, and after having been trained to it, they are consecrated to either Vishnu or Siva, and practice dancing only in the temples, which they never leave. They are not forbidden to marry, but their husbands must not belong to the priesthood.

Only maidens of high caste can be devoted to Vishnu and Siva. The others, who may be consecrated to the service of the lower divinities, belong to the "Sudra" caste, live in cities and villages, and eke out their support by dancing at private festivities. They can leave the temples in which they dance at times, at their own pleasure, and go from place to place accompanied with music, and exercising their profession in ways entirely remote from religious services. They are fond of money, and for the sake of obtaining it, are reputed to lead licentious lives, hoping to accumulate enough to support themselves in comfort when they become old and unattractive. There are

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nurseries of these Bayaderes in Southern India, from which new companies go out from time to time, as the old ones return. One of the most noted of these places is Anbota, a city on the northern coast, not far from Mangalur.

Another branch of the Bayaderes is found in the Rajpoot country,

SINGALESE WOMEN.

where on feast days they choose a patron among the dignitaries of the court, who must invite them to his palace, and entertain them nine days. They perform the religious dance of the nine nights, and are allowed great liberties in the house of their entertainer. There are often 150 to 200 or more of them, who go about together in this manner, marching in military order, and singing and dancing in groups, only the religious dances, which they perform upon the terraces of a

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palace or the turf of a meadow. Fires are lighted, great baskets of blazing pitchy wood are set on high poles, and the lights flickering in the darkness of the night, the monotonous music, the clash and ring of hundreds of bangles, and the shrill cries of the performers, give the scene a strange and wild attraction.

The Bayaderes are also in great request in Hyderabad, the kingdom of the Nizam. In the capital of this extensive Mohammedan state, where the streets are filled with throngs of stately men, with robes of silk, and turbans embroidered with gold; women with long close trousers, and vests which scarcely cover their breasts; gilded palanquins with thick close curtains, elephants with trappings of red embroidered with gold; horsemen elegantly dressed, armed guards, and naked coolies, carriages of a peculiar shape are never absent, in which sit the Bayaderes, adorned with pearls and precious stones, and singing to the accompaniment of trumpets and cymbals. In the evening they dance, generally in the courts of the dwellings, under the rich foliage of the trees of the tropics whose branches are hung with lanterns of colored paper, producing a soft and rich illumination.

TAMUL WOMAN.

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172 DANCING GIRLS AT THE COURT OF THE MAHARAJAH.

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WE find at our entrance into Farther India, an entirely different world from that we have just left behind us. The singular group of nations, consisting of the Indo Malayan States of Burmah, Siam, and Cochin China, with the mountain region of the Shans, which comprises part of the Chinese province of Yun-Nan, present a variety of highly interesting peculiarities.

The people are generally mild by nature and ready to learn, and their early barbarous condition has been greatly modified by intercourse with the English, who have established themselves on the eastern shore of the Gulf of Bengal, and the coasts of Aracan, Pegu, and Tenasserim, and the French who have subjected the great delta of the Mekong, Cochin China, Cambodia and Annam.

Another important part of Farther India is the great East Indian Archipelago, consisting of the large islands of Borneo, Sumatra, Java, Celebes, and Luzon, and many hundred others of less note, most of which have been but partial-

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ly explored, though the greater number are nominally held by Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, and English colonies. Many of them are delightful places of residence, with a luxuriance and variety of productions scarcely found anywhere else in the world. The native inhabitants are principally Malays, though in some of the eastern islands there are Australian Papuans who occupy them jointly with the Malay race. The latter are mostly Mohammedans, and all the commercial and business transactions of the native population are carried on by them. The Europeans are found only in the large cities, and the government residences.

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1. Burmah.

The Burmese Women. The Siamese. Their Dress and Appearance. Polygamy. The Royal Ladies. Weddings. Life in the Harem.

THE people of Burmah and Siam are Buddhists in religion—lively, vivacious, and tolerably good natured. Frank and open in their intercourse with foreigners and each other, intelligent, so far that almost all of them read and write. They are quick to learn, and generally free from the fanatical intolerance of most Asiatics. Satisfied with their own religion, they are yet willing to listen to the advocates of others with courteous, though rather indifferent attention; in short they are a pleasant social friendly people, progressive in many respects, yet conservative to the last degree, exactly where progress would seem most natural.

Belonging to the Malayo Chinese family, they have far more of the peculiarities of the Chinese than the Malays. They exhibit the intelligence of the former without their conceit and exclusiveness, and the business capacity of the latter without their blood-thirstiness and cruelty. The occasional barbarities which have shocked Europeans among them, have been the fault of the monarch, whose sovereignty

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is absolute; and if he is cruel or capricious, his acts are his own rather than his people's.

The family life of the Burmans is free and agreeable, and their women enjoy a liberty totally unknown in Western Asia—meeting the men socially, talking with them upon all subjects, and sharing with them the cares of business or the family. Unmarried people associate together as freely as in America, and young girls receive the visits of their admirers without the presence of their parents or others.

WOMAN OF CAMBODIA. ANNAMITE. LAOS GIRL.

TYPES OF FARTHER INDIAN WOMEN.

Their external appearance is not prepossessing. Their broad faces with high cheek bones and stumpy noses, large mouths with thick and fleshy lips, and their yellowish complexions are far from handsome, and their bodies are short and stout. Their dress consists of a square piece of cloth, which is thrown around the waist and limbs and fastened by a knot at one corner.

Intercourse with Europeans has lately induced many of them to adopt undergarments of closer fit, and a sort of spencer which covers their breasts and shoulders, formerly exposed. Their black and glossy hair falls loosely from the back of the head, and their ears are pierced with large holes, and loaded with jewelry, or bouquets of flowers.

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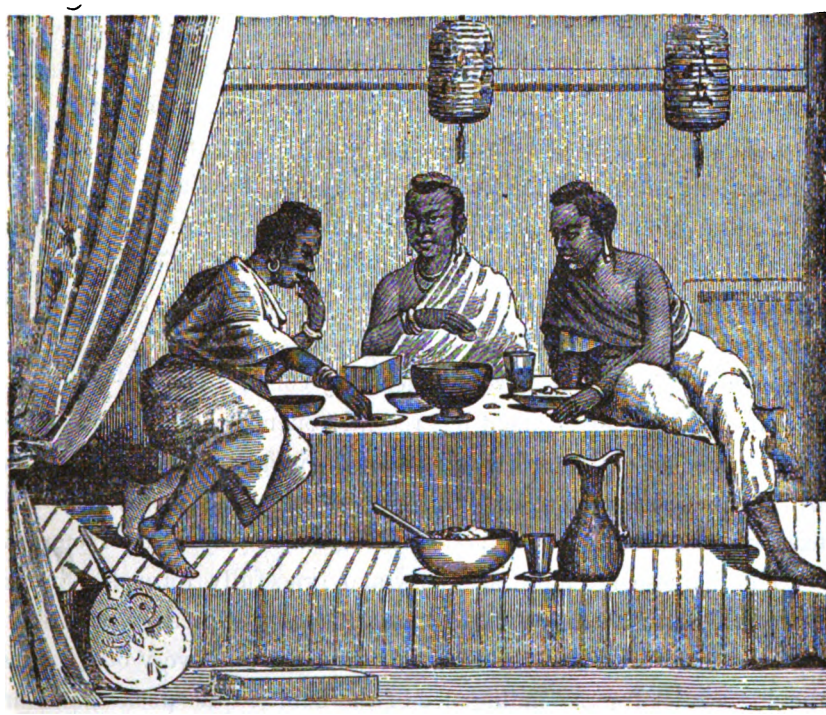
The betel leaf is chewed incessantly, with fatal effects upon their teeth, and the color of their lips and gums.

Marriage is contracted among them later in life than with most Orientals, and their regulations are rather of a political than a religious character. The wife may leave her husband at any time, by returning the sum he paid for her dowry. The process of divorce is



SIAMESE WOMEN AT TABLE.

simple. Each party lights a taper, and the one whose light burns out first departs.

The Burman lover may visit his mistress in broad day-light, and the parents never interfere with the pleasure of the happy couple. Young ladies receive regular parties of their acquaintance in the evening, a lamp in their windows being the signal. The young men, in gay silken garments, take their places upon the mats on entering, and talk of the events of the day; refreshments are brought in, and

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games fill up the time. If the hostess shows a preference for any of her guests, quarrels sometimes ensue, occasionally terminating in bloodshed.

When an engagement is to take place, the preliminary arrangements are made by the gentleman's mother, who asks the consent of the lady's parents. If it is granted, the friends of the youth agree with the bride's father as to the dowry to be paid, and the groom sends her, three undergarments, three scarfs, and three pieces of white muslin, with jewelry of all kinds, proportioned in value to his means, and often very rich. The betrothal is unceremonious, and the wedding is concluded by a festival—after which the reign of the wife begins, instead of that of the husband as is usual in Asia.

The kingdom of Burmah is joined on the south-east by the double kingdom of Siam, which is more than 14,000 square miles in extent, and has a population of about 650,000, partly original Siamese and partly Chinese Laos and Malays, with customs and social habits differing as widely as the races from which they come.

The Siamese government has recently opened the kingdom to the intercourse and enlightening influence of foreigners, with a liberality which puts China and Japan to shame; and merchants, missionaries and teachers have been welcome guests at Bangkok, the royal city of temples.

The Siamese are more slenderly and gracefully formed than the Burmans, but their faces are by no means more expressive or attractive. Slavishly addicted to the use of the betel nut, every one carries the necessaries for the indulgence of the habit in his pocket, and an entire industry has been developed in providing for it. The vice begins in childhood, and at the age of twenty or twenty-five, the teeth are generally ruined, or colored with the gums and lips a jet black.

The dress of the Siamese women is very similar to that of the Burmans, but no jewelry is worn by them. Like the illustrious Roman matron, they consider their children their chief ornaments, and prefer to expend their money in the education of the lively roguish imps, who in childhood are tolerably good looking. The Siamese of both sexes become frightfully ugly in early maturity, and in this respect the women fare worse than the men.

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WOMEN OF BANGKOK. 179

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The close family affection of this peculiar people is very pleasing, though some of the most primitive Asiatic customs are still maintained among them—the right of the husband to sell his wife being one of these. This, however, is now confined to those whose wives have brought no dowry at marriage; and then only to meet debts contracted at the wife's instance. In other respects, the family harmony is unbroken; the women are tolerably free and well treated, but the pleasant social intercourse of the Burmans is unknown to them.

SIAMESE COMEDIAN.

The religion of Siam is a Buddhism much less pure than that of the Burmans, and the worship of guardian spirits is prevalent. Superstition abounds, opening the way for a great tribe of cheats and jugglers, who ply their trade with much success.

Their music is more tolerable than that of the Chinese, and their orchestra of five or six instruments is pretty well arranged. Besides flutes, they have a sort of harp, with plates hung upon cords, and beaten with sticks.

Polygamy is freely practised. King Mong Kut had six hundred wives and concubines, and the entire number of women in the palace enclosure was more than three thousand. The present monarch has contented himself with only thirty wives, with a corresponding decrease in his household.

The monarchy of Siam is elective, but the choice is limited to princesses of royal blood by both parents; and the first wife of the first king must be a daughter of the second king, or one of the eldest

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daughters of the late first king. The first king is the actual sovereign, while the other is only a shadow. The royal women are closely watched, and allowed very little freedom, and princesses can only marry in their own rank or above it.

One of the most conspicuous features in all the court displays is the splendid umbrella with seven-tips, which like the white elephant, is one of the symbols of Siamese royalty.

In the Siamese harems, the women are constantly employed in household duties and the education of the younger inmates—the queen consort taking precedence of, and directing all the others.

When a young Siamese wishes to marry, a female friend seeks the consent of the parents of his intended wife; upon obtaining it, the kind and quantity of the dowry is agreed upon, the dwelling, and the provisions of furniture, clothing, etc., settled. The bride-groom then kneels before his parents in law, and placing his hands before his face, bows to the ground. The pair are then introduced to each other, the material for the house is brought, and friends and neighbors unite in its erection and putting it in order. Music, feasting and betel chewing follow; the bridal presents are exhibited, the dowry counted piece by piece, piled in a heap, sprinkled with oil and crowned with flowers, and a rice cake is laid upon the top as a signal of congratulation and general good wishes. Various other ceremonies of little importance complete the transaction.

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182 MAYLAYAN PRINCESS.

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2. The Malays.

Peculiarities of the Race. Running Amok. Family Life. Dress of the Women. Islands of Eastern Asia.

THE Malays are one of the most sharply defined of the great divisions of the human family, and their character peculiarly fits them for the tenancy of the islands of the South Seas; in all of which, with a very few exceptions, they are the predominant race. They are intelligent, industrious and enterprising, with considerable capacity for trade and commerce, and fond of the sea, where their piratical enterprise is carried on with a desperate bravery and recklessness of bloodshed which make them the terror of the Indian Archipelagoes.

And yet, there is much to admire in the Malays, notwithstanding the horrible cruelty for which the name of the race is a synonym.

Dignified and decorous in bearing, sober and earnest in all the relations of life; hospitable, trustworthy and obedient, they are in these particulars, examples to many who boast of a higher civilization. But once upon the sea, these excellent traits disappear, and neither age, sex nor condition are spared in their horrible massacres.

A deep melancholy seems to brood upon the race, traceable in their grave demeanor, their abhorrence of jesting and sports of all kinds, and their reserve in ordinary intercourse. This melancholy culminates at times in a practice peculiar to them, called "Running Amok," in which they seem to be insane, or under the possession of a demon.

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Driven by some sudden impulse, the wretch arms himself with a long dagger (or kreese) in each hand, and dashes into the street, striking every one whom he meets; the crowd, warned by a peculiar cry, fly before him, and he rushes on until he is shot or beaten down. Some suppose that this murderous rage is only feigned in order to get rid of the life of which the possessor is weary, and which the Koran forbids him to destroy by his own hand. But frequently the human tiger turns upon his pursuers, and defends himself to the last, and it is very probable that the horrible passion is deeply rooted in the popular character.

JAVANESE WOMEN.

Though most of them are Mohammedans, polygamy is almost unknown. Marriage is easily contracted, and as easily dissolved; a fee of a few dollars to the priest overcoming his scruples, and ensuring his consent. This opens the door for jealousy and intrigue, out of which cases of "Amok" undoubtedly arise.

The women are generally fond of their husbands and devoted to their children, the number of whom is their pride. Their appearance is prepossessing; their complexion though of a coffee color in youth, is smooth and delicate; the eyes are bright and piercing, the lips full and fleshy, but not disagreeably so—unless swollen with betel—and the expression of the face is agreeable and kind.

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Their dress is very simple. Their coal-black hair is combed backward, twisted into a knot and adorned with ornaments of different kinds; and a loose garment called a "Sarong" is worn by both women and girls, covering with the former only the lower part of the body and the limbs, and with the latter the whole form to the ankles.

WOMEN OF MANILA.

Another loose garment is thrown about the shoulders, and the head is covered with a turban, similar to those worn by men. The married women are fond of jewelry, and wear it to excess. The girls wear only a silver fig leaf.

Between Asia and Australia lies scattered a vast number of islands which, probably, at some remote period were the highest points of a connecting ridge between the two continents. In most of these, some of which are greater in area than entire kingdoms in Europe, the

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Malay race predominates. Next to it in numbers are the Papuans, who inhabit the great unexplored island of Papua, and may be found on several of the neighboring clusters in considerable numbers.

These islands are governed partly by native chiefs and partly by the colonies of the Dutch, Spanish, and Portuguese.

MALAYS BUILDING A HOUSE.

The principal Dutch colony is on the island of Java, whose chief city, Batavia, is the official residence of the Governor General. The city is very unhealthy, and Europeans generally reside in the interior of the island, where their villas are adorned with elegance and luxury, leaving the narrow stifling streets of Batavia to the coolies and the natives, who steam and swelter in its filth and abominations.

The Spanish colonies center at Luzon, among the Phillipines,

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where their harsh treatment of the natives is rapidly depopulating the island.

The Malay and mixed population of all these islands display all the variations, from a low grade of barbarism to the half civilization of Siam. In all of them the position of women is subordinate and dependent, in most of them abjectly so, and their manners, customs and habits possess little that is interesting to our readers, or instructive to the student.

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168 CHINESE WOMAN FROM SHANGHAI.

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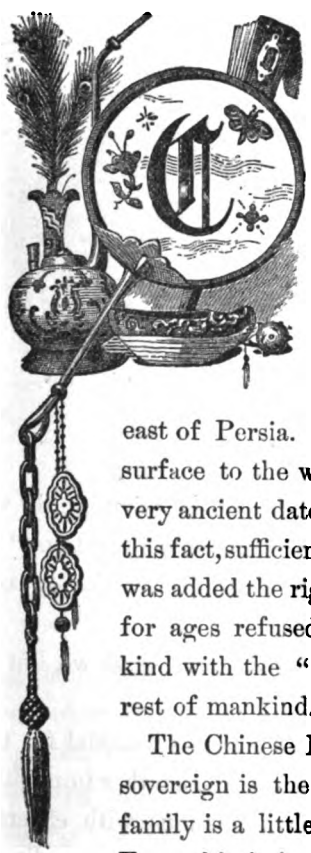
China.

The Family and Popular Life of the Chinese.

China. The State and the Family. Worship of Ancestors. Fatalism. Condition of Woman. Murder and Sale of Children. Marriage. Chinese Women. Their Dress. Their Feet. Ornaments and Curiosities. Language. Free Position of the Girls. General Features of Character. Social Institutions. The Home. Ceremoniousness. Visits and Meal-times. Intellectual Life. The "Songs of Shi-King." Descriptions of Cities.



CHINA, the "Flowery Kingdom," lies so remote from Europe, that it was for many centuries a land of fable. A mysterious veil covered the greater part of the immense region between the eastern coast of Asia, and the boundless table lands east of Persia. It was known that this vast area, equal in surface to the whole of Europe, contained a civilization of very ancient date, and a culture of no common order; and to this fact, sufficient in itself to excite the curiosity of the world, was added the rigid exclusiveness of the Chinese people, who for ages refused to open their doors to intercourse of any kind with the "outside barbarians," as they termed all the rest of mankind.

The Chinese Empire is an immense family, of which the sovereign is the patriarch, or universal father; and each family is a little state in itself, whose head is an autocrat. From this it is easy to trace the relations and conditions

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which have given tone and expression to the Chinese character, and national action. The ridicule we are so apt to lavish upon the Chinese, might recoil upon ourselves if we could but see the absurdity of some of our own cherished customs from their standpoint. Their ceremonies seem to us utterly insipid, but what of the dance of modern society, or any one of our so-called amusements, of which a

CHINESE GIRLS.

wit not long since said, "life would be really quite tolerable, if we could leave them out of it," and our immense number of inventions "to kill time," which to a Chinese are not only wasteful, but simply contemptible!

Chinese family life has no doubt its own share of shadows, but it has also its fair proportion of lights.

The filial piety of these people may well serve as a model for the Christian communities of Europe. The son obeys his father implicitly, never contradicts him, executes all his commissions with cheerful promptness, and attends upon him with reverence. This extraordinary

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respect is not a part of their education, so much as a religious duty. The worship of their ancestors is a prominent factor in their religion; they believe that their fore-fathers are about them in different forms of being, participating in all their business, and guiding and influenc-

CHINESE BRIDE AND GROOM.

ing them in all their undertakings. Each house has an apartment, (if the owner is rich enough, it is a chapel) devoted exclusively to the departed, and in which they are supposed to be present. Upon tablets hung upon the walls, are the names of all the ancestors of the family, or at least of the founders. This church or chapel is the place in which the family gathers for worship, and their religious ceremonies

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are only a form of Foism, without priesthood or formal service, except the few symbolical functions which are celebrated at the birth day of the Emperor, the religious chief of the state.

Closely connected with their worship of ancestors is their belief in the continued existence of the dead in some other form, and their absolute indifference to death and everything connected with it, mourning and lamentation for the dead excepted. It is considered a special mark of piety for the son to prepare a coffin, and place it in the sick chamber of his father; the coffin, indeed, forms a part of the embellishments of the dwelling.

In every furniture store may be seen quantities of handsome caskets, neatly painted and carved, which customers cheapen and purchase as coolly as tables or beds. Caring but little for death, each is scrupulously careful as to the style and quality of the receptacle for his remains. Each is a fatalist, and no people on earth carry this superstition to such an extent as the Chinese—who believe fully that the course of their existence is marked out by inevitable laws to its minutest detail, and ascribe every occurrence to the influence of superhuman agencies.

As to the condition of the Chinese women, there are great differences of opinion. Foreigners are excluded from their family circles; and even in the cities, where the natives and Europeans are thrown into constant intercourse, the Chinese evades inviting his foreign acquaintances to his home, as far as etiquette will permit. Among the lower classes, their straightened circumstances necessitate a life of hard and incessant labor.

The struggle for existence, which is the normal condition of many millions of Chinese, entails upon the female sex an unremitted subjection. With the higher orders, particularly the learned, who are an aristocracy in China, the saying that "Women have no souls," is current; and in the ancient religious writings upon which their family, and in fact all their other institutions are founded, not even the slightest notice is taken of the sex, except to give the husband the absolute control of his wife. He may beat or starve her, hire her out, or sell her to another at pleasure. The Chinese woman is unlucky from

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her infancy; while the whole family rejoices when a son is born, the birth of a daughter is regarded as a misfortune, and no one thinks it much harm to abandon a female infant. Infanticide is more prevalent in China, than in all the rest of the world; but only the girls are put to death. The idea commonly entertained in Europe that infants are drowned indiscriminately in China, is incorrect. There, as elsewhere, misguided creatures frequently avail themselves of this convenient method of getting rid at once of their shame and the difficulty of supporting their progeny; and the very poor who are unable to buy a burial place, (a serious expense in China) not unfrequently drop into the rivers the bodies of their dead children, whom they cannot afford to bury.

CHINESE HEAD DRESS.

But as some excuse for infanticide, the Chinese allege the need of some check upon the increase of population which with them may easily become dangerous. At least a hundred millions of people in the empire, literally struggle for their bread from day to day; and a single failure in the rice crop would produce horrors of starvation, of which the sufferings of the Hindoo peasantry during 1878 and 1879, may enable us to form some slight conception. It is better, the Chinese say, that many infants should perish, than grow up to starve, and be the means of the starvation of others.

Next to this gross immorality, is child selling, which is recognized by law. The lads sold, usually become servants in the palaces of the mandarins, merchant's clerks, or are taught some trade.

Marriage in China partakes even less of the nature of a religious ceremony than among the Moslems. The marriage contract is prepared, and the final blessing pronounced by some worthy matron, in-

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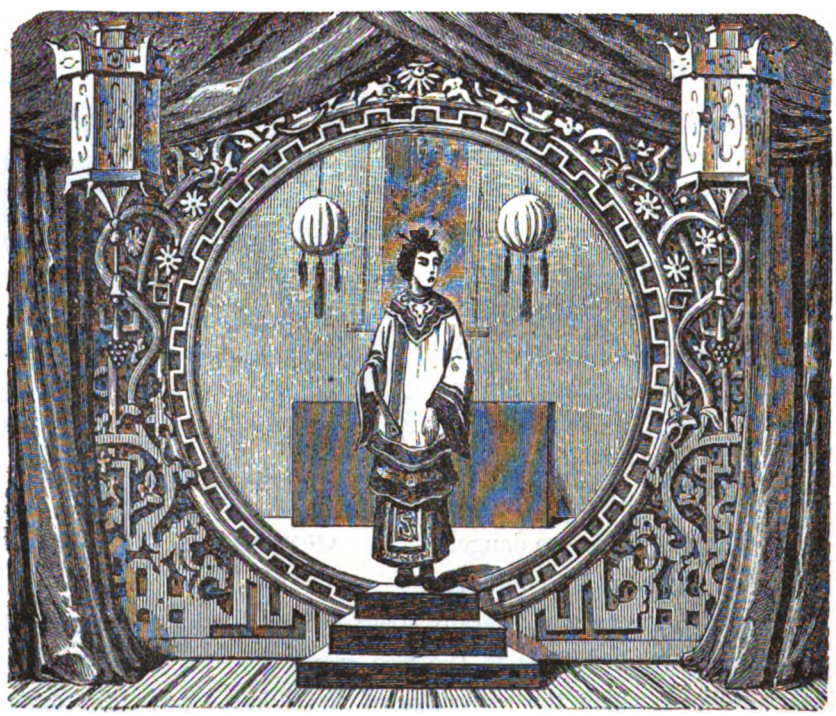
stead of a priest. The betrothal is completed by both parties drinking from one cup, after which there are feastings, and the favorable day for the marriage is ascertained by the horoscope of the pair.

Betrothals frequently take place in early childhood, upon the agreement of the parents. Marriages with foreigners are strictly forbidden, which is probably one reason that this singular people has been able to preserve its individuality with so great purity.



CHINESE RECEPTION ROOM.

The Chinese bride, after the ceremonies of marriage are complete, steps down at once from the throne of state, which she had momentarily occupied, and her individuality is merged in that of her husband. Her life, henceforth, is to be unconditional obedience. She cannot eat at the same table with her husband or sons, but serves them at their meals and contents herself with the remains of the repast. She is not plagued with polygamy, but her husband may bring his concubines

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into the house if he pleases. Such women must, however, be subject to the wife, and their children acknowledge her as their mother. At the death of her husband, the eldest son becomes the head of the family, and his father's widow must obey him as abjectly as she had his father.

CHINESE SITTING ROOM.

In her house, she is strictly shut out from the external world; and if at rare intervals she is permitted to visit her friends, she must go in a close chair which allows her to see no one by the way.

Foreigners lose little by this seclusion, as she is far from handsome, generally small in stature, and her nearly round face is of a sickly pallor, with a tinge of yellow. Her almond-shaped eyes, though sometimes piquant and expressive, are generally unpleasing.

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Her cheek-bones are high, her nose flat and short, her lips thick, and her hair black and straight. Unmarried women wear their hair loosely about their necks, and shoulders; the married draw it into a knot, upon the back of the head, where it is fastened by pins stuck cross wise.

Her dress is a robe of silk or cotton of no particular cut. Green and rose red are favorite colors; yellow is worn by the imperial family alone, and the men prefer blue to all other colors.

Perhaps the most curious part of the Chinese lady's dress is the shoe, which cramps the foot into a deformity—a fashion falsely said to have arisen from the jealousy of the husbands, who sought by mutilating their wives' feet in this manner to deprive them of the means of going into mischief. It dates back to a very early period; and the Chinese themselves, to account for it, relate the story of a princess whose feet were so small and delicate that all the other ladies of the court, and after them of the whole empire, envious of the admiration inspired by her dainty understandings, set about improving their own into similar proportions by having each succeeding pair of shoes made smaller than its predecessor. Later the mothers, ambitious for their daughters, began the pinching process in infancy; and now a Chinese lady, of high rank, has seldom a longer foot than a child of one or two years.

The process is begun at between fourteen and eighteen months, by bandaging the feet of the child with strips of linen, in such a manner as to draw the four smaller toes back, and fold them into the sole of the foot, leaving the great toe free. This is attended with great pain, and acute inflammation. The result is a limb as dry and shapeless as a stick; a sort of club end, a little more difficult to walk upon than the shoes with heels in the center of the foot, *a la Louis Quinze*, which are the rage among us at the present time, and only more absurd than they. The calves of the legs, if it is admissable to speak of such a thing, are never developed; but the foot is reduced to four or five inches in length, with a shoe into which the most delicate hand of a European woman cannot be made to enter. The most astonishing part of the matter is, not that these ladies fail to move with grace or dignity, but that they are able to walk at all.

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The wives of the wealthier Chinamen are always surrounded with a certain luxury, in which dress and ornaments play a great part. To see the splendid silks, the rich embroidery, the countless trinkets, of lac and tortoise shell, porcelain and ivory, mother of pearl, and gold and silver, all wrought with the delicate and intricate skill for which the Chinese are famous, one might almost wonder if some western ladies might not, for the sake of possessing such museums of curious and beautiful articles, be tempted to exchange places with their owners.

The bouquets arranged by the Chinese ladies are wonderfully delicate and beautiful. Instead of enamel, birds feathers are used and formed into leaves and flowers. Every one has seen their wonderful ivory balls, carved with delicate tracery, a dozen inside of one another, the handles and brooches of ivory and mother of pearl, the inlaid jewel boxes, and hundreds of other things, all displaying a truly marvellous patience and skill.

The evidence in our possession is hardly sufficient to form an intelligent estimate of the character of the Chinese women; but a few of the popular sayings relating to them and their peculiarities, afford some indications. Among these we find the following:—

"A man should listen to his wife, but he must not believe her."

"A woman's mind is quicksilver; her heart is wax."

"Men, when they meet, listen to one another; girls, when they come together, look at each other."

"The most timorous maiden is bold enough to carry a slander."

"Women look down in order to be looked at."

"The practice of virtue, is the wisdom of men; to lose it, is the wisdom of women."

Notwithstanding their poverty and slavish life, the women and girls of the lower classes, whom the traveler sees working in the fields, seem contented and happy. They are great talkers, and extremely inquisitive.

Girls, in dark blue garments, their youthful faces shaded with wide straw hats, gather the dazzlingly white tufts of cotton from the low stalks, which stand in perfectly straight rows. Often their bodies

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are naked above the waist, but the presence of strangers does not disturb them in the least. The scene reminds one forcibly of a song from the ancient Shi-king:

"We gather the grain Fin-i!
Come on let us gather it in.
We gather the grain, Fin-i!
Come bring it away to the bin.
We gather the grain, Fin-i!
Come seek it, bent low to the ground.
We gather the grain, Fin-i!
Come glean where the full ears are found.
We gather the grain, Fin-i!
Come fill up each lap with its gold.
We gather the grain, Fin-i!
As much as our girdles will hold."

We have already observed that the position of girls, in Chinese families, is not to be envied. If not murdered at birth, their life is certain to be secluded and narrow, if not one of absolute slavery. Travelers agree that the grown up maiden is left very much to her own guidance.

The dames of the "demi-monde," the world over, are passionately fond of dress and jewels; and the Chinese frail ones have no scruple in drawing upon the purses of their admirers. Each, for instance, must dress her hair with fresh artificial flowers every day, which must be changed according to the caprice of the wearer; and the costliest silks are affected by them for the promenade, or the drive.

If these indulgences could secure the permanency of the charms of these maidens, they might be more tolerable. But no European would consider one in twenty of them worth a second glance, even in their first bloom. In China, however, where tastes are in so many respects diametrically opposed to ours, the young gallants are very proud of their almond-eyed Delilahs, and parade them upon the promenades and at places of amusement, with great display.

The opposition of tastes between Chinamen and Europeans, is very striking in many particulars. In China, white is the color for mourning, while with us it is deep black. The light hair, prominent noses,

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and bearded cheeks of Europeans, are monstrosities, entirely foreign to the Chinese ideas of beauty. A Chinese dinner begins with the dessert, and ends with rice. Titles of honor die with their owners.

CHINESE FRUIT SELLER

Children care for their parents, rather than parents for their children; and cases often occur where a daughter refuses to marry, in order to devote herself to her aged parents. The memory of the dead is per-

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petuated by monuments of stone or wood, with inscriptions recording their virtues. The place of honor in social intercourse, is at the left hand, in order that the guest may be nearer the heart of his entertainer. The head is shaken as a sign of affirmative, and nodded to express a negative. Many other contrasts of this sort might be mentioned, as indeed they meet the traveler at every step.

The Chinese imitates, rather than invents—following the pattern given him with microscopic fidelity, but never dreaming of improving or correcting it. A story is told of a sea captain who happening to want a coat, carried a piece of cloth to a Chinese tailor with an old coat for a patt rn. Unluckily, this coat had a large patch on its back; and the mortification of the customer may be imagined at finding, when the new one was sent home, this patch reproduced upon it in its full proportions.

Chinese society rests wholly upon foundations laid thousands of years ago. The Chinaman's education is developed from the experiences of centuries in the past, and he occupies himself with many things which have no ideal value, or reference to the future. His lines, as a surveyor would say, are all run by "back sights." His interest is concentrated upon the present; his industry, the result of constant pressure, checks the development of higher aims, and his art is the patient construction of curiosities and trinkets, beautiful from their wonderful finish and delicacy, rather than from grace of design or intrinsic usefulness.

Marriage with theatrical performers is forbidden in China under penalties so barbarous as to be almost incredible. Lehnert relates a story of the very pretty daughter of a merchant of Canton, who in her seventeenth year formed an attachment with a young actor, her mother secretly favoring her preference, while the father was entirely ignorant of it. Profiting by the absence of the latter, the lovers were enabled to conclude the marriage, which had no sooner come to the knowledge of the father, than he was obliged to denounce his own wife and daughter to the police. The young bridegroom received six hundred strokes with a bamboo, and died under the infliction; while his bride, after eighty blows across the face with a leather strap, was

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given over to the soldiers, blinded for life, and the mother suffered a similar penalty. Thus we see that barbarous laws and culture of no common order have come down from the remotest antiquity together, in the strongest contrast.

The homes of the poorer classes of Chinese are simply and meagerly furnished, while those of the wealthy are adorned and embellished with great luxury. Great care is bestowed upon the gardens, which are planted with alleys of trees and shrubs, leading to and surrounding ponds filled with gold fish, and aviaries, in which peacocks, golden pheasants and other curious and beautiful birds are raised with great skill. Porcelain vases of great value are filled with rare flowers, and jessamines.

From such a garden, we enter the great reception hall, which is separated by a lattice from the family apartments. At the side of this hall are the bedchamber of the master of the house, the dining-room, and often the bath rooms; all the remaining chambers being upon the next floor, and seldom furnished with much luxury. Most of the display is lavished upon the reception room on the ground floor, which is at once a place of meeting for the living, and of worship and commemoration of the dead, being formally consecrated to the "Ancestors." The walls are hung with memorial tablets; and here and there are candelabras or elegant vases of bronze for burning incense, and "joss sticks." Of other furniture, there is comparatively little; the principal article being the "Kang," which, like the divan of the Moslems, serves as bed, sofa, and chair.

Little tables of red lacker and low taborets are much fancied. The floor is covered with mats, the walls are adorned with pictures painted on rice paper, while *etageres* or "What Nots," are filled with curious carvings, and works of Chinese art.

The subordinate position of Chinese women, takes away the principal charm of the home, and makes Chinese hospitality a mere display of tedious formalities, which can be learned quite as pleasantly from their romances as from experience.

And yet, many of their ceremonies have some analogy with our own. When a Chinese gentleman does not wish to receive company,

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he has not the slightest hesitation in saying "not at home." Each visit must be preceded by a card, consisting of a sheet of red paper of a particular form—according to the rank of the sender—and containing, besides his name, a formal salutation and the object of the intended visit. This card is handed to the porter, who, if his master is not inclined to receive company, politely declines it. In other cases the folding doors of the saloon are thrown open, and the master meets the guest upon the threshold, with the stereotyped, "I pray you come in." It is not good "form" to make a visit on foot; and if the visitor

CHINESE CHILDREN.

is obliged to do so, he must apologize for it on entering the house. Generally a palanquin is used, any number of which may be hired, if the visitor has none of his own.

So many descriptions have been given of Chinese dinners, that we can afford to be brief upon them. The food of the lower classes is principally rice, with pork and fish for relishes. On the tables of the wealthy are found soup made from the gelatinous nests of the East Indian swallow, Mongolian mushrooms, sharks' fins, (in a soup with chickens and ham) roasted plovers, mushrooms with bamboo sprouts, meat patties with almond milk, rice pudding with lily seeds, onions and almonds; and for dessert, sea rose roots, onion blossoms, roasted ground nuts, and melons. There are also articles of a very loath-

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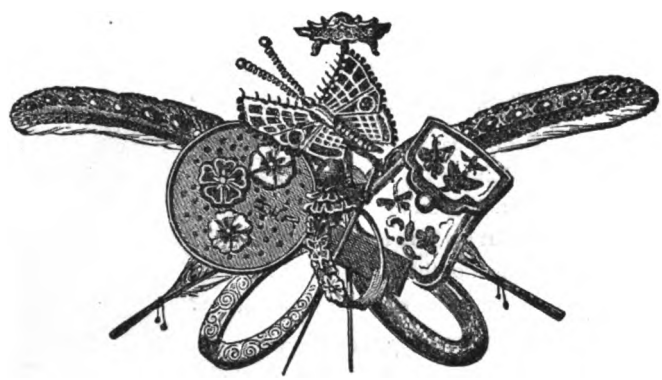
some nature—such as earthworms, a broth of putrid fish, and dogs' and rats' flesh. The meats are cut in small pieces upon a side table, served in little cups, and eaten with chop sticks of wood. No spirituous liquors are used, except "Sam shu," a kind of brandy distilled from rice.

Of Chinese literature, there is not very much to be said. The ancient circuitous and tedious books demand our attention principally, as the foundation and the soul of the mental culture of the nation. If there were modern works of genius which bore upon women and her



CHINESE CURIOSITIES.

relations, we might gladly avail ourselves of them, but there are none. The Chinese romances and dramas are dry and pedantic. It is only in the extremely ancient literature of China that we find any exception to the prevailing ceremoniousness and circumlocution, in songs, such as are contained in the "Shi-king," which were collected in the sixth century by Confucius and are almost three hundred in number.

These songs, though simple and childish, are often tender and delicate. We give a few examples:—

BY MOONLIGHT.

The moon comes up, and shines so light
How fair my love is in my sight!
I spread my arms for a fond embrace,
But my heart is still grief's resting place.

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The moon comes up, and shines so clear,
My love, how tender, and how dear!
I spread my arms for a fond embrace,
But my heart is sorrow's resting place.

The moon comes up, and shines so pure,
My love, how noble, and how sure!
I spread my arms for a fond embrace,
But my heart is longing's resting place."

THE WATCHER.

"Lightly, lightly, flows the water,
Scarce the drift wood owns its sway;
Here in Shin my watch I'm keeping,
But my love is far away.
I think of thee! I think of thee!
When, when shall I my darling see?

Gently, gently flows the water,
Scarcely drifts the foamy spray,
Here in Shin my watch I'm keeping,
But my love is far away.
I think of thee! I think of thee!
When, when shall I my darling see?

Slowly, slowly, flows the water,
Ripples with the rushes play!
Here at Fu my watch I'm keeping,
But my love is far away.
I think of thee! I think of thee!
When, when shall I my darling see?

The rhyme of the following, in which the singer seems to set a high value upon his topographical information, is somewhat original.

MEMORY OF PLACES.

"In the fields of Moi I gathered the sea weed long,
Who met me there? The beautiful Mong-Kiang.
She sat by my side in the square of Tsang-Shiong;
She came to meet me in distant Shang-Kiong
And walked with me till I came to Ki-Shiang.

On Moi's north slopes, I plucked the wheat ears long,
Who met me there? The lovely maid Mong-Kiang.
She sat with me in the square at Tsang-Shiong
She came to meet me again in far Shang-Kiong
And we walked together and came to Ki-Shiang."

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Thus far we have spoken only of China and the Chinese, which are only a third part of the great empire and its people. In the North it includes Manchouria; in the northwest Mongolia; and in the west, East Turkestan and Thibet. The inhabitants of these extensive provinces, are almost entirely *Mongolians*, the Manchous forming a part of the Altaic or Tungous branch of the great Mongol family—an up-

CHINESE LADIES PLEASURE CARRIAGE.

right, warlike and energetic people. The Mongols proper are bold robbers, and the terror of the peaceable races around them. They are mostly herdsmen, nearly related in blood and character to the Calmucks of the Volga, and their influence has been deeply felt throughout the empire—in family and social institutions, education and manner of living.

Polygamy, though permitted, is seldom practiced by them; and the position of the women, is entirely free from the slavish subordination so often met with among uncivilized people. In religion the Mongols are

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Buddhists, especially these of Thibet—where Lamaism, a peculiar form of Buddhism, prevails among the extensive highlands between the Himalayas and Kwen-Lun. This province, which has been but little visited by Europeans, lies almost 11,000 feet above the level of the sea; and with its scanty vegetation and inhospitable climate, is the principal seat of northern Buddhism. Countless monks drag out a sort of torpid existence, in its lonely and barren valleys buried in ice and snow, and cut off from exterior communications by impassible wastes. The first principles of their lives are, withdrawal from the world and celibacy. The solitary life alone seems to them worth living, and marriage and business are alike degradations.

A MONGOLIAN WOMAN AND CHILD.

About a hundred miles south of Canton, at the mouth of the Si-Kiang, is the English city of Hong Kong with about a hundred thousand inhabitants. The city is built upon an island called Victoria, and its many fine buildings and terraces rising one above the other, present a very picturesque prospect upon approaching it from the sea. From Hong Kong to the mouth of the Yang-tse Kiang, the Chinese coast is mountainous, indented with bays and coves, with high bare mountains rising in the background. The most important place in this coast reach is Amoy, whose nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants are packed together in an incredibly small space.

The next great city is Shanghai, at the mouth of the Blue River, built upon the edge of a broad alluvial plain, and containing nearly four hundred thousand inhabitants. From Shanghai northward between the Yang-tse-Kiang and the Ho-ang-ho, two of the greatest

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rivers in the world, lies the Chinese "Mesopotamia" one of the richest and most fruitful countries on earth, with a population dense beyond our conception. More than two thousand roads intersect this province, in which for ages a very marked civilization has flourished, and which presents with its streams of active industrious and frugal inhabitants, its great cities, its wealth, its educational institutions and the intense national feeling, a most imposing spectacle.

Pekin, the capital of the empire is now accessible to foreigners who are only refused admittance to the palace, a city in itself.

CHINESE COFFIN.

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JAPANESE LADY.

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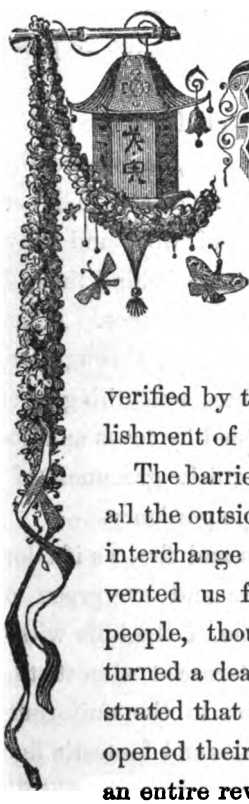
Modern Japan.

Japan and its People. The Japanese Women. Their Appearance, Dress, Character, and Peculiarities. Woman's Rights. Intellectual Action. Girls Schools and Female Education. Family Life in Japan. Mother and Child. Childish Amusements. The Home. Improvisators and Singers. Tea Houses. Festivals. City Pictures. Yeddo-To-Kio, the City of Millions. Fashionable Life in Yokohama. Kioto, the Japanese Rome. Hiogo, Osaka, and Nagasaki.



NO part of Asia has excited a greater interest of late than Japan, the "Island Empire of the Rising Sun." It is true that some faint idea of this wonderful people reached Europe hundreds of years ago, in the travels of Marco Polo, whose scanty and doubtful details of the fabulous kingdom of the Mikado have in some respects, at least, been verified by the researches of recent travelers, and the establishment of free intercourse with this long secluded nation.

The barriers which had been inflexibly maintained against all the outside world, with the exception of a very restricted interchange of commodities with one or two nations, prevented us from knowing anything of its inner life. Its people, though not naturally hostile to foreigners, had turned a deaf ear to their advances, until experience demonstrated that further exclusiveness was impossible, and then opened their doors with the frankness and completeness of an entire revolution.

Centuries of this exclusive policy, had preserved them in their original and highly significant civilization, without perceptible advance.

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The only foreign element which they had received for ages came from China, whose people were nearly as conservative and exclusive as themselves; and of these, the number was too small to exert any decided influence upon the national character.

Yet Japan was far in advance of the remaining political divisions of Asia. It had neither the patriarchal despotism, nor the Mandarin system of China; it was free from the demoralizing influence of Indian caste, and the bloody fanatical tyranny of Mohammedanism; and it had, on the other hand, many public regulations and institutions which we have only reached at a recent date. Since the memory of man, the Japanese have kept careful registers of vital statistics; their postal system was in existence a thousand years ago; thorough census enumerations have been taken since the first century before the Christian era, and their administrative system rejoices in the respectable age of sixteen hundred years.

The appearance of most of the Japanese islands from the sea is not very inviting. The coast is gloomy and rock bound, and washed by an angry sea, whose breakers dash and foam upon brown and barren walls. Clusters of trees or scattered patches of woodland may be seen here and there, but it is difficult to imagine that behind the rugged iron bound coast, lie rich fields and charming landscapes. A nearer approach, however, reveals breaks in the outline, through which glimpses are caught of delightful scenery, where everything is ornamental and harmonious; and in the vistas opened by coves and nooks, the groupings of trees and shrubs, and the exquisite greenness of the turf seem to have been arranged by a landscape gardener.

The crests of the hills are dotted with pines and firs, as if adorned for a festival, with gigantic plumes. Cedars and evergreen oaks, laurels and cypresses, clothe the slopes of some of the hills with rich dark verdure, while golden fields of rice, terraced almost to the tops of others, furnish a grateful interruption to the uniformity of green. Solitary temples, rich with gilded cupolas and fantastic figures, reflect the rays of the sun, from hill and steep, and long straight flights of steps lead up to the broad doors, which look out among monuments, tombs, and all kinds of mythical figures.

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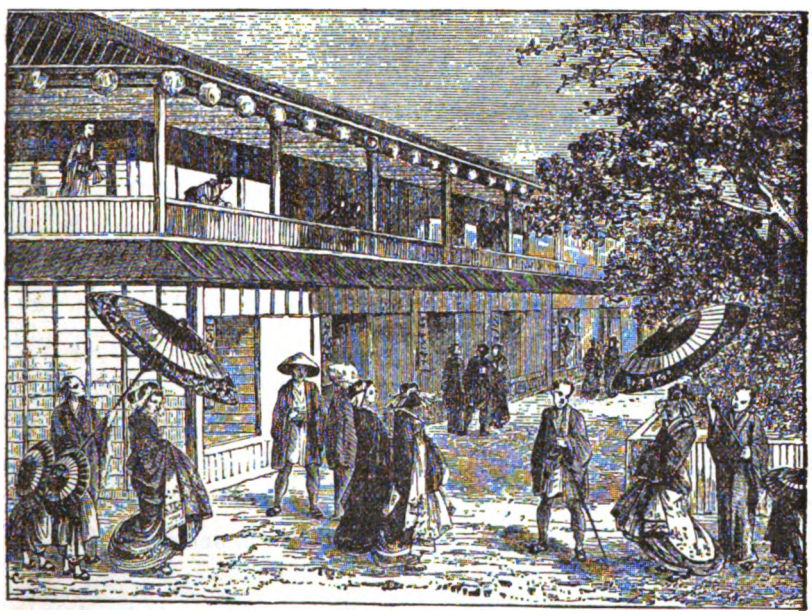
The Japanese population is composed of two races, of which the Ainos or aborigines, now reduced to less than fifty thousand, are principally to be found on the island of Jesso. A mild and simple people, they have submitted quietly to the advance of their energetic invaders, who to do them justice, have always treated them kindly.

Externally the appearance of the Japanese is more prepossessing than that of the Chinese, who are originally descended from the



JAPANESE STREET SCENE.

same parent stock. Decidedly below the middle stature, they are strong and supple without being portly or robust; their faces are not puffed out like those of the Chinese, and their eyes are less almond-shaped. Their complexion also is of a fresher tint, though unmistakably brown. While there is nothing striking in the faces of the men, those of the women are attractive by the inborn good nature and simple frankness, which seem to make each face the mirror of the soul behind it. Their teeth, while young, are faultlessly white, standing apart from each other, and slightly prominent. After marriage, custom obliges them to be dyed black, and the hair of their eyebrows

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is plucked out at the same time, to conform them to the Japanese idea of matronly beauty. Their eyes are black, brilliant and roguish; and their generally luxuriant black hair is combed backward, tied in a knot, and fixed to the back of the head by long pins.

Though endowed by nature with tolerably clear complexions and handsome red cheeks, paint is very freely used to heighten these attractions. The face and neck are often discolored to a marble whiteness, the cheeks to a rose red, the lips fiery red, and the eyebrows jet black. The extreme of fashion is to paint the lips a dull bronze with a golden shimmer. As kissing is unknown in Japan, this fashion, so calculated to destroy the sweetness and freshness of the lips, is not objected to by the men.

The toilette and dress of the Japanese ladies, has been so familiarized by pictures and photographs of every kind, that the details might easily be reproduced from memory, if the originals were destroyed. A rather prettily shaped head, crowns the small and elegant figure, which might easily be graceful if left to itself. The golden tinted lips are radiant with an agreeable smile, and the slender whitened neck loses itself in a bust, about which the fragrant breezes play at will. But once in motion the charm of this picture is lost. The walk is only an awkward tripping; the step a sort of comical spring, and the form is bent forward so far as to seem in danger of falling at any moment.

This ungracefulness of movement is caused entirely by the clothing. The under-garment (Kirimon) encloses the limbs even more tightly than the skirts, made necessary by the "tie back" arrangements of a recent European fashion, which wicked wits insist, must have been specially designed to prevent women from escaping a too ardent pursuit. This garment envelopes the whole body, and reaches to the feet. Of course the finest ladies use only the richest silks for Kirimons, and if they could never be seen except in statuesque repose the effect would not be unpleasing. About the waist this garment is enclosed by the belt (or Obi), on which the greatest care is lavished, not only in the selection of its material, but the taste and costliness of its embroidery. Usually it is broad enough to serve as a corset, and

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A JAPANESE RESTAURANT.

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is drawn about the body with a red cord, fastened at the back by an artistic knotting of the ends. The ends of the belt, with girls and married women, fall smoothly down the back, or flutter in puffs at the hips. A low jacket of cotton is worn under the belt and Kirimon, but chemises are not commonly in use—the Japanese of both sexes bathing every day, and considering extra clothing a superfluity. When worn, they are made of silk crepe, and the stockings are linen. Every one wears sandals of braided straw or wood, held to the foot by a lace which passes between the great toe and the next one. When the roads are very muddy, clogs of wood—consisting of short blocks fastened across the sandal at the heel, and under the ball of the foot—are used, making walking even more difficult for the women. No one wears shoes in the house; and on entering the dwelling of another, it is customary to leave the sandals at the door.

The character of the Japanese women, since the opening of intercourse with foreign nations, has been represented by travelers and others in a rather too flattering light. Their good qualities lie upon the surface, and their faults need closer acquaintance to discover. While Japanese civilization is very far from an empty phrase, there are still some dark spots upon the national character, and the women have their share in a part of them. Their good nature and amiability are in many cases marred, or neutralized by mistrust and suspicion, and often by downright trickery and deception.

In the position and treatment of women, Japan is far in advance of China, India or the Mohammedan nations. Every girl whom the stranger meets in the street, returns his salute in the politest and friendliest manner. They are very favorably inclined to Europeans, and become their best friends in that strange and distant country. It is said that the Japanese men, to whom this preference of the maidens is well-known, endeavor to counteract it by horrible stories of the outside barbarians, without the least effect. The women laugh heartily at such tales, and generally succeed in laughing down their inventors. Laughter is more necessary and natural to the Japanese than to any other nation on earth.

The intellectual progress of this people in the last ten years has

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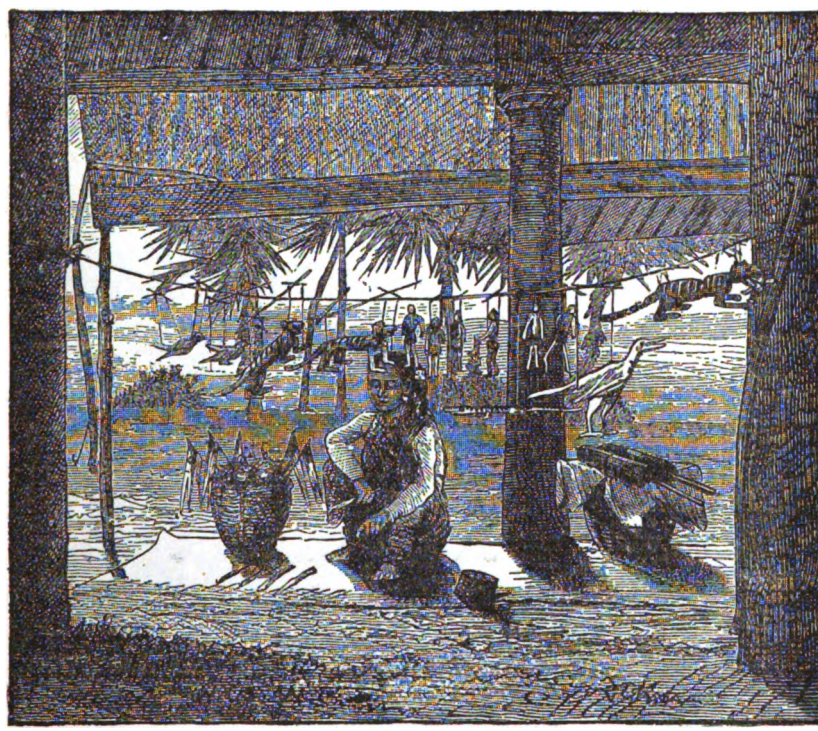
been truly wonderful. . The steam engine, the printing press, and the telegraph have already become naturalized in Japan, (the press, it is true, had been known there for ages, but the requirements of commercial intercourse have so revolutionized its work as to make it almost a new creation), and every advance in science and art that is made in western nations, is watched by the Japanese with intelligent



TOY SELLER.

appreciation. Under such circumstances, the time cannot be far distant, when the original natural type will lose its distinctness, and much of its individuality.

The change, not only in political and administrative respects, but in the social and family life of the Japanese, is rapidly going on, under the influence of constant contact with Europeans and their families, and the Government itself is lending the whole of its power in its favor. Japanese youth are educated in the most careful manner

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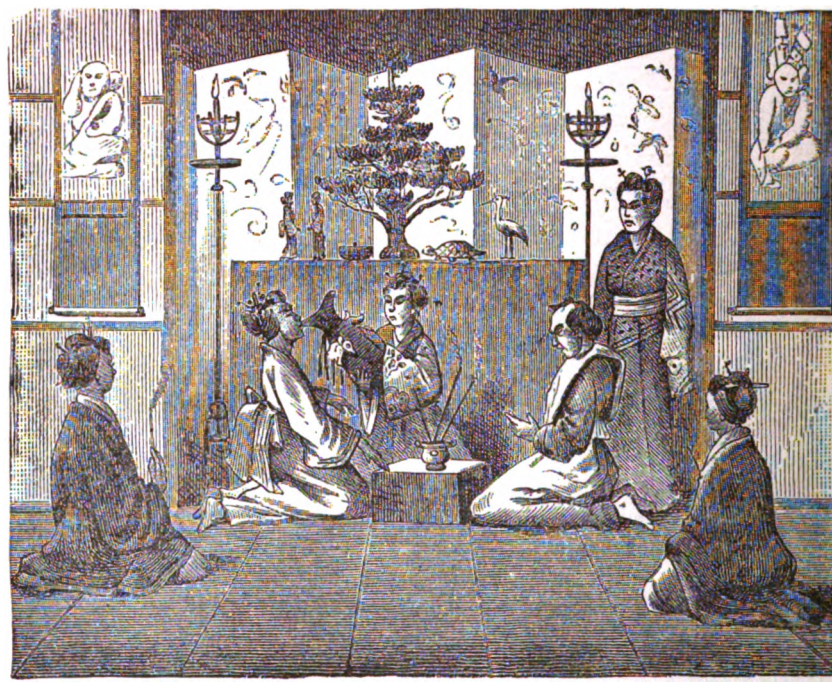
in the colleges of Europe and America; and intelligent agents are sent out to search for and seize the best features of popular educational systems, as well as mechanical and industrial improvements.

Marriage in Japan is a matter of private agreement and convenience, except with the highest nobility, who can only marry with the consent of the government.



JAPANESE BETROTHAL.

Most of their marriages are the results of long previous family arrangements, frequently withheld from the knowledge of the groom, until the time for the betrothal. In other cases the whole matter is turned over to an agent, who attends to all the preliminaries, brings the parents on both sides to an understanding, and arranges for the meeting of the parties at a specified time and place. If this meeting is satisfactory, presents are interchanged, the acceptance of which seals the contract. Marriages generally take place at about twenty for the groom, and sixteen for the bride. Among the lower classes, the men

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are usually twenty-four at least; that being the time, when having finished their education and training, a man is supposed to be in condition to maintain a family.

The ceremony is nearly as follows: on the appointed day the out-

JAPANESE MARRIAGE FESTIVAL.

fit of the bride is brought to the house of the bridegroom early in the morning, and arranged in tasteful order. The room for the festival is decorated, and pictures of the household divinities of both families are hung upon the walls, along which altars are placed adorned with flowers Aquariums, lackered tables, miniature cedars, and the figures

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of the first human pair, accompanied by a crane and a tortoise, the emblems of long life, are a part of the decorations. Among the bridal presents is placed a packet, containing dried fish, Saki (brandy), flax, edible sea weed, and muscles, to remind the newly married pair of the temperance and frugality of their ancestors.

Towards noon the bride is brought in, dressed in white, accompanied by her relatives and friends wearing gay colored dresses. The bride leads the procession with two bridesmaids, and the parties are grouped as seen in our picture. During the festival the bridesmaids in their gay apparel flutter from place to place like butterflies, attending to the arrangements, and seating the guests.

When the marriage is a family affair, the priests have little or nothing to do with it, unless the parties are Buddhists. Otherwise the police officer of the district simply notices the matter by inscribing the fact, and the names of the parties in the census lists. The only ceremony is the drinking together of the bride and groom, for which a cup with two beaks is provided, filled with Saki by one of the groomsmen, and handed to the couple, who kneel to receive it, and put their lips to its beaks.

The cup must be emptied to the last drop, to symbolize the complete enjoyment of life; and the remainder of the day is passed in amusements. The bride and groom are not accountable to each other for their past life; and in order to prevent any tender reminiscences of the lady by a previous lover, her exterior is entirely changed by blackening her teeth, plucking out her eyebrows, and dressing her entirely in black. The use of paint completes the metamorphosis, by the ruin of the complexion.

The rights of the woman are annulled, while those of the man are increased by marriage. Polygamy is forbidden; but a man may have as many unlawful connections as he pleases to maintain, in his own house. But such women rank below the lawful wife, and their children are subject to hers. That such relations go on continually in Japanese families without interrupting the harmony of the household, is a striking illustration of the lack of sensibility, and perhaps the licentiousness which characterize this people. Persons of both sexes

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JAPANESE GIRLS WITH MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

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use the public baths together, in complete nudity; children have no concealments from each other, and obscenity seems to disturb no one. Under such circumstances, early marriages are imperative.

The husband cannot hold his wife to her marriage contract against her will, or divorce her without the concurrence of the proper court.

Till recently the Japanese never appeared in public with their wives. Now, gentlemen and ladies of the higher orders are frequently seen together. Schools for girls have been introduced, largely through the aid and instrumentality of the empress, and the higher education of the people is fairly begun.

Our information is tolerably complete upon the family life of the Japanese. The mother nurses her children at least two years, after which they are reared by a servant. At a month old the child is presented at the temple to receive its name, which is one of three which the father presents to the priest, who writes them on separate pieces of paper, tosses them in the air, and gives the child the one which reaches the ground first. The act is then registered, and the name written on a slip of paper is given to the father. The name thus given is by no means for life. At his puberty, the youth receives another, yet another at his marriage, others upon his preferment to office, and a final one at his death. Only the last is written upon his tombstone, a custom which seems not calculated to perpetuate the memory of the citizen, however he may distinguish himself under other titles.

The children are, usually, brought up simply and naturally. At school the first lesson is the Irowa, a kind of A B C, consisting of four lines, which contain the eight hundred principal sounds of the Japanese language, and form a little poem as follows:

"Irowa ninovesto tsirimuru iro,
Waganyo durezo tsune naramu,
U wi no okuyama Kefu Koyete,
Asaki yumemisi ewime sczu on

Which may be translated thus:

Color and odor will pass away,
What can the world give that will not decay?
The present, deep into the night must fall,
A picture, a dream, with no rest at all.

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This is the doctrine upon which the children are trained to gayety, vivacity, carelessness, indifference to misfortune and even death itself. Childish innocence and delight in all manner of amusements are the fundamental elements of the Japanese character, and it is easy to see that the children are tolerably amiable. Gayety is so entirely their nature, that travelers have insisted that they do not know how to cry. At home the little fellows tumble about at pleasure. All the chambers and passages are covered with fine thick mats, and there are no chairs or bureaus for them to fall against—such household furniture

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

being unknown in Japan. Very little restraint is employed in governing them, even at school.

Many of their sports are the same as those of our own children. They fly kites, trundle hoops, spin tops, and play at blind man's buff, and fox and goose. The kite is a frightful figure, made up of paste and tinsel, with a long paper tail, and quite as delightful to the Japanese youngsters as to our own, with its grinning teeth and fantastic wings. There are kites, too, which, in flying through the air, play pieces of music by ingenious mechanism in their interiors.

Japanese houses are built of wood, and are mostly of one story. The roof of tiles, projects boldly in front—forming a sort of porch which can easily be enclosed if desired. No Japanese house is with-

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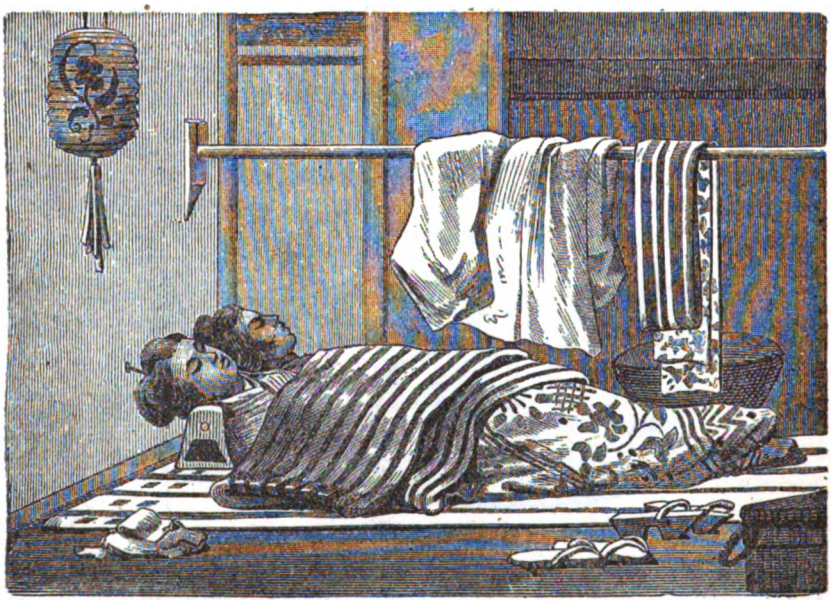
out its vegetable or flower garden, in the latter of which miniature landscapes are formed, with tinkling brooks running from pipes, and feeding ponds of gold fish; and tiny temples rising among groves of dwarf trees, adorned with statues and curious objects. The floors of the houses are covered with mats carefully woven out of rice straw. Upon these mats the family dines and assembles for amusement; visitors recline or sit upon them, and intimate friends lie at full length, retailing the gossip of the day. When the time for retiring comes,



JAPANESE BED-CHAMBER.

thick coverings are spead upon the mats, and the family, old and young, creeping under the covering rest their weary bodies. All the inner walls are movable, so that the rooms may be enlarged or diminished at pleasure, and closets and additions made with equal convenience.

Most of the bed chambers are separated at night by folding screens or partitions. Early in the morning, these are laid away; the rooms, united again, are aired, and the bedding folded and stored in its proper place. If the day is fair, air and sunlight are freely admit-

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ted, and the children tumble and frolic upon the mats in the chambers and halls. Under the floor of each chamber is a cistern, and in the remaining rooms are the cooking and other utensils, all beautifully clean.

Cleanliness is a national virtue in Japan. Every wealthy family has many, and the poorest can boast of one room, where all the members wash and bathe early in the morning. In the course of the day follows a hot bath, that is very rarely omitted. For the poorer classes there are numerous public baths, but no one bathes in the open air in Japan.

A MAIDEN AT HER TOILETTE.

Of comfort, in our sense, the Japanese knows very little. The height of his ambition is to adorn his house with paper hangings, painted in gaudy colors, to fix little aquariums upon chest-like taborets, and spread curiosities in carved or Japanned work, or of mother-of-pearl, or porcelain upon his shelves. From the ceiling he hangs paper lanterns of various colors, which shed a soft pale light into the chambers. The smallest houses are carefully framed; the parts are readily bought perfectly fitted, and need only to be brought together and set up. Such houses cost comparatively little; where instead of fir, the ever ready bamboo furnishes the frame, and the walls are put together with paste and paper.

We have already said the Japanese dine upon their mats; such a meal, is a choice subject for a painter. More elegant, daintier, or child-like people than they, it would be hard to find anywhere; and at their meals they resemble a company of children, eating more for

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pleasure than to satisfy their hunger. The principal article of food is rice, which is served in a great bowl of lackered wood, set in the middle of the floor. Each dips in this his little porcelain cup, and eats the contents without fork or spoon. When meats are eaten, square chop sticks are used, with a dexterity which Europeans find it very difficult to acquire.

Meats, fish, and poultry are served in Japanned dishes. Then come eggs, boiled soft or hard, various kinds of vegetables, with "soja," (a spicy sauce) and finally confectionery, cakes of all kinds, and preserved fruits, all in red or bright colored cups, japanned generally in circles, with perfect harmony of coloring. The table furniture is rich and artistic, displaying elegant designs, pictures, gilding and inlaying with mother-of-pearl or wood. Usually everything is coated with a transparent varnish or glazing. If special luxury is desired, silver filigree stands are used, upon which dishes of mosaic or pearl inlaying are placed. The confectioneries and sweets are brought in on handsome waiters, and the cakes in baskets, which are made in the shape of animals, disposed in such a manner as to suggest practical jokes, not always of the most delicate nature. Tea and rice brandy (saki) conclude the repast; and then a box containing all the requisites for smoking, is set in the center of the circle of guests, and each is invited to smoke from pipes with dainty little silver heads.

Such displays are, of course, made only by the wealthy and luxurious. The laboring classes live with great frugality. All depends upon the position of the parties, in which there are distinctions too decided to be passed over unnoticed.

Having no Sabbath, the Japanese seek recreation and diversion whenever they feel the need of them. It is only on the periodical festivals of the year, and the so-called Mathuris or Kirmesses that there is any regular programme of amusements; but they are improvised at all times, every day if possible. When the labors of the day are finished, every one seeks the public squares, where there is always something to see or hear. The groups are fresh and gay in appearance; coolies with their brown tattooed skins, and only a cloth about their loins; citizens and mechanics, in flowing garments; soldiers, in

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blue uniforms of modern fashion; conservative Samurais, in the national dress; little ladies, tripping in their gold embroidered kirimons, and simple burghers wives, each with a child upon her shoulders, thronging and pushing towards the open square.

What is there to see? Only a professional story teller, a latter day Homer, who, possibly, gives the best of the tales he has repeated from time to time for years. He is not without eloquence or dramatic power, and uses both freely. At times he stops a moment to refresh himself with a cup of tea, or take a whiff or two from his pipe, which indispensable requisite of Japanese comfort he has always at hand, while his hearers improve the opportunity to smoke or jest, the ladies titter, and the children strain their little eyes in wonder.

A "ROYAL" LADY.

Besides these tales, music and songs are always ready. There is no denying that with a decided inclination for music, the Japanese are sadly unfortunate in their efforts to make it. They learn European airs and instruments rapidly, and seem to enjoy them; but their national music is utterly intolerable. Probably in a few years the imported fashions in this, as in so many other things, will have driven out the original ones, and the master pieces of Wagner or Liszt will be heard in all their beauty from the pianos and guitars of the fair ladies of Yokohama or Tokio.

We have spoken of the performance of the professional singers

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who accompany their declamatory productions with music. They usually have a little dish placed before them, on which the libretto lies, and play a Sam sin, or Japanese Zither, with only three strings, whose tones, to a European ear, are the farthest possible remove from harmony. Singers who have achieved a reputation, generally go

PRESENTATION OF AN INFANT AT A TEMPLE.

in bands of three or four—accompanied by an orchestra consisting of a Zither, a kind of violincello which is called "Kolin," if a bow is used with it, and "Biva," if it is played with the fingers, and the Gotto, a large harp, whose strings are stretched upon a chest, which lies upon the ground, and forms the sounding board. This instrument can only be played by fastening skilfully formed nails of ivory to the first three fingers of the musician's right hand.

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Those who understand them insist that these operatic productions are really worth hearing, particularly in the Tea Gardens, during the mild summer evenings, where harp playing and song and pleasant conversation, the gaily dressed promenaders and the paper lanterns of various colors, shedding their soft and mellow light among the trees, recall the charming nights of Venice. The charm, however, is in the surroundings, and not in the music.

A PRIMA-DONNA.

The "Tea Garden," is the climax of Japanese happiness By this we would not be understood as referring to the places of the same name where women of light character are the principal performers and attractions, and through which all tea houses have come into bad repute. In those which are the rendezvous of respectable families, there is only decent amusement, and people enjoy themselves innocently with music and dancing in the open air. There is no greater pleasure for the citizen than to go with his wife and his little bare-headed children upon the terraces, separated from the remaining guests by their partitions, with only cakes and confectioneries upon the straw matting for refreshment, and a hired singer for society, to whose music he is not ashamed to dance as merrily as the children.

Sometimes these tea houses are given up to wild dancings and

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JAPANESE TEA GARDEN. 228

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masqueradings. These last are very different from our own. Each Japanese mask has its traditional character and significance.

The Japanese mask-maker delights in letting his fancy run wild in designing his goods. They are made with movable jaws, one, two, or three horns, and as many eyes, heads of animals of all kinds, little imps and colossal devils. Nothing more laughable can be imagined than these figures, whose grotesque horrors fail utterly to terrify the children, who romp and play about them. Jugglers, sword-eaters, gymnasts, actors, &c., &c., add to these elements of diversion.

The principal festival is that of the New Year, when the cities are illuminated early in the evening, till they seem like seas of light; each tea house displays its transparencies, and the streets are trimmed with festoons and flowers, and hung with thousands of lanterns. The happy crowd laugh, joke, and sing, and the air is fragrant with aromatic odors of fir and cedar. Late in the evening, women and children may be still seen standing curiously around the countless booths in which confectionery and toys are sold. These festivities reach their climax on New Year's day, when all is calculated more or less for the gratification of the children, as much, perhaps after all, to the satifaction of those of larger growth as the little ones. The New Year's feast has no particular religious direction. Devotions take place in each house, but the priests take no part in them.

Other household festivals of the Japanese relate in some way to the tutelar divinities of the family; though these are in no way similar to the Roman Lares and Penates, to which they are sometimes compared. What with the official religion and its misty theology, the people have found it convenient to manufacture a mythology of their own which meets their needs, and appears to be purely human; something like that of the Greeks, with the difference that it is limited to the happiness of the present life, and lays no claim to ideal beauty; a series of household divinities, and nothing more.

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VIEW IN TAHATI.

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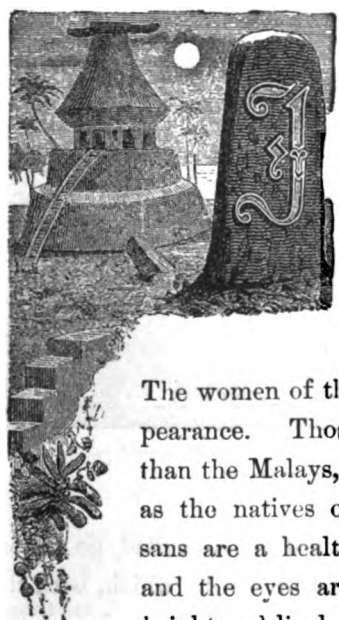
The South Sea Islands.

The Malayo-Polyensians and their Women. Their Dress. Tattooing and Family Life. Tahiti and its Inhabitants. Married Life of the Older Tahitians. Marriage Laws. Poetic Traditions. Music and Dancing. French Influence. The Sandwich Archipelago. The Hawaian Swimmers and Horse Women. Beauty and agreeable qualities of the Women. Melanesia. New Caledonia. The Papuans. Family Life of New Guinea. The Australians. Dress of the Women. Amusements. Complicity of their Marriage Customs. The Australian Colonies. New Zealand. Across the Pacific.



IN a southerly direction from Japan, lie a vast multitude of islands and groups, from which we shall select the most noteworthy, to bring out the details which are common to them all, and note the exceptions as we meet them.

The women of these islands differ widely in external appearance. Those of the Sandwich group are darker than the Malays, while the Tahitians are almost as light as the natives of Southern Europe, and the Marquesans are a healthy yellow. The hair is always black, and the eyes are almond shaped, generally black, and bright and lively.

All travelers agree in praising the symmetry of form and grace of movement of the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands.

The expression of their faces is open and vivacious; the men are larger and better proportioned than the women, who incline to corpulence, and coarseness of limbs; but these exceptions are not sufficient

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to prevent them from ranking in physical development little, if any, below Europeans.

But the Polynesians themselves care little for natural beauty, preferring to improve or eclipse it by laborious and artistic tattooing, in which they excel all the rest of the world. They have developed a sort of school of art in this direction, and the marks thus printed upon the skin, have a social significance, expressed by the intricacy and variety of the designs.

HUTS OF THE NATIVES OF TAHITI.

Most of them, where Christianity has not yet prevailed, go almost naked; covering only the loins with a sort of girdle, which, with the women, extends as low as the knees. On particular occasions, mats are thrown about the shoulders; at other times, the upper part of the body remains uncovered, and is rubbed frequently with oil, or other fatty substances, as a protection against the sun.

Their family life has been greatly modified by the influence of Christian missionaries, in most of the islands of the Pacific, and by

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contact with the sea-faring men who have visited their shores. Polygamy was formerly universal; and the number of wives a man might take, was limited only by his pleasure or his means of supporting them. Few, however, except the chiefs, were not satisfied with five or six, or less. The unmarried women of many of the islands had, and still have, a notoriously bad reputation; the profligacy of the Tahitians for instance, being proverbial. But the advent of the Missionaries among them has been the means of a decided change in this respect; and the marriages of Polynesians with Europeans, which are eagerly sought by these women, are aiding in the formation of a better morality.

Family affection is strong among them; kindred families form the entire population of towns and villages, and become tribes, with a chief at the head of each; but their progress towards civilization is seldom rapid. There is no education for the children, except in the simple trades of their parents, and in all other respects both sexes grow up uncared for.

The Polynesians are all distinguished by their joyous, careless nature, their hospitality, and child-like confidence in Europeans; and the women in these directions display an amiability and friendliness which has been remarked by all travelers.

Indeed, but a very hasty visit to Tahiti is necessary to become deeply enthusiastic in its praise. The island lies in the boundless ocean, like a peerless jewel on the bosom of a princess. The air is loaded with the perfumes of countless flowers; the sea kisses the tropical vegetation which fringes the shore, with soft and melancholy ripplings; birds of beautiful plumage throng the bushes and trees, and fill the air with music; groves of banyan and bread fruit trees clothe the slopes to the water's edge with evergreen; the lovely vista of the valley which leads into the interior of the island, changes every moment its lights and shades of color; and slender, handsome men and women, with only a wreath of roses in their hair to complete the scanty toilette we have already mentioned—in one word, it is a scene whose beauty can seldom be surpassed in the whole world.

Many years ago, the ill-fated Captain Cook described Tahiti in such glowing colors that he was accused of exaggeration. But all that

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he has written of the charms of the paradise of the Pacific, of the life of the islanders, and the bright and dark shades of their characters has been fully confirmed; and the conclusion has been reached that, though simple and rude, the Tahitians were not wanting in capacity or willingness for a higher culture and a purer moral code. In a single century, this conclusion has been justified. The patient zeal of the

TAHITIAN GIRLS—EDUCATED AT ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

missionaries has prevailed over the institutions and habits of ages; an improved system of agriculture has developed the resources and natural wealth of the island; schools have been founded, churches built and filled with native Christians; the gross immorality and license of the past is terminated or greatly modified, the old has vanished, and a new and better order reigns in its stead.

For music, they seem to have no natural gift. But they are passionately fond of dancing, the women in particular, who adorn them-

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selves for this purpose more than ordinarily; and throng the place of meeting, which is spread with mats, and covered with a projecting roof. Their dances have long since lost their religious significance, and of late much of their attractiveness; as the missionaries keep a sharp eye upon the "piquant" side of the amusement. But a people so richly endowed by nature with the capacity and the means for enjoyment, have no lack of sports. They are the finest swimmers in the world, both sexes displaying wonderful skill and endurance; and the women swimming and diving with a grace and ease that captivates every beholder—diving through the surf with easy nonchalance, meeting the waves as they roll in, and riding upon their very crests like sea birds.

Tahiti is the largest of the eleven islands of the Society group, and is under the protection of France, the reigning queen, Pomare IV, possessing so little authority that the island is in effect a French colony. French manners and usages are being adopted day by day, not at all to the profit of the simple island people; and the charming capital, Papaete, rejoices in a Rue de Rivoli, a Palais de Justice, a Place de Cathedral, etc., etc. To these have been added Chinese tea houses, and similar importations, each of which tells upon the primitive institutions of the island.

Hawaii rivals Tahiti in the loveliness of its scenery and the amiability of its inhabitants. After a voyage of many weeks over the boundless expanse of the South Sea, this lovely island, the principal of the Sandwich group, seems an Eden. The white line of its beach is visible for a long distance, and beyond it rise the dome-like crowns of the bread fruit trees, the grotesque pandarees, and the graceful plumes of the bamboo. The horizon is closed by lofty mountains, some of which rise 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. Among them are the famous volcanoes of Mauna Kea, Mauna Loa, Mauna Hulolai and Kilaulea, the last being the most remarkable burning mountain in the world. The terrible magnificence of its crater, seething and boiling with melted lava, which occasionally overflows and rushes in fiery torrents through the tropical luxuriance of the forest to the sea, is far beyond that of Etna or Vesuvius.

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The Hawaiians believed these mountains to be the residence of powerful divinities, and few among them even now, will venture to explore them.

The life of the Hawaiians was formerly simple and careless, but constant intercourse with Europeans during later years has greatly modified their habits and customs; and in gaining in civilization, they have lost much of their original simplicity and amiableness. Nothing is more diverting than the picture presented on the arrival of a steamer at their harbor; scarcely has the anchor been dropped, before the water is alive with men, women and children—who shout, and tumble, and leap in the oil-like waves. Young girls, graceful and brown as wood nymphs, encircle the ship, and greet its passengers with the bell-like clearness of their "Aloha" (welcome), the roses in their hair dripping silver drops of spray, as they climb upon the bow-sprit or peep over the rails, until the grizzly-bearded captain orders them off, and they plunge back into their favorite element like laughing mermaids.

Far out in the distance they float upon the sparkling waves, renewing their frolics, and breaking into peals of laughter, soft and musical as their language, the sweetest and most harmonious in its wealth of vowel sounds, and its liquid cadences, that human lips have ever uttered.

The Hawaiian girls are quite as much at home on horseback as in the surf; and when not sporting and floating in the spray, or among the rollers, they are often in the saddle, dashing over the sands or the wild mountain paths of the island at headlong speed. One of these fair amazons, sweeping through the foliage on her milk-white steed, whose head and mane are wreathed with choice and fragrant flowers, is a picture fair as the landscape, which is its fitting background. Although she rides like most of the horsewomen of the Orient, astride her steed, every movement is easy; her form, elastic and supple as a willow wand, has never been tortured by stays, and her head is never loaded with mountains of false hair; a loosely-flowing robe falls about her in graceful folds, and her hair is adorned with her favorite flowers. Her complexion is a peculiarly clear olive-brown; her eyes are roguish and flashing; her lips red and rather full, opening to

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HAWAIIAN WOMAN ON HORSEBACK.

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display rows of perfect teeth, beautifully white; and the whole face and figure are decidedly handsome, notwithstanding the rather prominent cheek-bones.

But this lovely picture is not without its drawbacks. The fact that under civilization the Hawaiians are degenerating and dying, is established beyond a question, and admitted by the intelligent islanders, who speak of it as inevitable. An old man or woman is never seen among them; men die exhausted or worn out at thirty-five, and few of either sex reach fifty. They insist—some of them at least—that the influence of the missionaries has not been an unmixed benefit; and that while the child-like innocence and simplicity of their characters have disappeared in a measure under religious training, the vices which seem inseparable from them, have been actively at work in their destruction. They are greatly addicted to intemperance and immorality. Add to these, the prevalence of leprosy, and the despondency which seems to settle upon them like a pall when not engaged in their gay pastimes, and it is not difficult to forecast their ultimate extinction, as well as that of the Tahitians, whom they resemble in so many other respects.

Leaving these lovely shores, let us turn to the Gilbert Archipelago, where life is far from idyllic. The men are warlike, and the women rival them in feats of arms. Only tattooed girls marry, and those who cannot afford this indispensable ornamentation, are obliged to waste their charms in single blessedness.

The patterns of tattooing consist of points and lines, rather than figures or pictures of the occurrences of daily life, birds or animals. Next to the Gilbert islanders, those of the Carolines carry this practice to the greatest excess. The patterns most in favor with them, are numerous rows of dots or scars upon the shoulders and arms. They are made with little hollow pointed instruments, the ends of which are split in such a manner, that by the insertion of a slender wooden pin, the marks can be made larger as the pattern demands. Combs are also used, whose teeth are pressed into the skin, and a bluish-black coloring matter is rubbed into the orifices.

The Melanesians are the second of the Great South Sea Island

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families. Their physical features resemble the Papuans strongly, and their relation to the Malay races is only established by their language. In their manners and habits they have none of the gaiety and absence of restraint which characterize the Polynesians. Of love and love-making, which among the latter begin and go on at a very tender age, they know nothing. They marry exceptionally late in life; while among the Polynesians, marriages between children are very common, and no limitation of age is known.

TATTOOED FEMALE.

Polygamy is practised, but with many restrictions; the women are more reserved and moral than the Polynesians, and their treatment is decidedly worse than among the latter. In the family, the separation between husband and wife is almost complete; the wife never eating with her husband, who spends his nights in the common house of the tribe, away from his home. Another dark feature is the prevalence of infanticide; and yet another, the murder of the aged—who by reason of disease or infirmity have outlived their usefulness. It is astonishing with what coolness this horrible practice is carried on; the father bowing his head to meet the deadly club of his son, without expostulation or resistance. Of course, filial affection and reverence for age are impossible among such savages.

Next we come to New Guinea or Papua, the home of the pure Papuan race. Partly on account of its inaccessibility, it being sur-

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rounded with dangerous coral reefs, and still more from the horrible character of the natives, our knowledge of it is confined to its coast, while the interior is *a terra incognita*.

The Papuans are distinguished by their long thick hair, which grows in an immense bush, and surrounds the head like a periwig. In dressing this fleece they spend most of their time, arranging its voluminous mass with a three-toothed comb of bamboo. The females braid their hair in long queues, or trim it with feathers, and employ some red substance to color it. The men go nearly or quite naked, but the girls on coming to maturity wear aprons. In spite of their rather primitive style of dress they have an excellent repute for morality and chastity, and respect for their parents and the aged; and their customs in marriages, births, and deaths, indicate faithfulness and constancy.

A PAPUAN MOTHER AND CHILD.

The principal business is the trepang fishery. A young man who wishes to marry, pays for his bride with a certain number of pieces of trepang (sea-slug, or *beche de mer*), which is considered a great delicacy in China, and is the currency of the island—paying for every thing from a wife to a strip of cotton cloth, or a bead. Without it the islanders would have no means of obtaining the slightest articles of luxury, and the whole business of exchange would come to a stand.

Australia and Melanesia make up the eastern portion of the Polynesian group, with the Friendly and Society Islands, Samoa and Tahiti on the east, the Marquesas in the north-east, and the Sandwich Islands in

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the north. The two islands of New Zealand, which physically belong to this group, are peopled by descendants of the Malays, like the most of Polynesia.

The inhabitants of Australia are among the lowest order of human beings, scarcely above the brutes in their intellectual development. They satisfy their hunger by hunting and fishing, and the fruits and roots of the forest. Their dwellings are scarcely huts, their family affection hardly equal to that of the wild beasts, and of religion they have hardly a trace.

NEW ZEALAND SETTLEMENT.

Of middle stature or rather below it, their legs are thin and meager, and their joints appear loose and weak. The heads of the men, small and rather long, are less ugly than those of the women; their noses are flat and broad, their eyes set tolerably deep, their mouths large, and their ears somewhat projecting forward, their hair is thick and coarse, and the men are heavily bearded.

Polygamy is practised among them, and their women occupy the lowest place, and receive the roughest and hardest treatment. Their marriages scarcely deserve the name, being prefaced by no betrothal, and attended by no religious ceremony. The male brute lurks

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in ambush about a village, until the men are gone, and then dashes upon the object of his desires with a club, beats her senseless, and drags her away to his own hamlet. The brutality of the whole transaction is unequalled among any people on earth; yet the woman's relations take the affair as a matter of course. Each wife, which is added to the household, has a piece bitten from the little finger of her left hand by each of her predecessors—a ceremony for which no one has yet discovered the reason.

AUSTRALIAN WOMAN AND CHILD.

The toilette of the Australian women amounts to very little, as most of them go entirely naked—neither sex having any more idea of shame than Adam and Eve before the fall; yet they are vain enough to submit to the painful operation of tattooing, and give free scope to their fancy in painting their limbs and bodies. Their hair is decked with the shells and bones of muscles and fish, and the girls powder it with red earth, after anointing it with some sticky fat, and strew a handful of fiery red feathers upon the top, or stick the plumes of the Emu, (the Australian ostrich) in its thick and matted masses. Their favorite ornament is a sort of fillet of braided human hair, in the meshes of which short rushes are inserted at regular intervals, forming a rude coronet. They sometimes also wear girdles of braided rushes, or a cord of twisted cotton, often two hundred yards in length, wound many times around the body, and woven into a sort of net. A somewhat similar article of dress is formed by braiding human hair. Add to these bracelets and necklaces of muscle shells, and the list of the wardrobe of the Australian belle is complete.

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THE "CORROBORREE," OR AUSTRALIAN WAR DANCE.

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The principal amusement of both sexes is the "Corroborree," a kind of war dance, which is performed by moonlight.

The race is diminishing rapidly before the advance of the whites, and is now driven back into the interior, which contains some of the most deadly wastes on the face of the globe. The nature of the country near the coast is unattractive in most places; and it has been only since the discovery of the gold fields that the English colony has developed the surprising growth and prosperity of which we have only space to say, that within less than thirty years, splendid and populous cities have grown up—such as Melbourne, with its 250,000 inhabitants, with a great and flourishing commerce, railroads, telegraphs, schools, and benevolent institutions, scientific institutes, libraries, theaters, etc., etc., in the place of wretched little settlements, cursed with the blighting influences of penal colonies.

MAORI WOMAN OF NEW ZEALAND.

On every hand are to be seen evidences of wealth, culture, and progress. The English have transplanted their national amusements to their new homes. The races of Randwich and Flamington rival those of the Derby, and cricket is played with as much energy by the young Australians as at Eton. The colonies, once the place of punishment for desperate criminals, and then a refuge for adventurers of all kinds, are now the center of a great and powerful empire, which at no distant date is destined to take its place in the family of nations.

Steering easterly, from Sydney, after a six day's sail, we reach Port Auckland, the capital of NEW ZEALAND, the original home of the brave and warlike Maoris, whose customs and usages—particularly with regard to their women—are so entirely similar to those of the

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other Polynesians we have described, as to need no further notice here; except to say that they, too, after maintaining a long and bloody struggle with the English invaders, are fast disappearing before them.

Our next stopping place is TONGATABU, the largest of the Friendly islands, whose people are far in advance in civilization of all the other islanders of the South Sea, having a thoroughly organized monarchy, and social and family institutions of a high order. A somewhat similar progress is to be found at SAMOA, in whose principal harbor, Apia, we tarry for a day, before passing onward across the vast waste of waters to Honolulu, and thence to the American shore.

TOILETTE ARTICLES OF THE PAPUANS.

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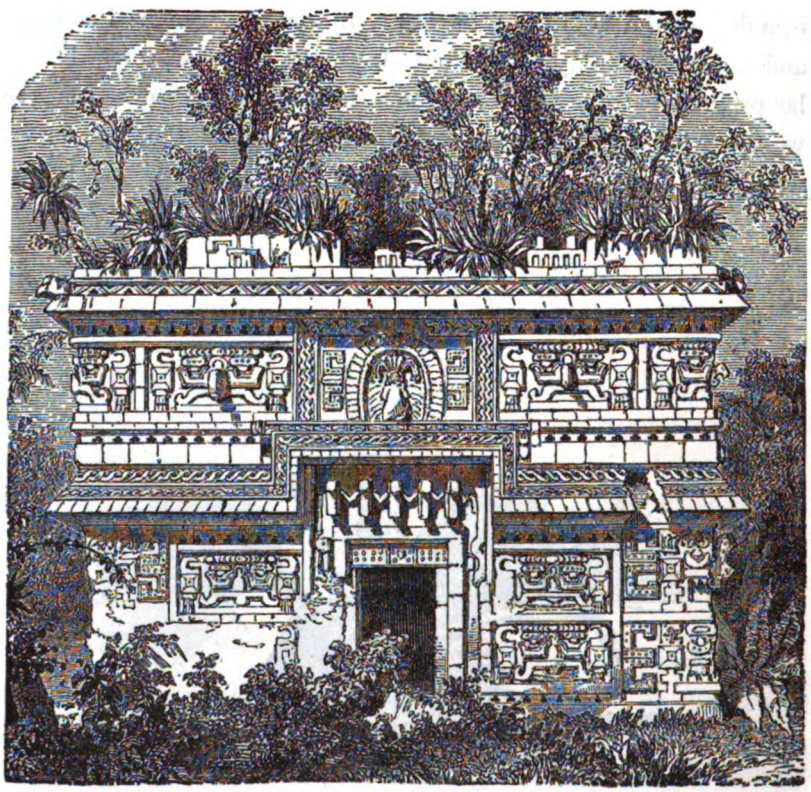

ATZEC RUIN IN YUCATAN.

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Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies.

1. Mexico.

Vera Cruz. Unfavorable impression of its appearance. Journey to Mexico. The Mexican Capital, and its Women. Occupations of the latter. Their Children and their Education. Mexican Country Women. Central America. Ethnical Elements. Guatemala and its Indian Inhabitants. Classes of Society. Married Life in Honduras. Social Orders in Nicaragua. Filth of the Inhabitants. The West Indies. Havana and its Public Life. The other Antilles. Women of Lesser Antilles.

WHEN, after our voyage, we reach the city of Vera Cruz, a far from promising scene awaits us. The chief seaport of an extensive nation; the gateway, so to speak, of the most splendid and magnificient of the conquests of the Spanish in the new world; the port through which the conquerors of the Montezumas passed in their triumphal progress to the heart of a great empire, Vera Cruz has the appearance of a desolate, almost forgotten city. It rises from a beach of fine sand, which when dry is blown upon every wind, and no tree or shrub adorns its decaying streets, or the courts of its half ruined palaces. Its inhabitants, frequently visited by the fearful scourge of the cities of the Gulf—the yellow

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fever—creep listlessly about; and with the numerous buzzards, which perch upon every roof, and watch for their loathsome food, present a sad and dispiriting picture. There is nothing here to detain the traveler, who hastens across the narrow strip of coast to find his first refreshment where the plains of shifting sand change to Savannas, and the crowns of the Mimosa rise from the hopeless deadness of the

SCENE IN A MEXICAN GARDEN.

scene, as we ascend toward the great Mexican table lands. The mountains once passed, a splendid display of tropical vegetation bursts upon us, long before we reach the mountain range, whose snow clad tops are overlooked by the volcanoes of Popocatapetl and Ictaccihuatl. Climbing from one zone of vegetation to another, we see before us at last, as we emerge from a magnificent forest of evergreens, spruces and cedars, the first view of the beautiful valley of Mexico.

Mexico is the most splendid of the Spanish American cities, but

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its principal attractions are the beauties of its situation and surroundings, rather than the city itself or its people, who are a singular jumble of nationalities. The instability of the government, which is liable to be revolutionized at any moment, the ignorance and depravity of the masses of the people, have been described and deplored by every thoughtful visitor of the capital.

There is not the same agreement as to the beauty of the Mexican women, although it is generally considered that the ladies of pure Spanish blood are remarkably handsome. Their eyes are large and dark, their hair luxuriant in its glossy blackness, their teeth regular and brilliantly white, their stature rather under than over the middle size, and the native graciousness which seems to accompany the southern blood, render them decidedly prepossessing.

MEXICAN LADY.

The life of the Mexican women is made up of religious observances, dress and *dolce far niente*. Their redeeming trait is their fondness for their children, whom they endeavor to bring up very carefully. Their morning begins with a visit to the Church, for which a full toilette is necessary; then a bath in the comfortably arranged room with which every house of any pretension is supplied, followed by breakfast, and a long time devoted to the toilette, which not unfrequently requires them to walk for some hours upon the terraces of their dwellings, with their splendid hair moistened by the bath, flowing loosely about them like a dark veil, and requiring long exposure to the sun to dry perfectly. At twelve comes luncheon, after which the time is taken up with visiting and receiving calls till the evening. No intellectual recreation is known among them. Their library is made

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up of their prayer book alone, and these delicate and graceful creatures surpass in ignorance the higher classes of all other nations which profess to be civilized.

They know at most that there is a Spain; they are fully persuaded there is a Pope, and are quite satisfied of the existence of a Rome. Their knowledge of Paris extends simply to what is necessary for obtaining the elegant dresses and articles of luxury which it supplies. The whole remainder of the world is hardly more in their minds than if it had never been.

This is all the more to be lamented, because they are amiable, and extremely lovely women, of captivating manners and capable of high attainments. But they resemble the delicate exotics of a green house, more than the natural flowers of the fields and forests, or the lovely plants reared to exquisite, yet healthy beauty in their gardens. That they are capable of high culture and noble achievements is every way probable, but the means of reaching them can only be found outside of their own country.

They marry very young, often in their fourteenth or fifteenth year; have large families, and as the mothers are seldom physically strong, the children are almost always delicate. Their modesty and good breeding, and their many other good qualities, are perhaps not surprising, in view of the fact that much more attention is paid to their training in this respect, than to the cultivation of their bodily health and vigor. The mortality among them is very great, and those who pass their twelfth year, are too often victims of a sort of intellectual stagnation, the consequence of a morbid and too early development.

The Mexican country women, generally mixtures of very different grades of blood and nationality, differ widely from the pure Spanish Creoles of the capital. They are not without many attractive features; their eyes are often brilliant and fiery, their hair glossy and abundant, but their noses are apt to be ugly, their mouths large, and their cheek bones too prominent. Their dress consists mostly of a light skirt of lively colors; a simple "Camisa," or waist of white woolen, over which is worn the "Nebozo," which covers the head and shoulders

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something like a mantilla. Their food is mostly "Tortillas," or flat cakes of Indian bread, and "Frigoles," which are small, black, and very savory beans, the national Mexican dish and the favorite food of the country people. Soup is almost unknown in Mexico; coffee, notwithstanding it is abundant and good, is wretchedly prepared, while their chocolate, on the contrary, is generally excellent.

MEXICAN COUNTRY WOMAN.

The moral condition of the lower classes is frightfully degraded. Insecurity of life and property, a chronic state of revolution, and gambling and drunkenness have caused such a degeneration of the masses, that an American writer has recently declared, that the only hope of the regeneration and civilization of Mexico, is in the absolute extinction of fully seven of her eight millions of inhabitants. Among

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the higher classes the prospect is hardly more pleasing. Empty formalities, the haughtiness of the old Spanish Grandees, and a show of nobility, are joined to intellectual insignificance, callousness of feeling, and a pride of race simply contemptible; peculiarities as fatal to the development of culture, as to the peace of families, or the harmony and well being of society.

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2. Central America, and the West Indies.

EVERY intelligent observer soon discovers that the condition of the people of Central America is even worse than that of Mexico. Between the southern boundary of the latter and the Isthmus of Panama, a territory of moderate extent is divided into the free States of Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua and Costa Rica, with the British possession of a part of Honduras, whose population is made up of a greater mixture of races than the Mexicans; a mixture whose corrupting and degenerating influences are more apparent and lamentable than in their more powerful neighbor. The physical and ethnographical details of these States are so entirely similar, that it is easy to treat them collectively.

The original race, which we know only by the extensive, and in some respects magnificent ruins which have excited the wonder and the curiosity of the whole scientific world, has entirely passed away, leaving in their stead, a simple people without any ambitions or artistic tendencies, and retaining no tradition of their predecessors.

Nature has not been unkind; the scenery is often grand and delightful, and the soil frequently of great fertility. There are parts

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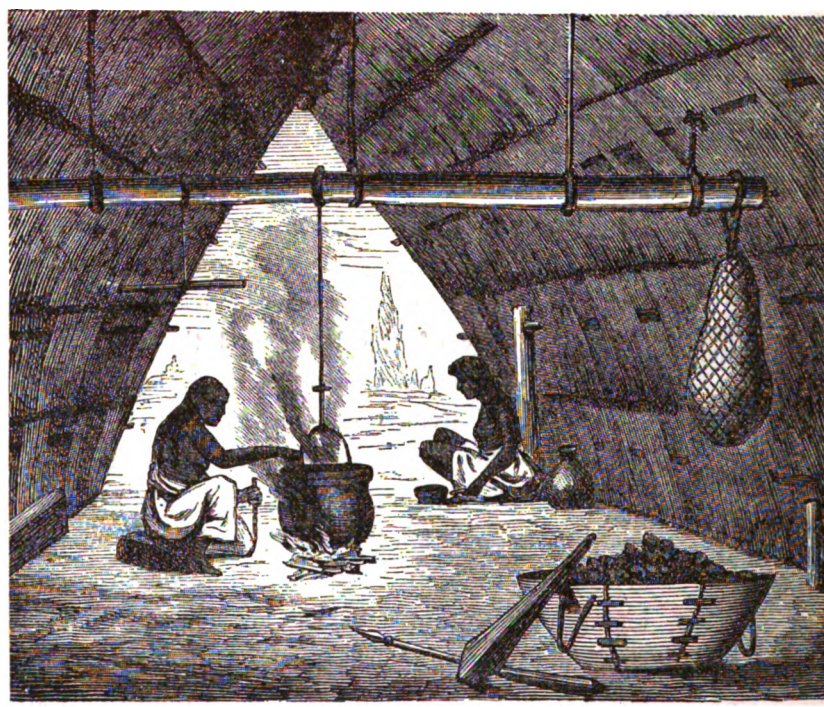
of Guatemala in which the luxuriance and variety of tropical vegetation are truly wonderful. In the forests, where birds of beautiful plumage, splendid butterflies, humming birds, parrots and toucans abound, may be found the dwellings of the Indians of the interior, who are in many respects the best specimens of their race in Central America. Men and women sleep in hammocks; the children on mats



INDIAN WOMEN OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

upon the hard earth. Of the toilette of the women, there is but little to be said; the older ones wear a gown of some colored stuff, the younger a short garment about the hips, and a fillet around the head, sometimes set off by the long rich plumes of birds. The children run about entirely naked, and are healthy and well-formed.

Guatemala has three social orders or classes; the Indians and Sambos, or descendants of a white father and Indian mother; the Gentry, or Mestizoes and Mulattoes; and the Nobility, which com-

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prises the wealthy merchants and the clergy. The lines between these classes are obscured by various shadings, but all are ignorant, careless and unattractive, with little chance of improvement, and not much desire for it. A high school for girls has recently been opened in Guatemala, which may lead to better things in the future.

From the Capes of Florida nearly to the mouth of the great river Orinoco, between the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, and the Atlantic, stretches a line of islands designated as the Antilles, of which there are two groups; the greater, consisting of Cuba, Jamaica, Hayti and Porto Rico, with many of less note; and the lesser, of a cluster or clusters of small islands and islets, which are mostly European Colonies. The great point of distinction between the populations of Central America and the West Indies, consists in the fact that in the latter, the native race is entirely extinct, and its place supplied by Europeans, negroes, and mixtures of the two various shades of color. The Indians of the islands have been so completely exterminated by Spanish arms and cruelty, and the diseases and vices introduced or aggravated by contact with the whites, that it is believed that not one of them remains.

INDIAN WOMAN FROM GUATEMALA.

The life and customs of the European inhabitants can best be presented by a view of the cities in which they are collected in considerable numbers, and where their social, family and business relations are fully exhibited, and we shall, therefore, begin with Havana, the capital of Cuba, and in many respects the most important place in the Antilles.

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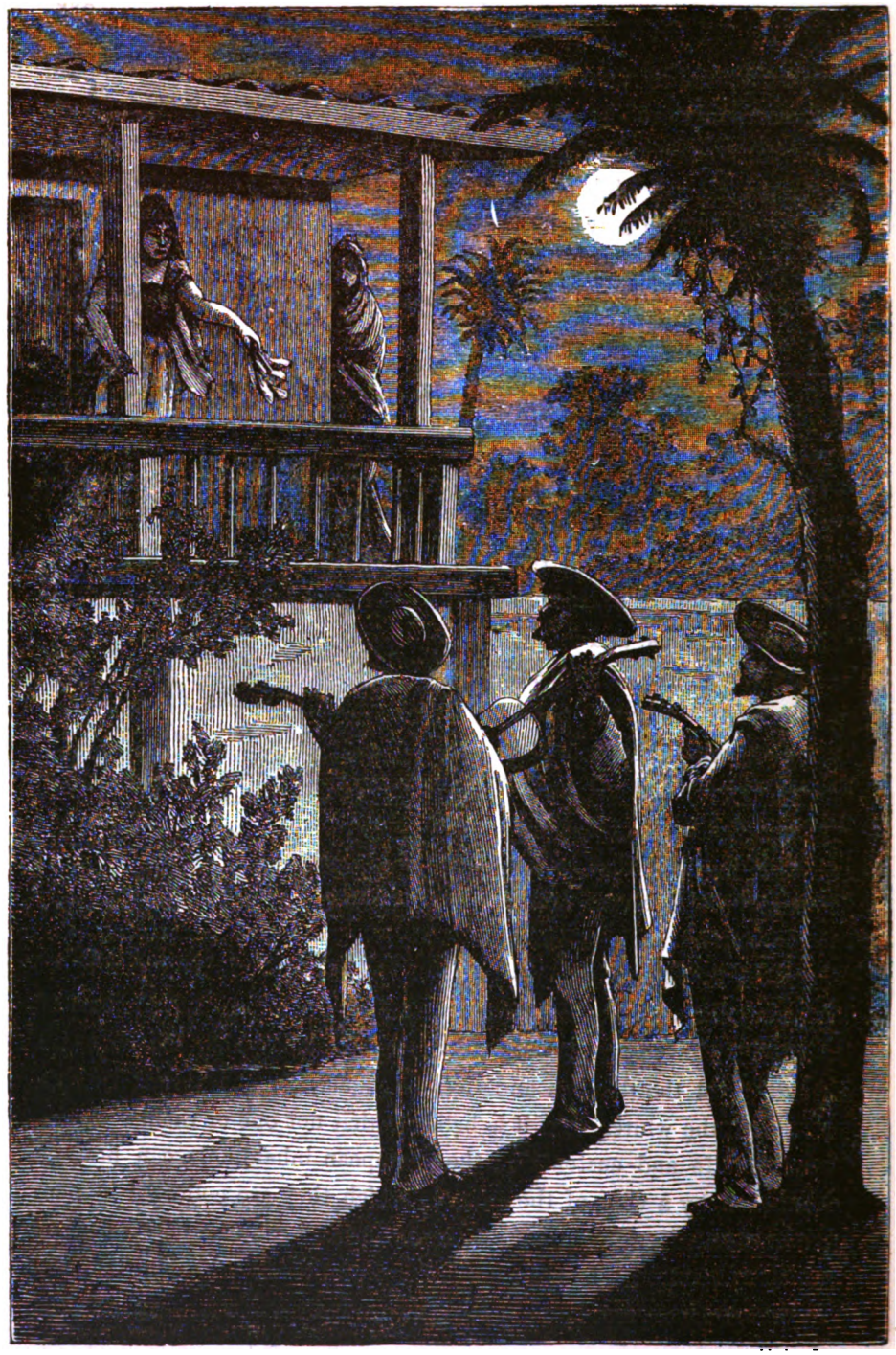

GARDEN SCENE IN CUBA.

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The first thing that strikes us in passing through this city, is the absence of women from its thoroughfares and squares. With the exception of the negresses, scarcely a female figure is to be seen, and a lady almost never. This is explained by the fact that Havana is rather a station than a residence for most of its inhabitants; the Spaniards, to whom the Island belongs, coming only for the sake of improving their fortunes, or for military duty; and as they intend to return home whenever the objects of their visit are accomplished, seldom bringing their families with them. Under such circumstances, there is little to be said of the family life of the city.

But the public life is gay and even splendid. The best society occupies the New City—in which the finest dwellings, the most fashionable promenades, the favorite coffee houses, the theatre, and the Spanish Casino are located. The elegant boulevard, Paseo de Isabel, traverses this quarter in its whole extent. A double row of palm trees lines this avenue, and partially screens the elegant dwellings, whose windows filled with ornamental iron gratings instead of sashes, look out upon the broad carriage way, thronged with horsemen and splendid equipages. In the evening the higher classes fill the magnificent Coffee Houses, or walk in the pleasure garden of the Captain General. In the botanical garden, the brilliant flowers of the tropics are rivaled in beauty by the ladies who go thither to enjoy the cool sea breeze loaded with the rich perfumes of the flowers about them. Dark eyed Senoritas glide up and down, their garments fluttering like the delicate plumes of the palm in the breeze; and having satisfied their curiosity in the circle of their friends, mount their "volantes" (open carriages with high wheels), and drive down the Paseo de Tacon, to the Tacon theatre, a giant building with seats for three thousand spectators. The view on entering it is thoroughly magnificent; the ladies in full dress in their boxes, surrounding the parterre, which is devoted to gentlemen in their black evening suits, like a wreath of delicate roses.

Next to Havana, the Capital of the Queen of the Antilles, and the fairest jewel in the crown of Spain, comes Kingston, the chief city of Jamaica. The Negro element which is largely in the majority upon

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the Antilles, here exerts a debasing influence upon the social life of the people. This is particularly the case in Porto Rico, where the women dash through the streets on horseback, holding the stumps of their cigars in the corners of their mouths, like hussars, whom some of them excel in tobacco chewing. No one ever speaks of intellectual or household labors, and the women only know how to sleep, eat, smoke, ride, and by way of change, to lounge about and do nothing.

NEGRO WOMAN FROM HAYTI.

The situation improves on some of the lesser Antilles which are settled by numerous Europeans: English, Dutch, Swedes, Danes, French, and Spaniards, according to the political relations of each, and each of whom have impressed the stamp of their own nationality upon their colonies. Upon the Danish island of St. Thomas, the people are primitively simple in their habits. The women worship fashion, but with their plaid or checkered garments, their fluttering ribbons, lofty towering chignons, and boots of colored leather, display a somewhat peculiar taste. The poor women wear cast off ball dresses in public, with which their brown feet and clumsy wooden shoes make a ridiculous contrast.

Guadaloupe and Martinique are French, and the inhabitants have received the impressions of their teachers and masters with great alacrity. They are gay and trifling, fond of dress and amusement, coquettish, and in fact very lax in their moral code. Pretty feet, without stockings, are tipped with patent leather slippers; the gay colored dress is trimmed with points, and puffs, and folds, and a broad scarf is thrown around the waist. Thus far the dress has followed the European model; the additional details have been supplied from the

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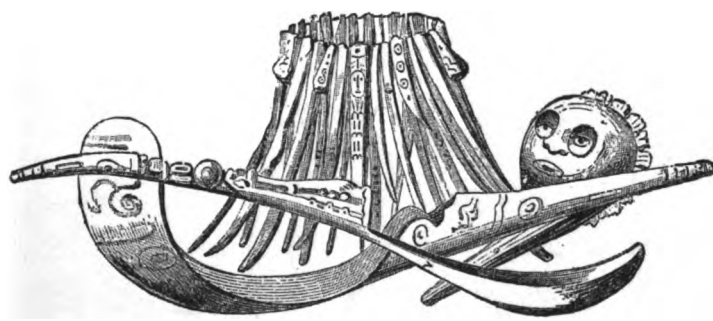
fancy of these children of the tropics. They wear a blue cloth wound about the head, and for an overdress a white chemise, cut low in the neck, with short sleeves. In their ears they hang costly jewels, and wear about their necks strings of coarse glass beads.



INDIAN ORNAMENTS.

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WOMAN OF PERU.

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South America

Introduction. Venezuela. Parents and Children. Singular Amusements. City Scenes in Columbia. Splendid Natural Scenery. Social Relations. Pious Women. The "Aguinaldos." Ecuador. Quito and its Women. Primitive Toilettes. Peru. Aspect of the Country. Lima. The Women and Their Amusements. Public Life. Cuzco. Women of Cuzco. Bolivia. Women of La Paz. Chili. The Chilian Character. Home of a leading family. Beauty of the Women. Evenings on the "Alameda" in Santiago. Women of Araucania. The Patagonians. The Argentines. The Gauchos. Buenos Ayres and its Women. Uruguay. Life in Montevideo. Paraguay. Guarani Women. Brazil and the Brazilians. Rio de Janeiro. Elements of the Population. The Brazilian Women. Indian Women of Amazonia. Earth Eaters.

ENTERING South America, after a short passage of the Antilles, we find on landing a people quite as peculiar as those who inhabit Central America.

By far the greater number of the population are Indians, who for the most part lead a stationary life, widely differing from that of the warlike and roving tribes of North-America; and differing considerably also from each other, according to location, climate, or other circumstances. The majority of them are tolerably quiet and peaceable by nature, and susceptible of sufficient civilization to enable them to engage in a rude kind of husbandry.

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The white population, who are to engage most of our attention, are principally Spanish and Portuguese, who have imported into the new world the antagonisms they had developed in their homes in the Spanish peninsula. That opposition, which meets us at the very threshold of our work, is entirely national, and manifests itself in the political relations which have been established by the race in America. All the relations of Spanish origin which have grown up in the new world, have developed some form of republicanism. But the Portuguese have transplanted to the western shores of the Atlantic, the only monarchy which has ever existed in America, and maintained for more than sixty years a continuous and successful struggle against the revolutionizing influences which have made the remainder of South America a very undesirable residence.

Between the Indians, Spanish, and Portuguese, has grown up a mixed race, very considerable in numbers, and exhibiting in a marked degree the vices of its parentage, with only a moderate amount of the better qualities of either side. Instead of promoting civilization and morality among the Indians, these half-breeds have been among the greatest obstacles in the way of their advancement. The culture they have attained has been superficial, and their vicious associations have degraded the whites without elevating the Indians.

In the conflict of races which took place at the discovery of South America by the Spaniards, the old half civilization perished very early; and as the Europeans mingled their blood with that of the savage tribes, a race has grown up whose ignorance and instability have rendered good government impossible. The people vibrate between the despotism of military chieftains, and the unbridled violence of the mob, and the leader of to-day is more than likely to be shot or banished to morrow.

We begin our notes upon the South American women with Venezuela, the northwestern member of the Columbian Confederation, which projects sharply into the Atlantic, as if seeking a connection with North America by means of the Antilles, the piers—so to speak—of a gigantic bridge between the delta of the Orinoco, and the capes of Florida.

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The scenery is magnificent. The dark waters of the giant river roll onward into the deep blue of the Atlantic like a sea on a sea, broken in their very center by a milk white flood, which breaks over the shallows of the delta. In the background the dense and luxuriant forest of the tropics rises from the water's edge, its evergreen branches dipping in the waves, while their tufted and plume-like tops glow in the equatorial sun.

SLAVE GIRL OF VENEZUELA.

The inhabitants of this richly favored country are less pleasing objects of contemplation than the scenery which surrounds them. In their capital, the city of Caraccas, there is scarcely any approximation to civil order, or social life. A stately university building whose pointed Gothic style contrasts strongly with the elegant Doric facade of the congressional palace across the square, and a fine statue of the Liberator in the garden of the Plaza Bolivar, make up the list of notable objects of the city, and a peep into the best of its dwellings will destroy any illusions which these handsome erections may have developed in the mind of the visitor. The furniture is generally broken and disordered, and the lady of the house lounges upon the sofa without even a piece of fancy work as an excuse for her idleness. The floor is littered, the children dirty and uncared for, and no one thinks it necessary to apologize for the general untidiness. There are no books, and no one would read them if there were; no culture, and no society; no poetry and no music, except the simplest airs.

Among the poorer families, knives, forks, spoons and glasses are

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unknown, and a few calabashes, a mortar and pestle for bruising the corn for their daily bread, a small iron kettle, a bank of earth which serves the double use of hearth and table, a great water cooler, and a few gourd shells are all the furniture. The beds are banks of earth, covered sometimes with raw hide; and the family tumble upon them in their clothes, young and old occupying the same room. The houses, on account of the frequent earthquakes, are usually built of wood, and are soon destroyed by the termites (or white ants), or of earth, which is extremely convenient for the loathsome earth flea, which infests them, and burrowing in the flesh of the inhabitants, creates painful and often dangerous ulcers.

A better state of affairs is found in Columbia, which lies west of Venezuela and extends to the Isthmus. Its principal harbor is Carthagena, once the seat of a great commerce, and the depot of the transcontinental trade, but now sunk into insignificance. The harbor is but little used. The walls which once defied the buccaneers and the English navy, are falling into ruins, and the neglected moats are the retreats of caymans and water snakes. But the people seem contented and happy. Their houses, often built of bamboo, are situated in gardens, and the air about them is fragrant with the perfumes of orange blossoms. Most of the people are colored, and no one seems burdened with care or trouble; the children romp and play, and the adults gather around the oldest member of the family, who tinkles a little guitar while his wife and daughters sing the monotonous and plaintive melodies of their race.

The market place is a splendid display of the most costly natural productions. The choicest fruits of the tropics—cocoanuts, oranges, pineapples, turtle's eggs, and yams, lie heaped in lavish profusion. Negro boys offer the ladies the wonderful insects, (cocuyos) whose eyes spread a phosphorescent gleam so brilliant, that a few of them placed under a glass enable one to read with ease, and little bunches of them, confined in nets, are a favorite ornament for ladies head-dresses, contrasting brilliantly with the glossy blackness of the hair.

But the most attractive features of the market are the Mestizo women with their splendid physical development, and innate grace of

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movement. At the fountains in the morning, where they gather in little groups, their pitchers gracefully poised upon their shoulders, their shawls picturesquely draped about them, and only half hiding their elegant busts; their faultless little feet, their eyes flashing with light, and brim full of gaiety, remind one of the pictures of the old Italian painters.

MARKET WOMEN OF CARTHAGENA.

Leaving Carthagena, we steam up the great river Magdalena, to visit the cities of the interior. The voyage leads through a succession of scenes of wonderful grandeur and beauty, particularly at evening, when the rose and dark red clouds float upon an orange colored ground, which shades off into clear yellow, while the sky over head is still the deepest blue; gradually the colors fade, the rose to lilac, the red to violet, and the purple to a bluish grey, with a rim of gold. This lasts for a time, and then the moon rising slowly in the east, lights up the landscape with its fair, pale radiance, and the

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silence is broken by the chirp of the tree cricket, while the regulus sings in a formal cadence. From the reeds comes the cry of the otter; the deep growling of the jaguar resounds in the distance, and the mournful cry of the sloth is heard among the trees.

The morning is even more delightful; the balmy air is vocal with the joyous songs of birds, and filled with butterflies of wonderful brilliancy. Parrots flutter and shriek in the thickets, and blue, red, or green paroquets perch on the topmost branches of the trees. Swarms of pepper birds hover in mid air, with troops of sparrows, which here are highly colored and beautiful, and the lovely widow bird balances and sways upon the stiff stems of the grass.

The inhabitants of the country seem to contrast unfavorably with the abundance which Providence has spread about them so lavishly. Society is hardly to be spoken of in the larger towns, like Medellin, Manarilla, Rio Negro, Antioquin, etc., etc. Only women pay visits, and when these are finished, stroll off with their carpet bearers to the church, to seek the favor of heaven for their indolence and slothfulness. The bearers must spread their carpets upon the floor of the unseated building, that their ladies may be able to kneel without injuring their knees upon the stones. These servants are indispensable for every good family, in the countries under the equator, and are either negroes or mestizoes, brought up on purpose for this office, which they vary in some families by adding to it the duty of a jester, or that of overseer of the other slaves.

Sunday brings a little change in the dead uniformity, by enabling the black-eyed dames and girls to assemble in the reception-room of the first family of the place, and lounge upon the worn-out sofas, while receiving and entertaining their young friends.

These official receptions, as the young people well understand, are not made for the cultivation of more intimate relations. For these, there are other ways and means, free from the prying curiosity or watchful eyes of the spectators. What the promenade is to the gallant of European towns, the street corner supplies to his counterpart in Columbia. There he stands for hours together, smoking; keeping all the while his eye upon the grated windows opposite, losing no

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movement of the inmate, and hoping for a friendly meeting with one of the fair ones, who thus becomes his "Aguinaldos."

There are no public entertainments in Columbia, not even a theatre; and the church would lay its ban at once upon any woman who should attempt to go upon the stage. The so-called "theatre" at Medellin, for example, is a simple booth, whose parterre has neither seats nor roof, and in which all parts are played by men, who smoke and strut up and down the enclosure, improvising the piece at will.

A HOME IN ECUADOR.

The next State that we shall visit is ECUADOR—a mountain land, lying on both sides of the equator, with great and rapid rivers flowing over beds of granite and porphyry. The Andes intersect its territory from south-west to north-east, in parallel chains, enclosing three great table lands with their branches. Besides these, there are several basins at a high elevation, the best known of which is that of Quito. The traveler who has ridden all day long through rich tropical forests, can find hail and snow, and icy storms in profusion, in the passage of Chimborazo, fifteen thousand feet above the ocean level. The swollen streams rush onward to the Pacific, through the impenetrable primeval woods. Upon their shores are great forests of cocoa-palms, and in the mud of their flats, crocodiles yawn for the prey they are often bold enough to seek in the neighborhood of human dwellings.

In this vicinity, the highest mountains in America are crowded

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together in a comparatively small space; and fifteen volcanoes, among them the famous Cotopaxi, are clustered between Quito and Reobana, a distance of little more than twenty-five miles, while the tremendous peak of Chimborazo, long supposed to be the loftiest in the world, crowns the awful grandeur of the scene.

The Equadorian women are extremely anxious to preserve their complexions, covering their faces with a silken mask when on journeys, and expending great care upon their external appearance.

Quito, the capital of the republic, is situated on higher ground than any other city in the world, and its air is so cool, that its inhabitants, in making evening calls, seldom lay aside their cloaks. The town is regularly built, but its appearance is not agreeable.

Its chief attraction is the fountain in the principal square, the rendezvous of fashionable society. The ladies are tolerably pretty, but extreme beauty is as rare among them as remarkable ugliness. To neatness and external elegance, they add a certain native grace, and a dignity and choiceness of language, which is entirely unknown in the States north of the equator. On the streets they usually wear thin mantillas, so arranged as to cover one-half of their faces, leaving the rest in full sight. The first ladies wear them in the house, as the remainder of their toilette is rather incomplete. Gloves are unknown, and their shoes are worn without stockings. All these oddities and deficiencies may be traced to the mixed blood of the Mestizoes, who number at least 70,000 of the 80,000 inhabitants of the city, and give character and tone to its society, the rest being Indians of pure blood. The white families may be counted upon one's fingers.

The entire education of youth in Ecuador is in the hands of the Jesuits. Their college comprises a University, an astronomical observatory, a library of twenty thousand volumes, a seminary and a museum. The capital has also a polytechnic school, and a fine scientific collection. These institutions can hardly fail to improve the social and family relations of the city in time. The Mestizoes are not destitute of ability or capacity, and careful and judicious education may develop among them qualities hitherto unsuspected.

South of the equator, and extending nearly half-way to the tropic of

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Capricorn, is the most celebrated of the South American States, the republic of PERU, the land of gold, the seat of the ancient empire of the Incas. Its social, intellectual, and political relations are of the same stamp as those of the other Spanish-American States, and we need not repeat them. Seen from the ocean, Peru presents a bare and sandy coast, whose uniform gray is scarcely broken by a single tree or shrub. The Cordilleras rise abruptly from the coast plains, into the regions of eternal snow, forming a background in which mountains seem piled upon mountains, and snow fields and glaciers glitter in the sun. The most important cities of Peru are Callao and Lima.

A YOUNG MESTIZO WOMAN.

The people of Lima are made up of nearly every race and mixture; Chinese, negroes, mulattoes, Cholos, etc., etc., crossed and intermixed in a surprising intricacy. The streets, which cross each other at right angles, give the city the appearance of a gigantic chessboard. The houses are generally of one story; and their projecting roofs approach each other so closely that the streets are gratefully shaded and cool, but intolerably dark and gloomy.

Most of the walls are built of earth, and owe their perpetuity to the peculiar dryness of the coast, where rain seldom falls. The clouds which rise from the ocean nearly the whole year through, drift back to the mountains, leaving the coast dry and making vegetation almost impossible. Lima has but few trees, and its Plaza Mayor, the favorite place of resort for its fashionable people, is shaded by stunted rows of palms, and colonnades with projecting roofs.

At sunset, Lima awakes as from a lethargy, and her ladies, who claim to be the handsomest in South America, crowd to the Plaza, to

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A LIMA BELLE.

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join the society of the town. Passing through the colonnades, the black-robed senores and senoritas group about the fountain, whose silver spray flashes and sparkles high over the green shrubbery, and the white marble statues, half concealed in the foliage. As the twilight deepens to a darker glow, hundreds of flashing eyes vie with the brightness of the stars, as the graceful maidens flit from group to group. Brown cavalleros, numerous and gallant, whisper to the ladies of their choice, or accompany them under the colonnades, which have now become flooded with mellow light; amidst which parties pass or repass; or stop to indulge in ices or cooling beverages. The balconies of the neighboring houses are full of guests, and songs and music float from their open windows. But these gay scenes are too often interrupted by the horrors of political revolutions, for which Peru has an unenviable notoriety. Each change of rulers brings an entire reconstruction of the personal relations of every one. The victorious party bestows all offices and dignities upon its own adherents, and the defeated sink into insignificance.

INDIAN WOMAN FROM CUZCO.

No well ordered family life is possible under such circumstances, and the most that can be said of the society of Lima and the other large cities of Peru is, that they are tolerably successful in seizing the enjoyment of the moment.

Among these cities is Cuzco, the ancient residence of the Incas, whose memory is perpetuated in Peru only by the few remaining monuments of their magnificence, and the pride of the white inhabitants who delight to trace their descent from the ruthless Pizarro, the

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conqueror of ancient Peru. Genealogical trees, rooted in the bosom of this worthless scoundrel, hang upon the walls of their residences, where no other picture is to be found, and which are in all other respects dreary and unpleasant. The diversions of society are limited to the exchange of evening calls, in which they rival the Ecuadorians.

Yet the fair Cusquenas work; they are laborious in embroidery, and unwearied in the preparation of sherbets. In their parlors there is no lack of pianos, but a note is hardly heard from them for months together.

From the southern boundary of Peru, we ascend another step among the Andes to Bolivia—the highest and most mountainous region in America. Near the boundary, we find an inland sea, Lake Titicaca, lying 11,000 feet above the ocean. The city of Potosi is still higher, and strangers find great difficulty in breathing its rarified air. Its population is about 75,000, among whom there are but a sprinkling of Europeans. The society is even more primitive than that of Cuzco, though the ladies take great interest in French fashions.

South of Bolivia, there are two free States, which together extend from ocean to ocean across the now narrowed continent. That on the Pacific coast, is CHILI; a narrow strip of considerable length, lying between the Cordilleras and the Pacific. The other, extending from the eastern slope of the mountains to the Atlantic coast, is the ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

CHILI, for a long time, has been the most orderly and stable of the Spanish-American States, with a quiet and peaceable population, strongly contrasting with the chaotic and unhappy condition of the neighboring republics, in which ignorance passion and ambition have led from one excess to another.

The ambition of the Chilian has confined itself to the increase of his wealth, and the prosperity of his country. He is fond of comparing his State to California, and in two respects the comparison holds tolerably good. The mineral wealth of Chili is immense.

The Andes contains vast stores of the precious metals, the extent of which is only beginning to be known. The hospitality and

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geniality of the people of all classes cannot be surpassed; they are amiable and friendly to strangers, who all agree in praising the tone of their society, and the native gracefulness and agreeableness of their women of the higher classes. Their family life is very pleasant, and there is no part of South America in which the traveler finds himself

HOME SCENE IN BOLIVIA.

so soon and so entirely at home, as in Valparaiso or Santiago, among the leading classes.

Some member of nearly every one of these families has resided in the United States or Europe, for a greater or less time; and there is neither the gross ignorance of the Mexicans, nor the barbarous peculiarities which have sprung from the mixture of races in the States near the equator. The traveler, on entering Chili, is struck by the excellent arrangements of the Capital city. The streets are well paved and clean, the houses neat and handsome, the people, notwithstanding

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their Spanish descent, social and pleasant, and the evidences of good government and personal comfort are met on every side.

The house of a wealthy Chilian consists generally of a ground floor with a narrow front, which is the entrance to a handsome garden-like court, into which the different rooms of the dwelling open. This arrangement seems purposely contrived for a simple and pleasant manner of living. The rooms fronting the street are usually reserved for receptions; and in the cool evening hours, their windows are filled with handsome and agreeable young ladies, who talk with their acquaintances as they pass, or receive their calls.

Every one agrees in praising the beauty of the Chilian women. The better families have preserved their Spanish blood untainted by mixture with the subject races, and the black-robed worshippers in the churches, or the circle of ladies in full dress at the theatre, display a classic elegance of form and face. The freedom of intercourse between the different social grades, has softened and greatly removed the hauteur which is so often offensive in the Spaniards of pure blood.

The rendezvous of the young people of Santiago in the evening, is the "Alameda"—a triple promenade about two-thirds of a mile in length, and three hundred feet broad. The finest part of it is the central walk, on each side of which, between two rows of trees, flow little brooks of clear water, brought from Mapocha. Along these brooks, seats are placed with pavilions for bands of music; and the amusements, particularly on Sundays and holidays, are very lively and picturesque.

The common people are as happy and joyous as the higher classes. Whenever the national airs are played, couples speedily form to dance their favorite "zamaqueca." This dance is somewhat affected; and though not ungraceful, compares unfavorably with the Spanish national dances in Europe. It culminates when the twang of the guitars, the rattling and clashing of castanets and cymbals, with which it is accompanied, break out into a wildly beautiful climax.

The aborigines of Chili, the Araucanian Indians, are now driven back into the extreme southern part of the republic, where a province —Arauko—bears their name; and into Patagonia, which is held still

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275 A CHILIAN LADY.

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in absolute savagery by their brethren of the same race, though divided into numerous tribes, speaking the same language and evidently of the same parent stock. Entirely independent, warlike, and courageous, excellent riders, and possessing many horses, these Indians are in many respects superior to all the others of South America.

"In the use of the lasso—a long rope of twisted raw hide—they are wonderfully expert, throwing it with such unerring precision, as to entangle any part of the animal of which they are in chase, and winding it about him in rapid circles, until the terrific grizzly bear, the ugliest creature known to American hunters, is entirely helpless in its coils. They carry a lance, a powerful and dangerous weapon, eighteen feet in length, which is hurled with great force, or driven into the breast of an enemy from its rest, like the weapon of the knights of olden times.

Their houses are wretched and comfortless huts of wicker or wattle work, plastered with clay, in which men, women, children, and dogs huddle up together on heaps of foul litter.

Polygamy is common, but each wife has her own fire; and as a man's consequence is estimated by the number of fires he possesses, few care to be content with one only.

Marriage among them may be dissolved at pleasure, and a man can send his wife back to her father's house at any time. If she marries another man, he is bound to repay to her first husband, the full price the latter paid for her. Widows are their own mistresses, unless their husbands have left a son by another wife, in which case she belongs to him. Unfaithfulness of the wife is punished by death, but the virtue of the unmarried women may be lost with impunity.

Their wooing is somewhat high-handed; the suitor with his friends on horse-back surrounds the hut of his intended bride, and while the friends engage the father in a chaffer over her price, the lover presses into her chamber, and seizing her by her hair attempts to drag her away. A tumult ensues; the bride shrieks, and her mother and sisters fall upon the invader with whatever weapons are at hand, as he drags her towards his horse. Half a dozen hands help to toss her to the saddle, and the party dashes away like like the wind. A few

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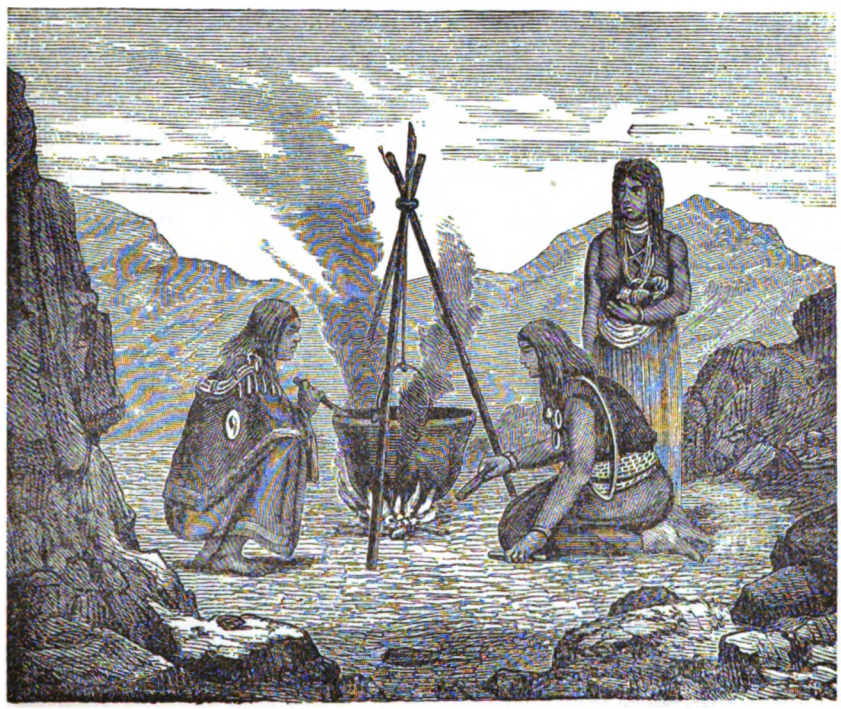
days later, the price stipulated is brought to the father, and the compact is complete.

Farther south, the savageness of the race is much greater; the men are of greater stature, while the women are perhaps smaller.

The dress of the Araucanians is a poncho or blanket, fastened at the waist by a great silver pin. Their faces are painted with red



ARAUCANIAN WOMEN.

earth or ochre, and ornaments of silver or iron are worn, with glass beads when they can be procured. They bathe frequently, each sex by itself, and have some idea of cleanliness after their own fashion. The women perform all the household labor, and make the clothes of the family of guanaco and the skins of the puma and wild cat; and they are as fond of tattling and chattering as most of the sex.

PATAGONIA is a land of steppes principally, on which its inhabitants lead a wandering life. These plains extend into the Argentine

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Republic, and their sea-like expanses of grass and flowers sadden the traveler by their unvarying monotony, and the solemn stillness in which Nature seems to reveal something of her magnitude and her solitary majesty.

The principal inhabitants of these plains in the republic, are the Gauchos who are descendants of the Spaniards and the Indian women; and their manner of living, dress, and customs, are entirely different from those of all others of the South American mixed races. Lord of the boundless pampas, which he traverses—not as a nomad, but as the owner of the soil—the Gaucho despises the tame and effeminate life of the cities, and scorns alike their restraints and their luxuries. His possessions are his splendid horses (he is the best rider in the world) his herds of cattle, often worth a fortune, and his estancia or lonely dwelling upon the plains. His nearest neighbor may be many hours, or a day's journey away, and he scarcely meets any one except at the times and places appointed for the sale of his stock. His life as horseman, herdsman, hunter—and when it must be, as soldier—includes for him all the pleasures of existence; and he can scarcely conceal his contempt for the citizen who gives himself up to the pursuit of trifles, and has not the strength or the spirit to tame a wild stallion, or entangle an ox in his lasso.

The life of the Gaucho and his wife and children is as far as possible opposed to that of the population of the Argentine cities, as we shall see upon looking into Buenos Ayres, where the habits and customs which have become familiar to us in the other South American towns, meet us at once, and the blending of civilization and half civilization shows itself in all classes and conditions. If the stranger is tempted by the appearance of the tolerably handsome and regularly built city, to trust himself in a carriage, the wretched pavements soon make him regret his temerity. The roadway is full of dangerous pits and holes; and to get down from the high side-walks into it, is at the risk of life and limb. The people pass their time in the usual South American fashion. The gentlemen lounge in the coffee houses, or study the last number of a journal of fashion; the ladies lounge at home, assisted in their arduous idleness by their acquaintances and

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PATAGONIAN ENCAMPMENT.

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friends. If they read at all, it is only to learn the mysteries of the latest styles of dress in Madrid. The care of their houses is too far beneath them to receive a moment's attention; pieces of embroidery lie about their rooms, begun perhaps two or more years ago, and almost as far as ever from being finished.

They lie at ease in their rocking chairs, all their thoughts absorbed in their cigarettes, which they cannot lay aside from morning till night, and the easy negligence of their attire is quite too free for Europeans. On the street, all this is changed as if by magic; and their beautiful forms, draped in black, sweep on with an entrancing grace of movement, as if borne by invisible wings. These delicate hot-house plants go out upon the pampas in the summer, where nearly every family has its estancia, to enjoy the delightful coolness of the strengthening mountain air that sweeps down from the Andes, and it might be hoped that the change from the civilized indolence of the town, to the half civilized freedom of the plains, would lead to better habits and impulses. But society in the republic is subject to the same fatal revolutionary tendencies which torment Peru, and Ecuador, and under their baneful influence, no real advance in intellectual culture or material prosperity is to be expected.

This situation is repeated in each of the other States of the republic. Montevideo, the capital of Paraguay, is perhaps a shade higher in the scale of society than Buenos Ayres. The aspect of the city from the ocean is magnificent. Within, the streets are neat and elegant, and the one-storied, flat-roofed houses are so arranged as not to give opportunities for the familiar intercourse between the inmates and the people in the street so common in Buenos Ayres. The families pass the day within their houses, and when the sea breeze comes in the evening, go up on the balustraded roofs to enjoy its freshness, and the streets are then gay with handsomely dressed ladies and gentlemen.

The Montevideans display great luxury in their villas. These "Quintas" are situated in great numbers north of the city, but the style of their architecture is singularly tasteless. Houses are built in the form of mausoleums or pyramids; some present Gothic turrets

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and gables, while others might be taken for great dove cotes, light-houses, or imitations of ruins. Besides these villas and the lovely Santa Lucia, to which a short railroad leads, the people of Montevideo have no fashionable place of rendezvous outside of their own houses.

Before leaving the States on the La Plata, we must glance at the Republic of Paraguay, whose inhabitants are almost exclusively

GUARANIAN INDIANS.

Guaranian Indians, and have made in later years immense progress in civilization. Their family life is patriarchal in form, and their women are distinguished for their active and cheerful industry. Early in the morning, their neat brown forms, clad in short white linen garments may be seen busily engaged in household labors; and being generally well made, and rather pretty, they do not disdain a dash of coquetry to set themselves in the most favorable light. In their wants, they are tolerably simple; their only passion is for smoking, which they practice from morning till night, using the largest cigars they can ob-

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tain, and very young children are often quieted by putting a lighted cigar in their mouths. Travelers say they are the kindest, the most moral, and capable of culture of all the South American Indians.

We have now only the Empire of Brazil to explore, that immense tract which extends from the equator to the thirty-third parallel of South latitude, and from the Atlantic to the Andes, comprising nearly half of South America. In many particulars, and in none more than

BRAZILIAN NEGRESS AND ANTIS INDIAN GIRL.

the civilizing impulses which have made great progress among them, the Brazilians are greatly in advance of the other Spanish American Republics with the single exception of Chili. The emperor, Dom Pedro II, himself a man of fine literary and scientific attainments, devotes himself to the enlightenment and development of his vast empire, and under his care educational and scientific institutions have taken deep root. Brazilian families are generally carefully reared, and the relations between parents and children are usually pleasanter than in the adjoining States.

To give a detailed description of the multitude of tribes and races of this vast empire would be impossible. We shall therefore confine

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ourselves to the leading traits of its people, beginning with the city of Rio.

This city is famous for the beauty of its harbor, and the splendid scenery which surrounds it. The magnificent bay in the foreground reflects the towers and spires of the city, and far away in the rear rises a rich background of lofty mountain peaks. Though deficient in many respects, some parts of the city, particularly the quarter in which the imperial palace is situated, display much taste and elegance. The streets, narrow and shaded, extend in straight lines till they seem to lose themselves in the distant mountains, and are thronged with a motley crowd of men of all colors on horseback, or on foot, ladies promenading arm in arm, sturdy porters with immense loads upon their heads, fruit dealers, troops of soldiers, and pleasure seekers of every kind; the men with immense straw hats, the women with sun shades and umbrellas.

A YOUNG WOMAN OF BAHIA.

The appearance of the Brazilian women is greatly inferior to that of their Spanish neighbors. Handsome faces are very rare, and only a few of the French and Spanish resident ladies are remarked for their beauty. The black element largely predominates. Rio swarms with negroes and mulattoes, and two-thirds of the 90,000 inhabitants of Bahia are colored.

The Indians in the interior are divided into an immense number of tribes usually similar in manners and customs, but differing greatly in language. A number of these tribes under the common name of Antis, live in the valleys among the Andes, and along the rivers of Bolivia.

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They are generally stout in their persons, and rather effeminate in features, and like most of the Indian tribes, are skillful in hunting and fishing, from which they draw most of their support. Their huts are mere open sheds in warm weather, and close and filthy dens in winter, scarcely fit for the lairs of wild beasts. Their dead are thrown into the river, where the fishes soon finish the rites of burial. After a death, the house of the deceased is destroyed, his fruit trees cut down or plucked up, and the place is shunned as unclean. The women are slaves, doing all the hard work, and the aged are treated with cruelty and neglect.

A WOMAN FROM THE AMAZON.

The Brazilian Indians generally live in solitary families, or groups of two or three. Villages are seldom met with; and where they have once existed, there are now only ruins. The girls marry about the twelfth year. They prepare the food for the family, make its clothing, accompany their husbands in the chase, or on the war path, carry their burdens, pick up the arrows they shoot, help at the oar, and bring home the booty obtained in hunting or fighting. They seem contented, and their lives are indeed more enviable than those of the Brazilian lady in the interior. The Indian woman rows her boat, goes about in the woods and open air, works and makes herself useful, while the Senhoras live indoors, in an almost nun-like seclusion. Many of them do not go out for weeks together, and hardly step to the door or window. They are negligent of their dress, for they rarely see any one, and their sad lives are pitiful to imagine. Entirely removed from contact with the external world, their household life affords no charm or change.

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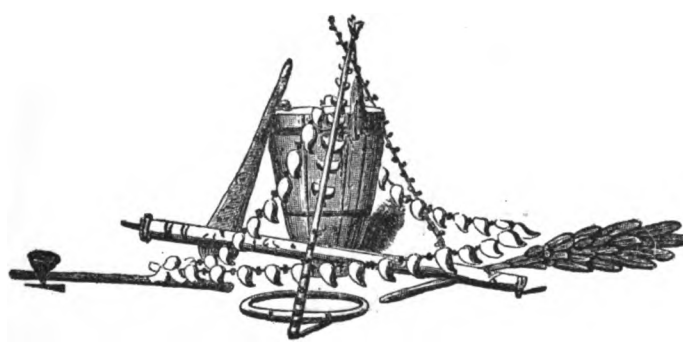
They have no books, and no education, and live from day to day without purpose and without ever thinking of their absolute uselessness.

It would be a delightful task to unfold here a picture of the Amazon, that gigantic river which flows almost across the whole continent at its widest point, with the drainage of nearly the whole empire; itself a sea of fresh water, which may be traced for hundreds of miles from the coast. But our space and the object of our work forbid us these pleasant digressions, and we turn our backs upon the great river and its surroundings for a long and tedious passage across the Atlantic, to the southern extremity of the "DARK CONTINENT."



ORNAMENTS AND UTENSILS OF BRAZILIAN INDIANS.

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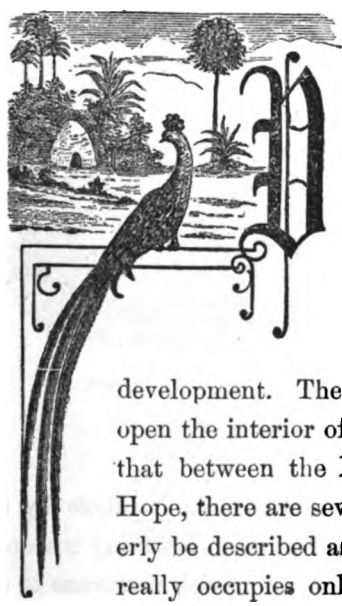
South and Equatorial Africa.

The People of the "Dark Continent." The Hottentots and Bushmen. Wooing. Marriage. Married Life. The Family and the "Kraal." Housewifery. The European Colonies. Social evils. The Farm Life of the Boers in the Orange Free State and Transvaal. Rude System of Education. Life of the Girls. The Kaffirs. Their Family and Marriage Customs. Peculiar Wooing of the Bechuanas. The remaining Bantu People. The Congoes. Women of Gaboon. Astonishing Practices. The Wife as a Pledge or Security. Concluding Remarks.



VERY little difference was observed a few years ago, between the term "African," and "negro." The various tribes and nations which inhabit Africa, do however, differ widely in descent, language, and moral development. The investigations which have recently laid open the interior of the country, have established the fact, that between the Mediterranean and the Cape of Good Hope, there are several races of people, who cannot properly be described as belonging to the negro family, which really occupies only a very moderate part of the Continent. From the equator to the European Colonies in the neighborhood of the Cape, nearly the whole space is inhabited by the "Bantus," who are entirely distinct from the negroes; north of these are settled the Hamites of the Sahara district, including Morocco, the valley of the Nile from Khartoun, and the Somali and Galla races in Eastern Africa. In the district of the Mediterranean, including Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli, the population is principally Shemitish, while the Hottentots, the remnants of a once numerous race, with the Bushmen

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who are evidently nearly related to them, dwell in the south-western corner of the continent, and in West Africa we find them either distinct or mingled with other races. Upon the great island of Madagascar, besides the aboriginal African people, are the Howas, who evidently belong to the great Malay family.

From the southern coast, the country rises in terraces. The first of these is arable land; the next higher comprises the Karu, a mon-

KAFFIR GIRL. BUSHWOMAN. HOTTENTOT.

TYPES OF SOUTH AFRICAN WOMEN.

strous table-land of sand and clay, baked to iron hardness by the heat of the sun in the dry season, yet changed in the rainy season to a blooming carpet of grass and flowers, affording rich pasturage to the herds of the inhabitants of the adjoining country. The last of these terraces is the high land on both sides of the Orange river, the southern edge of the enormous interior plateau of South Africa.

In all of these districts, and those beyond the Orange river as far as the nineteenth parallel of south latitude, the population is largely composed of Hottentots and Bushmen, who differ from the negroes in the color of their skin, which is yellowish with a tinge of red in the face. The small projecting forhead, overlooks a flattish face with

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small eyes, a broad stumpy nose, high cheek bones and thick fleshy lips. Their hair is coarse and strongly crisped, and grows in tufts. Their stature is sometimes dwarfish; their heads project strongly backward, and the lower part of the face as strongly to the front.

WOMEN OF MADAGASCAR POUNDING RICE.

This, with their large ears and little uncertain eyes, gives their faces a strong resemblance to those of the apes.

The missionaries have labored long and faithfully among them, with a moderate degree of success; but the beastly stupidity and immorality of life which characterize the lowest grade of savages, too often remain in spite of all their efforts.

The women of both races wear little clothing besides a sort of

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coat of raw hide. To protect themselves from the cold, they frequently build a fire upon the sand, and after it has burned down, dig a hole in the heated bottom, and bury themselves to the chin. They paint their faces with red earth or powdered charcoal, and are fond of perfumery, using for this purpose the powdered leaves of the Diosura and Croton.

The children run wild, as soon as they are able to walk; the girls wear very little clothing till they arrive at womanhood, which is from twelve to fifteen years of age. As with most savage and half-civilized people, the husband purchases his wife; and in all Southern Africa, she becomes a slave and a drudge at marriage, receiving the roughest, hardest treatment, which generally wears her out or kills her before middle age. Polygamy is allowed, but not very often practiced.

The houses of the Hottentots are huts shaped like bee-hives, made of twigs and mats, without chimney or window. A few stones in the centre serve to support the pot for cooking. The Bushmen satisfies himself with a screen of bushes to keep off the wind, or digs a hole in the ground like a wild beast.

The Hottentots make a sort of beer of wild honey, distil brandy from the juice of berries, and smoke the wild hemp either alone or with tobacco.

The Bushmen have a strong passion for music, and their happiness is complete if they can get possession of a fiddle. They make an instrument with two strings, stretched across a hollow gourd, from which they manage to evoke the sonorous music of the German hymns and the sweet melodies of old Scottish ballads.

Beyond the country of the Hottentots and Bushmen, we come to that of the Kaffirs or Bantus; the latter being only a collective designation for a vast number of tribes or families who occupy the extensive space between the coast of Natal, the equator, and the Atlantic and Indian oceans.

Essentially nomads, they carry on a rude kind of agriculture, which is considered a less honorable business than caring for their herds, which they turn over to their women exclusively. Slavery is unknown to them, as well as the despotic cruelty of the negroes of

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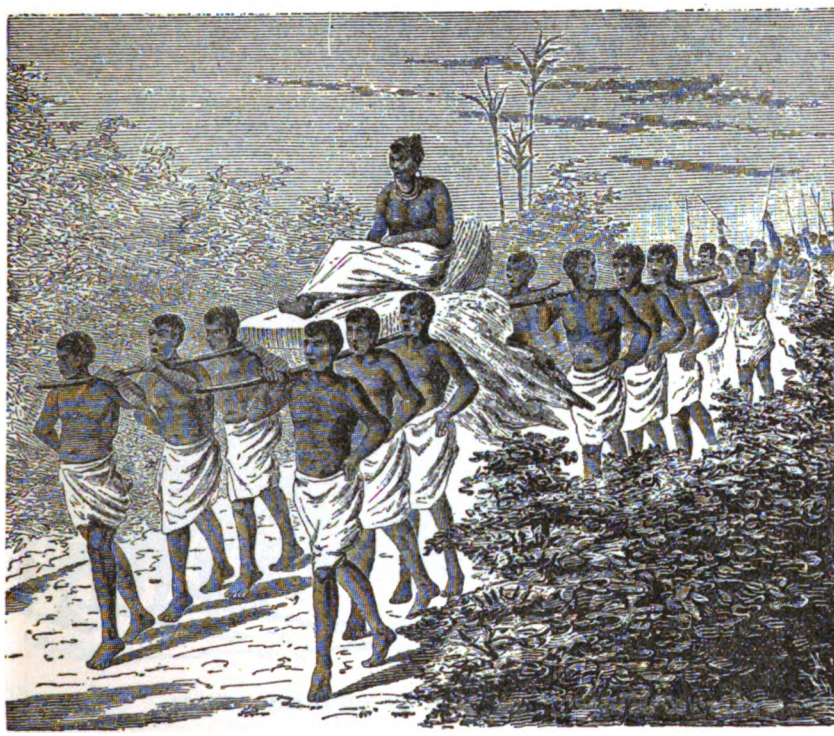
Soudan. Their military government, even among the Zulus—the bravest and most war-like of the South Africans—allows a considerable exercise of personal freedom, both of action and expression. They are distinguished for an undeniable sense of honor and chivalry, and have considerable conscience of right and wrong. Bishop Colenso,



A PRINCESS TRAVELING IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

who was sent out to convert them, and returned with his own theology desperately shaken, does full justice to their mental acuteness and powers of argument.

They are polygamists, and marry as many wives as they choose to buy and pay for. The price of a woman is a certain number of cows, which must be paid to her father before the marriage. On account of the warlike habits of the tribes, marriage is somewhat restricted; as the armies of the chiefs must consist of unmarried men, and the

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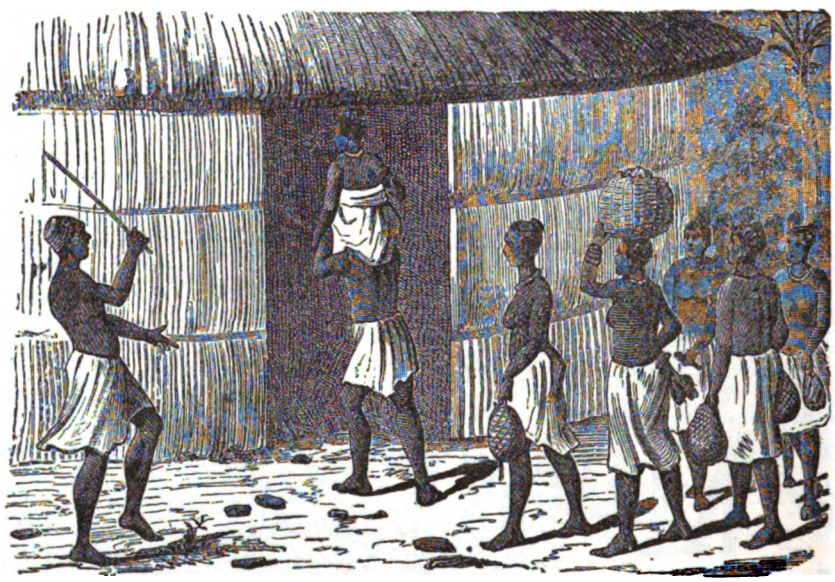
consent of the head of the tribe must be obtained before the young men can enter into the conjugal state.

The bride is brought to the house of her husband, where a marriage is agreed upon, and a solemn feast takes place with an exchange of presents—the bride giving rings, bracelets, plumes and amulets, of which the Kaffirs are extremely fond; and the bridegroom killing oxen, and entertaining his parents-in-law and guests. The troubles of



MARRIAGE PROCESSION IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

the wife begin as soon as the feast is over; she then becomes a complete drudge, and is required to abstain from the company of men, and take no part in their conversations or political discussions, in which they are as keen as the citizens of the United States or Great Britain. The customs of the Bechuanas are very similar to those of the Kaffirs, and we forbear any further description of them.

Passing on to the western coast, we come to the Congoes, including the inhabitants of Benguela, Angola and Loango, and farther along the Mpongwes, with the Bakalai, the Shekiani and the Fans in the interior.

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These last are the finest race of men in Western Africa, and their women, whose morals are very creditable, possess considerable personal attractions. The heads of the latter are very long, with foreheads rounded and projecting, and faces less thin and cadaverous than those of their husbands, and their hands are often well formed and delicate. They dress their heads with beadwork, which comes down over the forehead; their arms and legs are ornamented with rings of polished iron and copper, and young mothers color their bodies with red paint.

AFRICAN COIFFURES.

Their only clothing is a piece of bark drawn under the belt, and spread out behind like the tail of a turkey.

Congo women are not better treated than women elsewhere in Africa. Indeed, it is said that one of the greatest marks of affection which a husband can bestow on his wife, is a good horse-whipping; and that a Congo wife considers herself very badly used, and her relatives remonstrate with the husband, if she does not receive due chastisement at regular intervals. A woman may ascend the throne; and one such a case is known. Shinga was the name of the Negro queen. She came to power in the year 1640; but through the intrigues of the Jesuit priests, to whose rites she did not choose to submit, was forced to fly the kingdom, after contending with her

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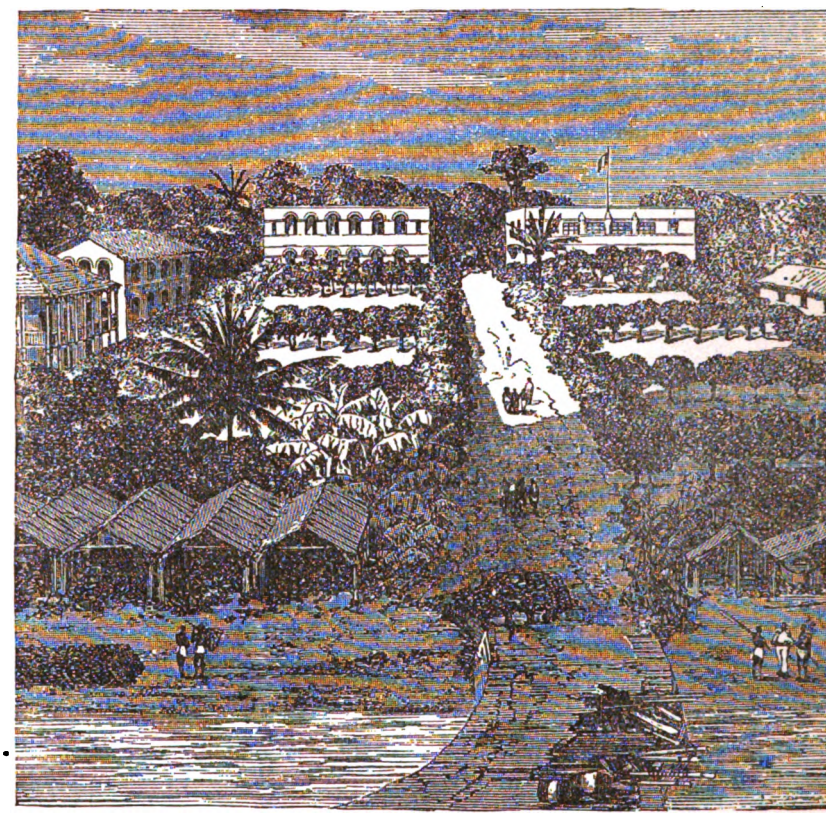
nephew in three pitched battles, which she lost. In 1646 she regained her kingdom, after many vicissitudes of fortune. But by this time Queen Shinga had got so accustomed to war, that she cared for nothing else, and her life was spent in hostilities against the neighboring king-



A GABOON SETTLEMENT.

doms. Before she undertook any new enterprise, she would sacrifice the handsomest man she could find.

The children are merry and careless, with very intelligent faces, which change as they grow older, and the peculiar type of the race developes. The roundness of the face gradually disappears, the cheek-bones project, and the forehead protrudes, in a form peculiar to the Congo people.

The country of the Gaboons or Mpongwes, is a French dependency.

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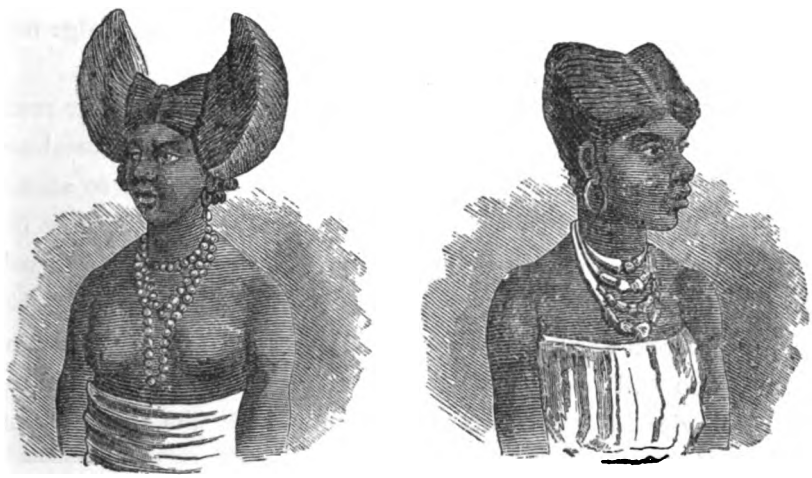
The river from which it takes its name, though of considerable size at its mouth, is only one of the short water courses of the western coast. Most of the territory lies under the equator, and the climate is intolerable to Europeans. The high temperature of the air, highly charged with electricity and saturated with dampness, relaxes and exhausts the system, and the discomfort increases in the rainy season, till the body grows torpid; sleep brings no refreshment, the mind is dulled, and



WOMEN OF GABOON.

unusual exertion destroys the appetite. If adults succeed in becoming acclimated, their children degenerate or die.

But the Mpongwes seem rather to enjoy this horrible vapor bath, and are as much at home in it as salamanders in the fire. Their women are quite pretty with well-formed feet and hands, and noses just perceptibly flattened; their mouths are not large, and their teeth are faultless. The color of their skin, the principal distinction between them and most of the Western Africans and the Negroes, is a dark bronze. They are fond of trinkets, and wear necklaces of beads, to which with amulets and charms, they are proud to attach the keys of their chests.

They run about their villages with a single piece of woollen cloth thrown about their waists, leaving the upper part of the body un-

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covered; chatter to each other about the news of the day, and seem to be happy—though they do all the work, and soon become old and ugly. The girls are married at ten, mothers at fourteen, and old women at twenty.

The marriage ceremonies are simple, though the Fetich man contrives to have a good deal to do in preparing the way for them by his magic, and makes the wooer pay him pretty roundly for his aid. Once married, the husband holds his wife in complete subjection. If he tires of her, he can hire her to a neighbor, sell her, or pledge her as security for his debts.

When the husband goes from home, he locks up in his house such of his wives as he does not choose to take with him. True, a bamboo-walled prison is not very difficult to break through; but so accustomed are these wretched women to subjection, that they simply lie down and sleep away their enforced leisure until their lord returns. The wife is not, however, altogether helpless. If she is ill-used she can seek redress from the village chief, or take refuge with her parents, who will not surrender her unless the husband promises better behavior in future, and makes a present in the shape of an indemnity to the father-in-law.

Slavery exists in a tolerably mild form, and the distinctions between master and servant are not very great; but the children of a female slave rank below those of the wife, and Mpongwe girls are not often allowed to marry slave men.

Their chief is selected from the numerous relatives of his predecessor, and his subjects at his election compel him to undergo a thorough course of discipline for all his sins, in a public assembly; having done which, they obey him next day as their sovereign, much because of their fear of the French, who do not favor disorder among them, and will not allow them to fight for mere pastime.

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AFRICAN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

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STREET IN AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

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Through ✣ Soudan.

The King of Dahomey and his Amazon Guard. The 3,333 Wives of the King of Ashantee. Despotism. Wild Customs of the Eweawos. Liberia. The Fellahs. Their Women and Dress. Bornou. Characteristics of the Negroes. Their Dress, Character, Women, Houses, and Family Life. Slavery. The Slave Trade. Song of Slave Women in the Desert. Egyptian Soudan. Khartun. Sir Samuel Baker, and Lady Baker. Fraulein Tenne.

IN following the Gaboon coast northward, we come to the mouth of the Niger. From this point along the Atlantic coast to Senegal, and extending eastward to the region of the Nile, and including the rich and fruitful country in which that river takes its rise, lies the home of the negroes, commonly known as Soudan or Negritia, an extensive region with a great variety of soil, climate, and productions, and an equal variety of peoples; nearly all, however, belonging to the negro family. The eastern portion of this district consisting of the provinces of Sennaar, Kordosan and Darfur, is called Egyptian Soudan, and in the south, its boundaries cannot be exactly defined.

Upon the delta of the Niger, which has twenty-two outlets into the Atlantic, there is a multitude of copper-colored tribes, given over to gross superstitions, and practicing the sacrifice of human victims and cannibalism to a horrible extent. Prisoners of war are eaten by their captors in the hope of strengthening the courage of the latter, and human flesh is sold openly in the markets.

The two negro kingdoms of Dahomey and Ashantee, lying more remote from the coast, have long been celebrated for cruelties and massacres too abominable to describe.

The King of Dahomey resides in Abomey, a city of about 30,000 inhabitants. His palace is only a great collection of huts, standing among gardens, and affording dwellings for his numerous wives, and

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his famous Amazon Guard. The wall which surrounds this enclosure, is covered with rows of human skulls; and in the temple within, blood is constantly flowing. When the king grants an audience, he is surrounded by the women of his court, several hundreds in all, and by his Amazons in full uniform, with their arms in their hands. His three favorite wives and the general of the Amazons are placed next to the throne.

These Amazons are braver and more efficient soldiers than the

WIVES OF THE KING OF DAHOMEY.

men. They are divided into corps of artillery, infantry, and elephant hunters, each of which have their appropriate uniforms and designations, with an equipment better than that of the men. The handsomest of them wear a blue uniform and white caps, with the figure of a cayman in blue upon the front, and are armed with bows and arrows. Formerly supposed to have been the wives of the king, it is now known that the members of this guard live in celibacy; and devote themselves entirely to war, the chase, and the dance.

The next neighbor of the King of Dahomey, is his majesty of Ashantee, who almost equals him in deeds of blood. As custom requires the former to sacrifice thousands of his prisoners and his own

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people on every great occasion, the later must be accompanied at his death by a multitude of his subjects, who are murdered in order that they may serve him in the other world. Very often this beneficent monarch makes sure of the matter, by despatching them before his death either to be ready to serve him, or to render further service to his ancestors. Frequently he sends them to inform his predecessor of his welfare, or tumbles them by dozens into the river, to wait upon any of the royal ghosts who may wish to bathe.

In one sense at least, he is a modern Solomon. He is limited in his matrimonial aspirations to the small number of 3,333 wives. Strange as it may seem, the position of royal consort is not entirely desirable. Most of them are slaves, and employed constantly in the labors of the household or garden; and any communication with other men is punished with frightful barbarity. Only one woman enjoys distinguished consideration in the palace—the queen mother—who is consulted in all the business of State, and exercises absolute sway over the other females of the establishment.

In other respects, the Ashantee women enjoy much freedom—if freedom is possible under a government where any subject may consider himself mercifully treated, if his head is struck off at a single sweep of the sword of the executioner, instead of being sawed away slowly by blades of cutting grass, or having his vitals picked out leisurely by the royal vultures. But the women can at least use their tongues, and often do so with remarkable effect. When the army goes out to battle, and the whole nation is the army, a woman is intrusted with the duty of shooting the laggards, which she does with great promptness. And the general who loses a battle, generally prefers to kill himself, rather than run the gauntlet of the women's tongues on his return.

Yet in a little corner between these two habitations of cruelty, there is a small nation, which has nothing in common with its bloodthirsty neighbors, and displays on the contrary, some of the better features of family life. This is the Ewe, or Eweawo, as they prefer to call themselves. In spite of the slave trade and other ugly features, there is no lack among them of family virtues. The relations between

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parents and children are highly exemplary. The name of their mothers is ever on their lips, and woe to him who injures the mother of any one of them, or applies to her any but her proper designation. The Ewe seems always to remember that a man has but one mother, and turns to her at all times with unremitted tenderness. Marriage

WOMEN OF EWE.

with them is a matter of purchase, or family arrangement, often concluded between the parents while the parties are in tender infancy. Each bridegroom is bound as a payment on account to the father of his bride, to put a new house, entirely furnished with household and kitchen utensils at his disposal.

Divorces are said not to be allowed, and the widows may not dispose of themselves; but pass with the inheritance of their deceased husband to the next of kin, usually his brother.

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Proceeding along the coast of Upper Guinea, we come to the negro Republic of Liberia, founded by the Colonization Society of the United States of America, as a place of refuge for the slaves who might be emancipated by their masters, and whom the laws of some of the States formerly forbade to remain within their boundaries after they became free; and used by the United States Government as a place of settlement for the Africans rescued from the slave vessels by the cruisers of the American navy. Many circumstances have combined to retard the full development of the benevolent ideas of the founders. The emancipated slaves were almost without exception Americans by birth and association, without any traditions of the country of their forefathers, and requiring as thorough an acclimatization as the whites, upon reaching the African coast. Few were willing to brave the sea voyage, and the unknown realities of a wild and savage country, and still fewer were possessed of the intelligence, energy and perseverance necessary for the foundation of a colony under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. And the negroes rescued from the horrors of the slave ships, were only savages, often sprung from tribes bitterly hostile to each other, and requiring to be tamed and domesticated before civilization was possible for them. Add to these difficulties the hostility of the native tribes on the frontier, easily excited to war and robbery, and of the entire slave trade in all its branches, and it is easy to see that the Negro Republic had little reason to hope for speedy development. It has, however, achieved a moderate degree of success, and its position among the nations is now acknowledged. Several of its presidents have been men of ability, and its schools and missionary labors have been maintained with tolerable results. But its highest achievement has been in adding another link, three hundred miles in length, to the cordon which civilized nations have stretched along the coast of Africa, against the rovers of the seas upon the one hand, and the savage nations of the interior on the other, and which is now practically complete. The foreign slave trade of Africa is virtually extinct upon the west coast, and the Negro Republic has been a great factor in the solution of this important and difficult problem.

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Between the negroes of the Western and Central portions of Soudan, another race of people is found, scattered over a territory of considerable extent, and called Fellahs. These are neither Negroes or Hamites, but a sort of middle link between the two. They are industrious and skilful herdsmen and farmers, and useful workmen, with a deep religious sentiment, which, when they happen to be Mohammedans, frequently develops an intense fanaticism. Polygamy is uncommon among them, and the reputation of their women is excellent.

The girls marry at an early age and soon become faded and ugly.

TYPES OF WOMEN OF SOUDAN.

The old women grow frightful, and increase their ugliness by dyeing their bleached locks a bright red. Most of them anoint their heads freely with Castor oil, which falls upon their scanty clothing and gives it a disagreeable odor. Their hair is braided in three strands, which are rolled together. Rings of metal and horn are worn upon their arms and ankles, and pendants of the same are hung in the ears. The girls wear only a leather band about the waist, with a sort of fringe attached; and married women, trousers of a very homely shape. Some of them wear veils, a custom which has come in with Mohammedanism, to which their distaste for music and dancing may also be imputed. The children are bright and quick to learn, so far as their schools give them the opportunity.

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Returning to the Negroes, we pause for a moment at Timbuctoo—the famous Queen city of the Desert—with a population of 13,000, increasing during its fairs to about 20,000, and little else worthy of note in its people or situation, which is about twenty miles from the most northern bend of the Niger.

Leaving Timbuctoo, we reach, after a wearisome journey, Bornu, the first of the kingdoms of Central Soudan, which has a black population; generally Mohammedans and tolerably civilized, with a government progressive and enlightened in some respects, though retaining many barbarous usages. They have a good army, and the Capital, Kakn, appears to excellent advantage—though cursed with the prevalence of slavery, which is deeply rooted.

BORNU MOTHER AND CHILD.

Much the same may be said of Bhghirmi, which though less advanced in moral and educational respects than Bornu, is equally well governed by Sultan Ali. There is little to relate of the women of Baghirmi, whose dress consists of a thin cord or strings of beads about the waist, which is drawn between the limbs and fastened in front, and leather garters adorned with cowry shells, necklaces of beads, and pieces of glass or wood stuck through holes made in the lips. Their hair is cut close, either all over the head, or in front; in which case the back hair is worn short.

Polygamy is the basis of the family, and women who do not become mothers may be sold as slaves. But on the other hand, after the birth of the third child, they may return to their father's house if they please, that amount of offspring being considered an equivalent

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for the price their husbands have paid for them. Northwest of Wadai, and northeast of Bornu, the negro country dips far into the Sahara, extending to the Oasis of Fezzan and beyond the tropic of Cancer. This region, called Tibesti, is peopled by a hardy and energetic race, who are obliged to undergo great privations in hunger and thirst, from the wretched nature of their country.

The clothing of the women consists generally of sheep or goat's skins, with which they contrive to cover their nakedness by the exercise of considerable skill. Besides these, they have what is called the blue Bornu chemise, over all of which they sometimes throw great pieces of blue, or red and white calico. Of ornaments they have a profusion. They pierce the right side of the nose, and place in the opening pieces of coral of a cylindrical form, if they can get them; if not, ivory or bone ornaments are used. Their arms are loaded with bracelets, of ivory or horn, sometimes two inches broad. Above the elbow a small band of pieces of agate, cowry shells and pearls, is worn. The neck is adorned with necklaces of beads, etc., and the hair braided in many strands, of which those in the middle are the largest, reaching from the back of the head to the forehead.

At Tibbu, the women carry arms. Under their clothing it is customary for them to conceal a dagger, which they never lay aside. Richardson was mistaken in supposing that this dagger was worn on account of their love intrigues, as they are among the most faithful wives in the world. Yet like the men, they are hasty and quarrelsome, and do not hesitate to settle their differences by fights, frequently terminating in bloodshed. In these, however, their favorite weapon is not the dagger, but a thick cudgel, without which no Tibbu woman leaves her house. They carry it on their shoulder, and also a leather strap, with which their clothing can be drawn closely about them in the event of a fight, so as not to interfere with the free use of their limbs.

Before entering Egyptian Soudan, with which we shall close our notice of the Negro Races, we propose to sketch in a brief and rapid manner, their leading traits of character.

The Negro is an undeveloped child of nature, a sensible being in

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whom fancy predominates, and mirth is a fundamental principle. Fond of trifles, eager for show, always ready for noise and fun, he is naturally musical, and forgets all his cares and troubles at the sound of a violin. All negroes dance. Some one has said: "When the sun goes down, all Africa dances;" and if the remark had been confined to the negroes, it would have been reasonably correct.

His mental energy is moderate, and kindness and gentleness are a natural result of the indolence of his character, rather than of his inborn goodness of heart. Kind to his friends, to whom his hand is open with a liberality without forethought, he is a savage and cruel enemy. He goes from the heights of jollity to the depths of despair at a bound, and returns as easily. Naturally affectionate, his wife is his slave, and he is a hard master, but his affection for his children is often strong and deep.

His house is a hut generally formed of straw or twigs, shaped like a bee-hive, and surrounded by an enclosure in which his wife raises grain and vegetables, and his cattle are stalled.

In the social relations of the Negro, slavery is the most conspicuous feature. Every negro wants to be the master of some one, and most of the negro wars have had slavery connected with their origin in some manner.

The internal slave trade of Africa is a disgrace to humanity. The sufferings of the poor wretches who are yoked together like cattle, and driven from one station to another, chained in long lines, their hands bound behind them, their flesh torn to shreds with the cruel thorns of the African jungle, or lacerated with the fearful lash of the driver; dropping one by one from fatigue and despair, till the great slave roads are whitened with their bones, have often been described, and we need not dwell upon them.

But we give a single picture which has inspired one of the choicest effusions of one of the noblest and best of American poets. Richardson says in his journal: "This evening the slave women sang with unusual feeling, and I was led to ask my servant, Said, what they were singing."

"Oh," said he, "they sing of Rubie (God). They ask Him to

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AFRICAN PALM TREE.

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give them their freedom, and say, 'Where are we going? The world is very wide. Whither do we go, Oh God?' They remember their home in Bornu, and say, 'Bornu was a rich and beautiful land, rich in all good things; but this is a bad land, and we are wretched. Oh, God, give us our freedom and let us go back to our dear home again."

Whittier has rendered this in the following touching poem:—

SONG OF SLAVES IN THE DESERT.

WHERE ARR WE GOING? WHERE ARE WE GOING,
WHERE ARE WE GOING RUBIE?

Lord of peoples, Lord of Lands
Look across these shining sands,
Through the furnace of the noon,
Through the white light of the moon.
Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,
Strange and large the world is growing;
Speak and tell us, where we are going;
Where are we going, Rubie?

Bornu land was rich and good,
Wells of water, fields of food,
Dourra fields and bloom of bean,
And the Palm tree cool and green;
Bornu land we see no longer,
Here we thirst, and here we hunger;
Here the Moor man smites in anger,
Where are we going, Rubie?

When we went from Bornu land
We were like the leaves and sand
We were many, we are few;
Life has one, death has two,
Whitened bones our path are showing,
Thou, All-seeing, Thou All-knowing,
Hear us, tell us, where we are going;
Where are we going, Rubie?

Moons of marches from our eyes
Bornu land behind us lies;
Stranger round us day by day,
Bends the desert circle grey;
Wild the waves of sand are flowing,

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Hot the winds above them blowing.
Lord of all things, where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubie?

We are weak, but Thou art strong,
Short our lives, but Thine is long.
We are blind, but Thou hast eyes
We are fools, but Thou art wise.
Thou our narrow pathway knowing,
Through the strange world round us growing.
Hear us, tell us where we are going,
Where are we going, Rubie?

With this "Slave Song" of the desert, we close our observations on Soudan, and turn our faces eastward towards Darfur and Kordosan, and the country of the Upper Nile, so far as it is embodied in the Egyptian domain. This extensive region, through which the Nile flows, with its gigantic network of waters, includes the races of the Shillooks, Denkas, Bongos, Mittus, Aliabs, Barris, etc., etc., and the Negro kingdoms of Sandeh (Niamniam), and Monbuttu.

Egyptian Soudan is astonishingly wretched in appearance, and has not a point which Europeans could safely occupy, on account of its pestilential climate, and the brutal barbarity of the inhabitants. The principal city in it is Khartoun, a creation of Mohammed Ali, at the confluence of the Blue and White Niles, in which a population of from thirty to forty thousand swelters amid the vapors of decaying garbage and the slime of successive inundations. Surrounded by sandy deserts, the place is about as objectionable as can well be conceived, but possesses immense facilities for business, if one could but live to carry it on. The ivory and ebony, and other choice productions of the interior find here their leading outlet, and enlightened Europe and savage Africa meet, in what has been fitly styled "a hell for honest men and a paradise for scoundrels." Notwithstanding the energetic remonstrances of foreign powers, and the heroic exertions of Sir Samuel Baker, who attempted to grapple at the head of an army, with the slave problem at its centre, the slave trade still goes on. For some years the human merchandise was registered at Assuan, the first cataract of the Nile, as "camels," in order to divert the sus-

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picions of Europeans; and every intrigue, and deceit, and falsehood, in which ages of practice have made the African races adepts, has been brought to bear upon the continuance and perpetuation of the horrible business.

Sir Samuel Baker, whose singular energy and perseverance were only equalled by his zeal for the advancement of science, and his liberal and enlightened philanthropy, had, as we have said, undertaken the mighty task of suppressing the slave trade, in the Upper Nile country; and also of determining the relations between the immense inland sea, the Victoria Nyanza, which Speke had discovered, and the Upper Nile. Proceeding in his difficult and dangerous undertaking, in spite of the treachery of the Egyptian officials, the barbarity of the savage people he encountered, and the deadly climate, he reached the lake and was enabled to solve for us the riddle of the source of the Nile. Not the least interesting feature in the story of his expedition, was the fact, that in all its perils, he was accompanied and ably seconded by his wife, whose heroism and energy as well as her steady firmness and presence of mind in appalling dangers, have challenged the admiration of the whole civilized world. In her we have seen a woman delicately and tenderly reared, with more than the ordinary share of feminine graces, displaying an ability and executive capacity, a patient zeal for the achievement of great philanthropic and scientific objects, and a heroic endurance of privation which few men have equalled.

A SLAVE GIRL.

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Another lady, equally brave and self-sacrificing, with an equal devotion to the same high ends, was less happy in the results of her undertaking than Lady Baker. The celebrated Fraulein Tinne, in her expedition, lost successively her mother, her sister, two Dutch serving women, and her male companions, Dr. Stendner and Signor Contarini, by the fever of the country. Undeterred by these disasters, she persisted in pursuing her explorations, and relying upon a French treaty with the Tuareg chiefs, set out from Morsuk. Although she had purchased her free passage through their country by munificent donations, a band of Arabs and Tuaregs, opposed her progress; and on August 1, 1869, a contest ensued between the Arabs and Tuaregs, in which Fraulein Tinne interposed, hoping to make peace. Her intervention, however, was the signal for the murder of the whole company. The quarrel had only been a feint, and the murder of the adventurous lady and her suite, was predetermined—excited no doubt by her reported wealth.

SIR SAMUEL AND LADY BAKER.

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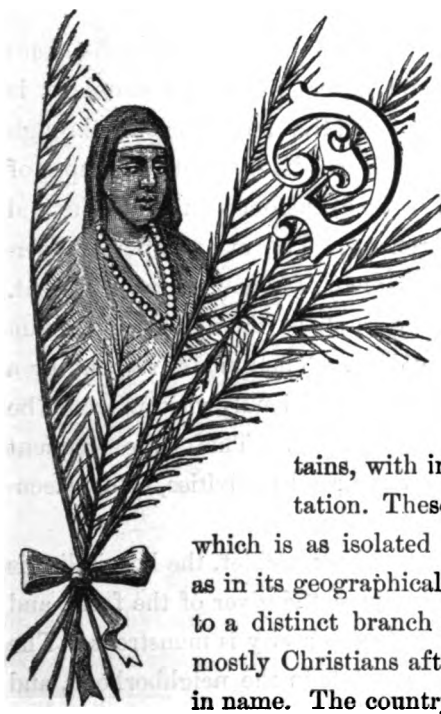
Nile-Mediterranean Countries.

ABYSSINNIA. An Abyssinnian Wedding. Galla and Somali. The Nubians. Modern Egypt. Ismail Pasha's Administration and Extravagance. The Egyptian Ladies. External Appearance. Toilette and Street Costume. Other Typical Women. A Famous Woman. The Fellah Women. Tripolitans. The Women of Fezzan. Family Organization of the Arabs. Women of the Nomads. The Tuaregs and the Extraordinary Position of their Women. Marriage Relations. TUNIS and ALGIERS. Tunisian Jewesses. The Kabyles. The Life of their Women. Social Institutions and Customs. MOROCCO. Marriage Relations. Jewesses in Morocco.



DEEPLY indented in the eastern edge of Soudan, among the sources of the Blue Nile, lies a swampy and barren plain from which the highlands ascend; first in terraces, which grow steeper as they rise, to the edge of plateaus and rocky mountains, with intervening strips of tropical vegetation. These are the highlands of ABYSSINNIA, which is as isolated ethnographically and politically, as in its geographical position. Its inhabitants belong to a distinct branch of the Shemitish family, and are mostly Christians after some fashion or other, at least in name. The country is overrun with private nuns and monks, who have little influence in the moral development of the people, each of whom allows himself a wide liberality of morals and customs.

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There is no education, except among the children destined for the church, who receive a smattering of instruction. The remainder of the youth grow up in neglect until the age of five or six, when they are put at work. The care of the household devolves upon the women, who seem to take little pride or pleasure in it. The houses are huts of the rudest kind, built of earth and twigs, through which wind and storms find their way readily, in spite of the thick coating of dirt which lines them on the inside. They have but one door, through which the smoke passes out, and the fire in the middle blackens all the furniture with soot.

The grade of their civilization is indicated by the position of their women. Their marriages are concluded in the church in the presence of witnesses, yet any one is free to have as many illegitimate wives as he pleases. The Abyssinnians are guilty of all the vices of civilized nations, without an atom of shame in their composition.

Marriages frequently take place at a very early age. The betrothal lasts about three months, during which time the suitor visits the house of his intended bride frequently and never without presents, but is never allowed to see her but a moment at a time; and it is only through the connivance of a friend or servant, that he can get a glimpse of her face. When the wedding-day is fixed, custom requires the invited guests to arrive several days beforehand. The most important personages among them are the groomsmen, of whom there are eight. Some days before the marriage, they go about the neighborhood fancifully dressed singing before every door. The inmates respond by a gift, as to refuse such a testimonial to their friendly visitors would be the signal for the plundering of the house. Thefts are frequent among these excellent assistants of the bridal festivities, often executed with considerable skill.

When a marriage occurs in the family of a chief, the hospitality is unbounded, and the throng in the house of the giver of the feast, and often in the narrow streets of the village or city is monstrous. The countless guests squat upon the grass-plots in the neighborhood, and fall upon the provisions set out for them upon tables hastily improvised for the occasion. In a few moments the squeak and clatter of

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rude musical instruments begins, and the whole assembly is on its feet in an instant, yelling in the most fearful manner, "The bride comes." At this, a half-naked clown, who plays the part of master of ceremonies, leaps into the crowd, with a heavy staff in his hand, shout-

ABYSSINNIAN GIRLS.

ing, "Clear the house," and whoever does not get of the way is unmercifully cudgelled. Then comes the procession, the bride at its head, borne upon the shoulders of her brother.

In the procession are numerous women with lighted tapers. Good breeding requires those present to congratulate the bride, and lay their hands upon her head. These ceremonies often delay the official

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act considerably, and the young people gladly begin their dance, as soon as the bride has taken her seat. When they have danced to their satisfaction, the bride taking part in the amusement, the first day of the wedding terminates.

On the next, the bridegroom comes forward, and is received and greeted with similar demonstrations. He must be dressed in his best, and goes at the head of the procession to the dwelling of the bride's parents, usually riding upon a mule, and a water carrier walks behind him, with some valuable article from his bed-chamber or that of his father. Immediately after him, come the groomsmen, all fancifully arrayed and loaded with silver jewelry.

Arrived at an open space in the village, an armed soldier rides up to the bridegroom and the first groomsman, to whom he whispers a few words, and dashes back into the village. A halt is called and the groomsmen ride to the armed escort, who throw off their garments, divide into two squads, and begin a sham fight with loud cries, as if with the intention of killing the bridegroom, upon which he dodges into the house, and in the midst of the uproar, obtains the first glimpse of his bride.

Once inside, he is received by her father and led to the place of honor, where he seats himself with a solemn and sphynx-like rigidity. A long cloak is thrown over his face, and his nearest friends, the members of the family and his acquaintances, throw themselves at his feet like slaves, continuing in this humble posture for a full hour, after which the feast begins with music and singing. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, the bride, covered from head to foot with a green wrapper, is led into the chamber where the groom awaits her. The pair are placed closely back to back, and when the bridegroom has answered "Yes," to the question if he will really and truly take this woman for his wife, they join their hands beneath their wrappings. The husband then takes his wife by the shoulders, and pushes her out into the open air, where he leaves her to his friends and goes back into the house to receive the presents of her kinsmen. Two days later the groomsmen come together, and swear that they will always treat the young bride as their sister, and give her food and drink if she needs them.

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Next we come to the Nubians, a part of the so-called Nuba-Fellah family, whose western branch we have already met on the Niger. Their complexion is a reddish-brown, often nearly black, and their hair is thick and frizzled, frequently almost as crisp as that of the negroes. They are a savage and unfriendly race; drink the warm

NUBA-FELLAH WOMEN.

blood of animals, and live generally from the products of their flocks and herds. Their hair, of which they are very proud, is arranged in a series of curls covering their necks; and so matted with grease, that combing it is an impossibility. A slender wooden pin, something like that used by ladies for Berlin wool knitting, is stuck into a lock which projects from the forehead.

Their country, like that of the Abyssinnians, is subjected at times to terrible inundations from the mountain floods, in which whole

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families, or villages with their flocks and herds, are not unfrequently destroyed.

At the first cataract of the Nile, at Assuan, we enter Upper Egypt, whose magnificent ruins have been for centuries the wonder of the civilized world, and among which we might gladly linger, if our business were not rather with the living races of the present, than the splendid memorials of the past, and we turn from them to the inhabitants of the Nile districts, the harems of Cairo, and the wretched Fellah women, the most miserable of their sex, and the shame of modern Egypt.

The reign of violence in Egypt is older than the pyramids. Her princes have lived for ages in luxury, wrung from the impoverished peasantry, whose birthright seems to be only to suffer. The Ottoman satraps have generally been rapacious and cruel, and the late Khedive has merited a bad eminence among them, notwithstanding his services to science, and in some confused and uncertain way to humanity. Instances of the lavish profusion, which finally overwhelmed his administration, abound; but the gift of the magnificent yacht to the Empress Eugenie, which by the way, she never used, and the more than regal splendor of the marriage of his favorite daughter, Zenat, are the only examples of his reckless profligacy that we have room to note. On this occasion, diadems, crowns, necklaces, bracelets, girdles, and spangles, all glittering with the finest diamonds, were only a part of the trousseau of the bride, which was displayed to the wondering eyes of more than two hundred thousand people, none of whom stopped to think that each of the gems was the concentration of the tears of hundreds of wretched beings. The princess died shortly after, and the Khedive ordered dates to be scattered among the people, who shouted enthusiastic thanks for such unheard of magnanimity. At the marriage festival, two hundred thousand candles lighted the palace grounds, and the streets through which the procession passed, were sprinkled with rose water.

European ladies have been freely admitted to the residence of the modern Pharaohs. Some have even penetrated into the inmost recesses of its secret chambers. But these visits, after all, fail to convey a

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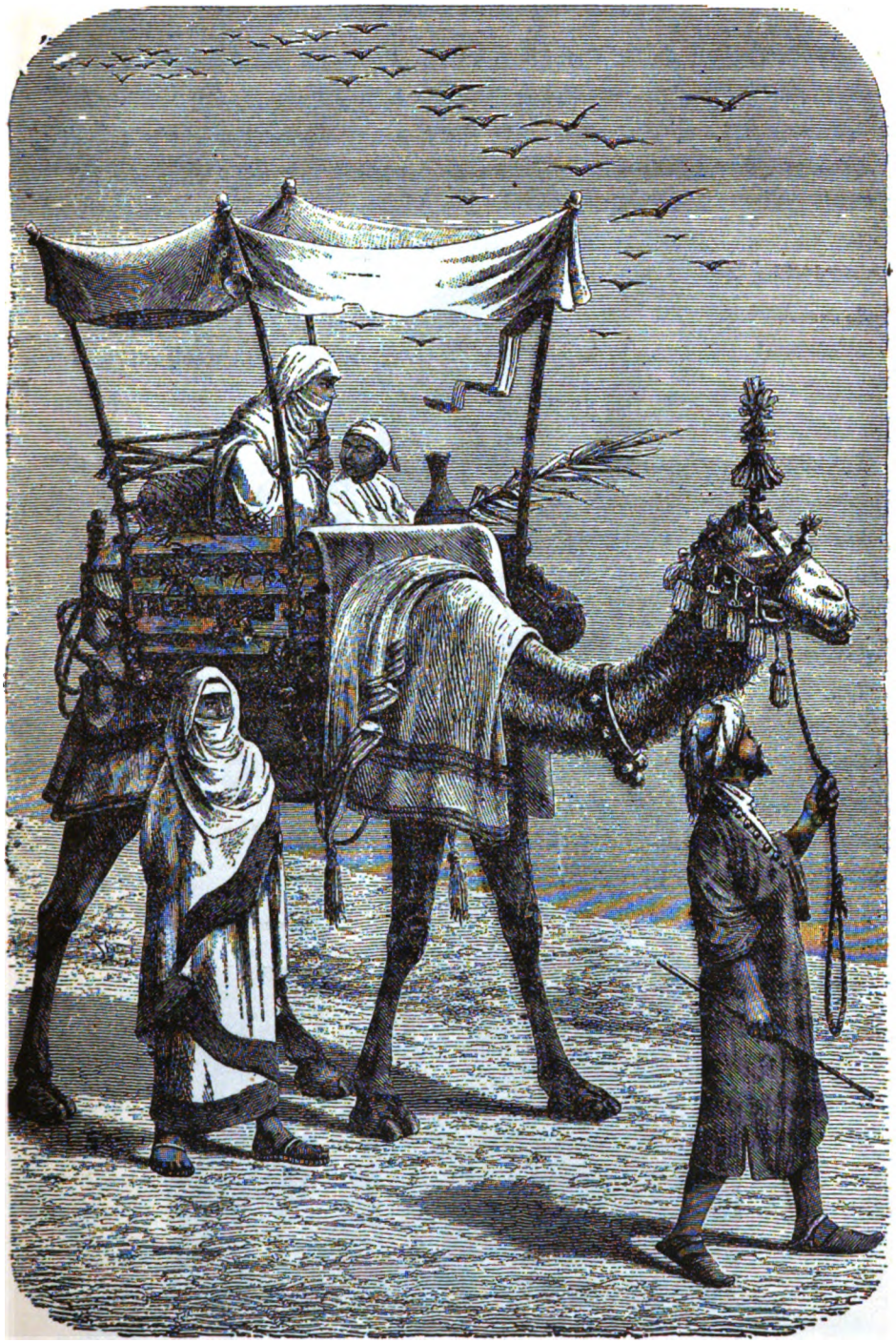

EGYPTIAN WOMEN TRAVELING.

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very reliable picture of the lives of the Egyptian royal ladies. Anticipated beforehand, each detail was carefully arranged, and the visitor saw only the brighter side. In the frequent festivities which Ismail Pasha was fond of arranging, European ladies saw only what was cal-

AN EGYPTIAN LADY.

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culated to impress them with the best features of the harem and its life—dances and masquerades, accompanied by a female orchestra, sumptuous feasts, etc., etc. Connected with all this was a certain amount of ambitious display, as by the orders of the Khedive, the vice-regal princesses distributed costly presents plentifully among their guests. Had these gifts been bestowed upon the wretched Fellahs, whom the extortions of the Pasha robbed without mercy every day, they might have borne better fruit. And after all these efforts to display the glories of the harems, the ladies who saw them have little of a really pleasing character to communicate. The princesses themselves were far from satisfied with the magnificence with which they were surrounded, and which dazzled their guests with its unheard of splendors, and declared they would gladly exchange it for a fragment of the freedom which made the European women in their eyes the happiest of mortals.

Severe judges of female beauty, before whose eyes the Grecian ideal is constantly present, are somewhat sarcastic in speaking of the Egyptian women, saying their faces are as round as the moon, and their gait very awkward; and this is moderately true, especially of the Arabian women of the country. But nearly all of them have finely formed hands and feet, and their movements are not without a certain grace. Their deep dark eyes, ever varying in expression and full of melting tenderness, are not entirely concealed by their veils. Their street dress, like that of all Eastern women, is arranged to conceal rather than to illustrate the charms of the wearer. It consists of trousers of plaid silk, with a sack-like garment thrown over them, which is puffed into a balloon by every breeze, and a thick veil with a horse-hair mask, which covers the face and enables them to see without being recognized. When riding astride of their steeds, as is usual in the East, they display little dignity or grace; but in their carriages they appear to better advantage.

The characteristics of the remaining women of Egypt may be summed up in a few words. The Nubians may be known by their breasts adorned with gold, and massive rings of silver in their noses and lips; the Bedouins wear numerous trinkets, their masks

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glitter with gold coins, and the Abyssinnian flower girls go up and down the market places, gay with gold leaf, coral, or colored beads.

Next we notice the Dancing Girls, or Ghanazi, and the Almeh or Singing Maidens, who are never absent from any place of amusement or social gathering; many of these enjoy considerable renown as artists, but they are entirely ignored socially. One whose name was Sakna, was their leader twenty years ago, and her songs and ballads were great favorites.

The race of famous Egyptian women seems to have perished with Cleopatra. Some of the Turkish Sultanas have attained renown, but

EGYPTIAN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND ORNAMENTS.

scarcely a single female name appears in Egyptian history, with the exception of a few of very doubtful reputation. Prominent among these, was Nazly, the favorite daughter of Mehemet Ali, whose name still lingers among the people, and whom the Eastern traveler, Vincenti, made the heroine of a novel. Her father called her the great princess, although she was small and slightly built. At ten years of age she was a wife, read the Persian poets, wrote madrigals, and composed a pantomime for the great Beiram feast.

A year later, she sent Sultan Mahmoud six white and six black dancing girls, whom she had taught the details of their art. At that time she lived in winter in a little palace near the Mosque of the Maiden, connected with the "Red Baths," whose keeper—a Jew—

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died wealthy, and was supposed to have aided the princess in her intrigues. The windows of the palace were walled-up by order of Mehemet Ali, so as to prevent her from receiving the attentions of her friends and admirers. He gave her at length in marriage to his treasurer, Deftadar Mohammed Bey, called by the people after his bloody pacification of Dongola, and from the fact of his keeping a tamed tiger in a cage to terrify the wretched Fellahs, "the Tiger of Dongola." Nazly soon rid herself of her husband by a cup of poisoned coffee, which she prepared with her own hands. She survived him but a short time, and died in her twentieth year. Her grave is not to be found in the splendid burial place which her father prepared for his family, and the Fellahs imagine that she is still living.

WOMAN FROM TUNIS.

In strong contrast to the ladies of Cairo, is the Fellah woman, whose all consists of her blue cotton chemise, her water pitcher, and a few pieces of copper or bronze jewelry; and from whom the extortioners of the Pashas, have not hesitated to snatch the rings in her ears, and the kettle upon her hearth.

The young Fellah girl grows up like the animals, until all at once she is transformed into a woman, full of natural grace and splendid in physical proportions. Her skin is like bright brass, her forehead low but expressive, her great dark eyes deeply set and beaming with liquid light, her teeth regular and perfectly white, and her smile charming.

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From Egypt we turn to the shores of the Mediterranean—Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, with the adjacent Sahara. The aboriginal Tripolitans are Berbers; the remainder of the population is made up of Teboos and Arab tribes, who are sometimes agricultural, and sometimes nomadic. In the oasis of Fezzan the women are short and fat, and their only article of dress is the "Burakan," which they toss around them and fasten with a girdle at the waist. Their feet are bare, or shod with sandals of palm bark; their hair is anointed with melted butter, which soon becomes rancid, and filled with the fine sand of the desert. Their morals are as loose as their dress, and not more inviting. The Arabs who roam along the coast and between it and Fezzan, are very similar to their brethren in Arabia, in manners and customs, and we need not repeat the description we have already given.

ARABIAN MAIDEN FROM ALGIERS.

We come next to the Tuaregs or Teboos, among whom the woman is the equal of her husband in family relations, holding her own dowry, controlling the education of her children, managing her own affairs, and having a voice in the councils of the tribe. Polygamy is scarcely known among the Tuaregs, the moral standing of their communities is high, and their family affection strong. The women come to maturity later than the Arabs, and retain their freshness into middle age.

Nearly every one of them can read and write, and the culture of the tribes is represented principally by them. The men treat their

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MOONLIGHT ON THE TERRACES.

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wives with respect and chivalrous devotion, and many of the knightly customs of the middle ages are retained among them; ladies embroidering mottoes upon the garments of their cavaliers, or painting words of cheer upon their shields, while the knight in return engraves the name of his lady upon the rocks, and celebrates her virtues and her charms.

The Tuaregs seldom marry till the man is thirty, and the maiden twenty years of age. Divorce is easy, but no one thinks of being "on with the new love," until he is fairly "off with the old," and has made full provision for her support.

MOORISH GIRL FROM TANGIERS.

Their marriage customs are so similar to those of the Arabs, that we need not describe them. Their law of inheritance is entirely unique. The oldest son of the eldest sister becomes the head of the family, thus preserving the purity of the race and maintaining its traditions. The dress of the women consists of a blouse of white cotton, confined at the waist by a long girdle of red woollen; their sandals are made of camel's skin; their jewelry consists of rings, bracelets of glass or silver, and necklaces of beads, and their fine figures—thus simply dressed—appear to great advantage.

In Tunis and Algiers the people are of the same races, and manners and customs are much the same as those of Tripoli. The only notable exception is among the Jewesses of Tunis, whose style of dress is a curiosity, being composed of the brightest and most striking colors in the market. This, and the corpulence of these women, excites the astonishment of every traveler. The difference between the Arabs and Kabyles or (Berbers), who form the principal part of the popula-

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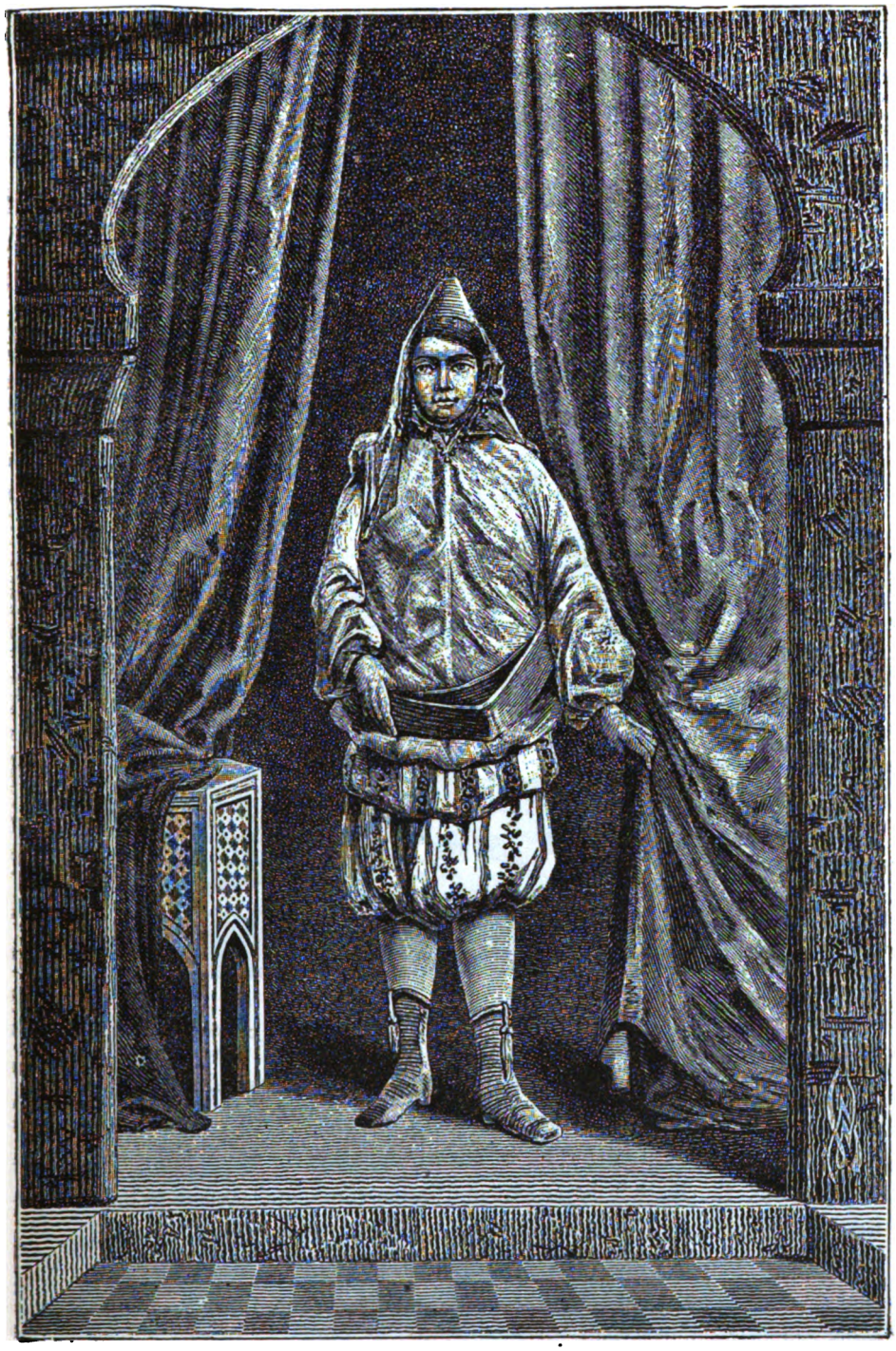

WEALTHY JEWESS OF TUNIS.

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tion of the Barbary States under different tribal designations, may be summarized very briefly. The Arab has black eyes and hair, an oval face and a long neck, while the head of the Kabyle is square and set closely upon his shoulders; his eyes are frequently blue, and his hair light or red. The Arab covers both head and feet, the Kabyle goes with both bare. The Arab has some pride in his dress; the Kabyle

KABYLE WOMEN AT HOME.

wears a dirty and ragged burnous, which he has inherited from his father. The Arab lives in a tent, which he carries with him in his wanderings; the Kabyle builds a house, and stays by it. The Arab hates work; the Kabyle is patient and industrious, and considers laziness disgraceful. The Arab contents himself with his flocks and herds; the Kabyle nurses and dresses his rocky valleys, until they are like gardens, is an excellent mechanic, a good smith, and a natural imitator. The Arab lies without shame; the Kabyle speaks the truth.

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The Arab practices and justifies treason; the Kabyle abominates a breach of faith or fealty. The Arab allows the murderer to purchase his life; the Kabyle kills him.

The contour of the Kabyle woman is decidedly better than that of her Arab neighbor. Her nose is well shaped, and her chin round and retreating; her limbs are well developed, and her hands and feet handsomely formed. She grows old tolerably early, and loses much of the gracefulness of her youth in the corpulence that comes with age. The difference in the color of the skin, eyes, and hair of particular individuals of both sexes is marked, varying from fair to very dark in complexion, and from light to jet black in the eyes. The national sin of the Kabyles is their uncleanliness. Their houses have no opening besides the door and no kind of a chimney, and men and beasts live together under the same roof; the bipeds sleeping huddled together in dirty rags upon the earth, which is not even covered with a mat. No one gives any attention to the health of the children, among whom opthalmia seems to be hereditary and almost universal.

The Kabyle women are passionately fond of ornaments, with which they cover themselves from head to foot. Women and men are industrious and unwearied workers. In the harvest time all turn out; the women sitting in a circle and beating the grain from the ears with a mallet of wood, shaped like a wine bottle. Others winnow it, under the direction of an overseer, who sits upon the floor, clothed only with an apron about his loins and a broad-rimmed straw hat. When engaged at this work, the groups present a very pleasing picture; aloes and cactuses blossoming all around them in the front, while the irregular peaks of the mountains seem to float in the hazy mist of the distant background. The skill of the women in balancing the enormous earthern pots in which they carry the water from the wells to their dwellings, is simply marvellous. These monstrous pitchers terminate at the bottom in a point so small that they will not stand alone; this point is thrust in the girdle at the loins, and the pot which weighs with its contents fifty pounds or more, is supported by one arm, bent rigidly backward.

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The girls are trained to this severe burden from twelve years old or under, and may be seen singly or in files toiling up the slopes from the wells to their dwellings regularly twice a day, balancing their unwieldly burden, with a perfection attainable only by long practice.

KABYLE MOTHER AND CHILD.

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The Kabyle purchases his wife, agreeing with her father upon her price, and the engagement is then made known. But if a higher bid

BERBER MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

is made for the damsel, the match is sometimes broken off, and bloody quarrels frequently result, sometimes involving whole tribes.

Of the Berbers of Morocco there is nothing to be said different

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from the description of the race in other places; and the same may be said of the Arabs, Tuaregs and other tribes.

The women of Morocco are generally well formed, and the Jewesses are so clebrated for their beauty, as to be greatly in demand for the harem of the Sultan. This preference has not produced the least mitigation of the very pitiful lot of their race, the miseries of which have at last rendered necessary diplomatic interference from foreign powers, to do away with some of the most shameful occurrences of this century of enlightenment.

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A PARISIAN.

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The Women of the Latin Races of Europe.

Western Civilization. Analogies between Northwestern Africa and the Spanish Peninsula. Portuguese and Spaniards. Portuguese Women. Their Daily Life. The Ladies of the Capital. Spanish Women. The Women of Grenada, Seville, and Malaga. Fashionable Life on the Prado at Madrid. The Madrid Ladies at the Bull Fights. Upon the "Rambla" at Barcelona. The French Ladies. Their Characteristics. Women of the Provinces. The Parisians. Expressions of a famous French Writer. Proverbs relating to Women. Modern Educational System and Family Life. "Her Highness," the Woman. Parisian High Life. The Women of the Renaissance. Characteristics of the Italians. The Venetians of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. Celebrated Women of the former Century. Lord Byron in Venice.

DELIGHTFUL indeed are the impressions of the traveler, who, after long wandering among barbarous or half civilized races, finds himself once more upon European soil. The mind long accustomed to the ignorance and immorality of African nations, turns with a feeling of relief from the ugly pictures which had become familiar, to the cheering contrasts of civilization and enlightenment, and the society, whose pulsations throb with intellectual life. In the midst of all the wars and convulsions of which it has been the theatre, Europe has not ceased to be the home of progress, the centre of intelligence, the rallying point of the best and purest and noblest of the human race.

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We do not pass abruptly into this continent. Between the partial enlightenment of the strip of African coast over which the Spanish flag floats, and the opposite shores of Portugal, the transition is by no means startling. The ocean which lies between has not been able to wipe out entirely the results of historical and progressive transformations. The Moors who introduced the higher culture into the Spanish Peninsula, left many traces of their work behind them at their expulsion, and carried some at least to the African shore, which became the refuge of a broken-hearted and decaying people.

We find to-day in Southern Spain and Portugal, constant recurrences of the Moorish type; institutions of Moorish origin; Moorish architecture, whose delicate and airy gracefulness seems best to embody the idea of "Poetry frozen into stone"; and dwellings, whose interior arrangements betray their origin. In Portugal women are wearing ornaments of Moorish design, and slippers and other articles of apparel of Moorish cut, and live in a manner more consonant with that of the Moors and the stiffer and more formal society of the north African coast, than with that of France or Northern Europe.

The Portuguese women differ considerably from the Spaniards, between whom and themselves the relations and connections might be supposed to be intimate enough to produce a decided similarity. They are less vivacious and mobile, more quiet and reserved. The Lusitanian ladies, like their Brazilian cousins, prefer to pass their time indoors, in some trifling employment, chatting, or arranging their toilette, while the Spaniards delight in the open air. If the Portuguese goes out, it is almost always to church, for she is the pattern of devotion. Less imaginative than the Spaniard, she has little taste for that romantic love to which the latter gives herself up with such abandonment. The young Portuguese are pre-eminently quiet; walking the streets leisurely in the long summer days, with an umbrella to shield them from the sun, and in winter with a shawl draped tastefully about them to keep off the chill of the air; but in neither case do they seem to take notice of any part of the world about them. They look modestly down upon the street, the theatre of action of the desperate young gallants, whose enterprising recklessness finds its climax in

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PEASANT WOMEN FROM SOUTHERN SPAIN.

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standing upon the corners like statues, and gazing at the ladies without an effort to make a nearer approach to them.

This sedateness permeates the home and the family. In Portugal the middle class is very numerous. Its representatives whom it is necessary to study to become acquainted with Portuguese society, are neither poor nor rich; but possessed of just enough means to place them beyond the reach of want. In their houses there is an entire absence of comforts. The furniture is limited to the most indispensable articles; clumsy wooden tables and benches, destitute of all attempts at ornamentation; beds and a few shelves. The walls are entirely bare, without a picture or a clock upon them; and flower-stands, books, vases, bric-a-brac, and other articles of luxury are as scarce as carpets, tapestries, curtains, or the other trifles, which among ourselves afford scope for the display of the taste and fancy of the individual, and make the dwelling a reflection of her personality. Even fashion seems to have lost its power. As the men read neither books nor papers, so the women never look into a fashion magazine, and musical as the country people are by nature, little of anything like music is heard in the houses.

In traveling through Portugal nothing is more surprising than the rhythmic harmony and beauty of the songs of the laborers in the fields. In this respect much of Portugal is an Arcadia, delightful with its lovely impressions and harmonies. But in the towns no trace of Arcadia is to be found; there are neither wine jars shimmering among the leaves, nor pretty gleaners filling the air with songs, but only the brown Senhoras, who pray diligently, and quiet the fervor of their brains in the cool shades of the Cathedrals.

An exception to the universal sobriety which prevails in most of the Portuguese cities, is found in Lisbon, where pomp and splendor abound, and steady sedateness has no place. Lisbon, with its castles and towers and cathedrals; its sea of houses, shimmering in the sunlight, between the blue of the sky, and the silver of the bay, is indeed a glorious and lovely picture. The prospect of the city from Tejo is so imposing in its beauty, that it has with good reason been styled the fairest capital in the world. And its society is as brilliant as its

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external aspect. The remark has been made that the fair world of Lisbon bears the stamp of frailty, which may perhaps not be denied. The women of Lisbon are the handsomest between the Minha and Algarve, and this glimmering of "fading and frailty" lends them a charm very similar to that which lingers around some glorious picture, whose colors grow pale in the lapse of ages.

The Spanish women differ as widely from each other in education and manners, as in blood and location. But one thing, with all this diversity is common to them all—their glorious beauty. In this at least, there is no delusion. The Spanish monarchy, once so powerful, is a by-word; the memory of the Spanish Kings, who filled Europe with their renown, and the terror of their armies, has faded; the graceful beauty of the Moorish palaces is sinking into decay; Spanish men seem to have lost every one of their national characteristics except their overweaning haughtiness; but the beauty of the Spanish women is as resplendent as in the days of the Cid.

A SPANISH LADY.

Spanish poetry is no longer written. The literature which in volume and in value was once unequalled in Western Europe, perishes unread in the halls of the Escuria; and if its time-worn pages are turned at all, it is by the hands of students from other lands. But the beauty which inspired the splendid creations of these poets and dramatists, has been transmitted from generation to generation, and its types may be met in every hamlet, and startle the beholder at every

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street crossing. The women of Grenada, of Seville, of Malaga; the forms and faces which lend to the magnificent Rambla of Barcelona a richer and more vivid glory, distinct as they are in the details of their loveliness, unite in the bewildering charm of their general appearance, in maintaining the fame, which for hundreds of years has given to the land between the Ebro and the Guadalquiver, the honor of being the home of the most beautiful women in the world.

Foremost among these fair ones is the lady of Grenada, around whom still seems to linger a trace of the magic which wove poetic fancies into the stones of the Alhambra, and makes its deserted courts and halls vocal with a sad sweet music. With what masterly art she folds or lifts her mantilla! With what a speaking grace she looks out from the dainty cage, which the Andalusians call a balcony. Her lips rival with their glow the delicate hue of the rose in her hair; and her veil seems to kiss lightly and lovingly the dainty bronze of her complexion, without concealing the flash of the splendid eyes beneath it.

"Whom God loves," says the old Spanish proverb, "He allows to live in Grenada;" and it is only needful to wander from the old bridge to the Alhambra, to satisfy ones' self of the truth of the saying. There, as in an eternal festival, resound the sweet notes of the mandoline or zembomba; and the player, although ragged as a beggar, never fails to draw her tattered cloak about her with the most perfect grace, or glide with the greatest elegance through the mazes of her darling fandango. Chateaubriand in his "Last of the Abencerrages," drew a picture of the dance of a maiden of Grenada, which is as true to-day as when it passed from his pen.

"One of the young girls began to play upon her guitar the air of a simple dance, which the Spaniards have borrowed from the Moors. The daughter of Don Rodrigo took off her veil, and fastened to her white hands castanets of ebony. Her jet black hair fell in curls upon her neck of alabaster; her lips and her eyes laughed in concert; her complexion was lit up by the swelling emotions of her heart.

What a variety in her steps; what elegance in her attitudes! Sometimes she lifted her arms in the vivacity of her movements, and then she

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let them fall gently by her side. Now she darted forward as if intoxicated with delight, and then fell back as if overwhelmed with pain, turning her head, she seemed to call to some one who was invisible,

JEWESSES OF LISBON.

offering her cheek modestly as to the kiss of a lover, then flying as if ashamed. The harmony of her movements and her voice was perfect, and stirred most profoundly the passions of the soul. Spanish music—composed as it is of lively movements, sad refrains, and chants suddenly broken—offers a singular mixture of gayety and melancholy."

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Only hearts such as glow beneath the close jackets of the Grenadan beauties, can impart to each gesture, and every movement of the body or the limbs, the expression of this fervid passion.

The ideal of Spanish beauty is found among the women of the people, rather than the proud ladies who take the air upon the cushions of their ante-diluvian carriages, attended in their fanciful but tasteless display by a Spanish don, as haughty as themselves.

The women of Seville may rank a step above those of Grenada. If the nature and architecture of a city may be supposed to be reflected in the characteristics of its people, Grenada is rather an exception to the rule. The contrast between its proud dames and the grey ruins of the Alhambra redolent with marvellous airiness and grace, is very striking. Every detail of the Moorish palaces is eloquent with reminders of another race than that which wanders listlessly through their deserted halls, without energy enough to preserve them from ruin, and too haughty to acknowledge its steady and certain decadence. In Seville "the city of wine and song," the life of the masses, free from the prosaic cares which too often fill the dwellings of the poor, is a ceaseless holiday. When the woman of Seville throws her mantilla about her graceful form, the very act is a power whose rhythm flows in unbroken harmony in every fold and ripple of her garments. The fanciful Spanish proverb declares that "Every lady of Seville repeats in the rustle of her mantilla the cry, Long live Seville." The garment which is so eloquent, bears the name in this locality of "Mantella de ti ra." When its wearer walks through the streets with her mantle thrown about her shoulders with inimitably easy grace, she embodies the idea of the famous song, in which the "Maja" presents herself as irresistible,

"When I wear my dark mantilla
In thy streets, beloved Sevilla,
Every eye to me is flying,
Every heart with love is vieing;
If by chance I meet a Frenchman,
With a glance he is my henchman,
With a glance his head is turning,
With a glance his breast is burning,
In his ears strange notes are ringing
Till my Litanies he's singing."

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Turning still toward the south, we come to Malaga, "the city of eternal spring, embowered among groves of orange and jessamine, and with its feet "washed by the sea," a charming city with women as delightful as their residence. The fair Malagans occupy a sort of middle ground between the Grenadans and the ladies of Seville, with less stateliness than the former, and perhaps less mercurial vivacity than the latter. Their complexion is decidedly darker than that of their northern sisters; and their eyes, if not as fiery, are adorned with extraordinarily thick brows, and long lashes which lend to their glances a deep and irresistible charm. These features, so nearly approaching the Arabic type, may be traced to the lingering remains of the Saracen blood, which has left its marks deeply imprinted in the south of Spain. Their dwellings are modifications of the Moorish style; many of them being built about open courts, with fountains flashing and sparkling in the centre, and shaded with oranges and bananas. In these courts they sit, in the heat of the day; and in the evenings the families and their friends meet to dance to the old romantic music of the country, accompanied by the guitar, or sing the popular love songs with which southern Spain abounds, and which are wonderfully delicate and graceful in thought and expression. Our language fails to render the dainty elegance of these songs. The lover invites his mistress to gather her tears in the daintiest of purses, that he may take them to Madrid, and have them set as jewels; or declares that her lips are like two curtains of crimson silk, between which he watches and waits for her "Yes."

With such a superabundance of material it would be easy to incur suspicion of over coloring. But who could attempt to describe the beauties of Malaga without being in some measure carried away by the charms which poets and historians have united in exalting for generations? Who can depict the power of the glances of those deeply veiled eyes, the indescribable shimmer of their blue black hair, in which the choicest flowers bloom and fade from day to day? Whose pen can be trusted to draw the picture of the Malagan beauty on her balcony?

But enough of such fancies: let us turn northward to the Spanish

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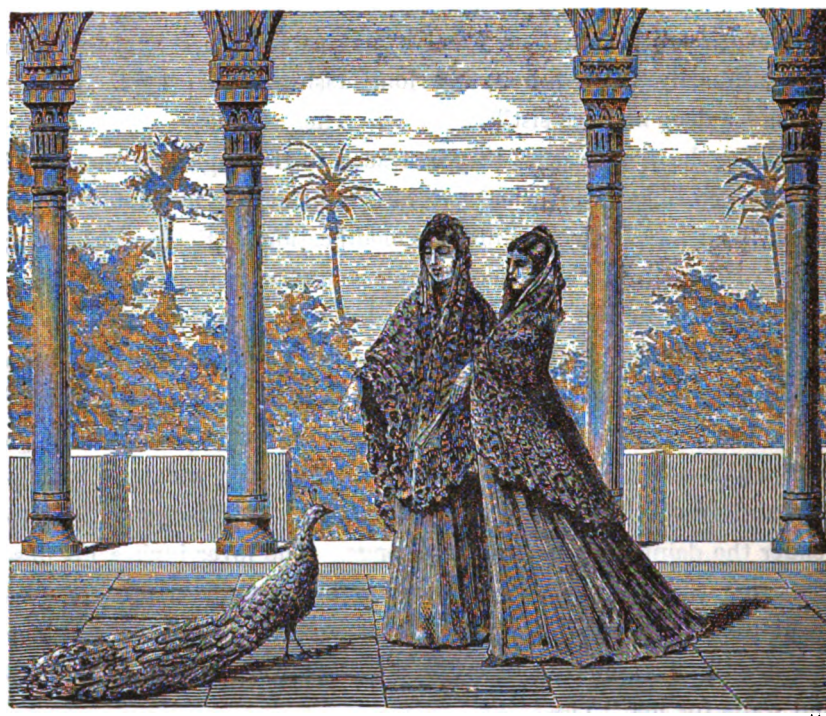
capital. As the shadows of evening settle down upon the Prado, a living stream pours along the splendid promenade; frolicsome children dart up and down in their joyous sports, and proud senoras, in their carelessly draped mantillas, waving their fans like a sea of party colored plumes, make up a splendid spectacle. There are elegant carriages, horsemen and women, managing their white Andalusian



GRENADANS.

steeds with exquisite grace; rustling silken garments, flashing eyes, and flickering gas lights, whose brightness contends unequally against the purple glories of declining day, which linger among the crowns of the lofty elms. As the darkness deepens, thousands of fire flies, glitter about the orchestra as it peals forth the Riego hymn on the fragrant evening air, and coquettish ladies look down from the balconies of the Alcala de Henares, upon the cavaliers who pass beneath. Still later, when the stars have come forth, and the last echoes

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of the music have died away the crowd disperses, and the stillness is broken only by the melancholy plashing of the fountain in its marble basin, or the low bursts of musical laughter from some merry group whom the beauty of the evening has tempted to linger a little longer on the balcony of some one of the palaces. Madrid is seen at its best at such times. The sombre uninviting city, offers its only charm in the evening; for in Spain as in Italy, and wherever the Latin race prevails, the social life of the people is at its height at this time.

But it is not among the flowers and on the Prado only that the lady of Madrid displays her charms. Her favorite amusement is to watch the bull-fights in the arena, and scarcely a muscle of her beautiful face quivers at the sight of deeds of blood and cruelty in the highest degree disgusting to most others of her sex. How gaily she greets the Torrero, as he rides forth on his gaily caparisoned steed to do battle with the savage beast, who has been goaded to madness by the darts of the Picadores. Now and then she grasps the folds of her mantilla with a firmer hand, or presses the tip of her veil in her glowing lips with a momentary thrill, as the Torrero, brave as Mars, handsome as Apollo, and strong as Achilles dashes in full career to meet his furious game. His steed is a fiery Andalusian, as may be seen by his measured gallop, his great sparkling eyes, and luxuriant mane and tail. The bull knows nothing of such nobility, and with a single deadly plunge, his horns are deep in the breast of the noble horse, and rising erect upon his hinder feet, horse and rider hang for a moment in the air. A painful movement thrills the spectators, and then a murmur rises till it rivals the roar of the angry waves. The horse's bit is white with foam; the bull tosses him from his horns like a plaything, and he falls heavily, burying his rider beneath him. Then from the fair lips of the Spanish ladies resounds a cry of grief; their hearts stand still in anxious expectation. Will the Torrero be snatched from the fury of his victorious enemy? They balance the chances with bated breath. Will he be borne from the arena dead, or living? The next second—will it never end? will decide. Already the red cloaks of the Espaderos flutter in the face of the furious beast, who turns in rage upon his tormentors, the poor horse gasps out his last

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breath and the Picadoro bears his crushed and bleeding rider forth, greeted with the huzzas of the assembly. "A wonderful sight for good Christians to see," said a poet of a very different spectacle. Strange to say, this horrible pastime, bloody, cruel, dangerous, and utterly fool hardy and demoralizing, goes on from day to day in Spain, and its spectators are the noblest and loveliest ladies in the land. Let us turn from it as best we may.

Another picture, this time of Barcelona; and we wander well pleased along the most splendid promenade in Spain—the Rambla. There is an architectural splendor here, far beyond anything in Madrid; a crowd of human beings, scarcely to be surpassed in any great city of Europe; an uproar of voices, as if the sea itself were raging through this boulevard, where marble statues look out from ambushes of shrubbery, and a luxury almost fabulous is displayed from the palace windows. Here, too, our way is stopped by the lovely ladies of Spain, the fairest flowers of the human race. When in full evening, the light streams from the candelabras through the Acacia crowns, the whole air is vocal with merry musical sounds, as the gay throng pass and repass, with jest and laughter even on their lips.

This gayety is the rule in Barcelona. The festival lasts all the year. The women and maidens are very fair; and though entirely satisfied of the fact, they display their perfections every evening upon the promenade, in a hundred different ways, and with a perfect freedom of intercourse, which is possible only upon Spanish ground.

A very different atmosphere surrounds us as we approach the French. Descriptions of French life and customs have been the never failing themes of countless writers, and the subject is still far from exhausted. In all these descriptions, the figure of woman is the most striking if not the most prominent feature. Excluded by the constitution of the old monarchy from the throne, she has in revenge, contrived to govern France with few and brief interruptions for centuries; and the wits of this gay and versatile people have never wearied of making her, by turns, the object of their adoration or their satire. Some one has said that the fundamental principle of French character was a childishness which manifests itself in their excitability,

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their frankness, and their joyous nature. Excitable to the highest degree by trifles, they are inflammable without deep emotion and enthusiastic for the shade of an idea; while their natural cheerfulness enables them to be happy with very little, and bear misfortune with contentment. Passionately fond of music, they have not developed a single great composer, singer or pianist. They might be the dancing masters of the world, if teaching the gay art were as easy for them as its practice. Intensely dramatic, they are prone to overdo upon the stage, their passions are torn to tatters with the violence of their actions, and their pathos is so tremendous that it is apt to be ridiculous. But in wit and pleasantry, in graceful expression and compliments, in epigrams pointed, and polished, and keen as the scimetar of Saladin, they have no equals. Few have a keener sense of the beautiful, the delicate and tender, and no one expresses feeling more exquisitely. They have reduced the usages of society to a science, and a single one of their expressions, "*un homme comme il faut*," has become the synonym for a gentleman among all polished people. Fickle and fond of change, they are yet capable of vast perseverance and endurance. Natural dandies, with an adaptation to the requirements of luxury almost unequalled, they are the only Europeans who have entered the hut of the Indian, and made his rude life their own. With an intense national feeling, they amalgamate with savage races, and thoughtful students of their character have concluded that it was easier for them to sink to the level of their wild hosts, than to raise the latter toward their own civilization. Professing an ardent devotion to what they delight to style the "grand passion," nine tenths of their marriages are contracted without the semblance of affection; and most of them are as entirely commercial, as those of the Bedouins.

With such fathers and husbands, and brothers, the French women could scarcely fail to be piquant and interesting. Accidents of birth and location have varied them in many details, yet the essential unity of the type is everywhere apparent. The Parisian woman may differ widely in thought and action from the provincial, but both are intensely and entirely French. The resolute free spoken woman of Picardy, the excitable maiden of Provence, the witty and brilliant Gascon, the

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calmer and more moderate native of Aurvegne, the faithful and honorable, though rather stolid Breton, and the contentious Norman, have each their peculiarities of temperament, but the ground work of their characters is the same. The nation is like a kaleidoscope filled with fragments of varying color and brilliancy, capable of displaying

COUNTRY GIRLS OF NORMADY.

an endless variety of order and arrangement, but all composed of the same material.

Let us glance a moment at this singular combination, through the spectacles of French writers of eminence, beginning with Balzac, who professed to know his subject at its best.

"The simplest woman in the world requires a little charlatanry from the best of men, and the deepest affection is nothing to her, with-

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out a certain embellishment; she needs incense, fine polish, delicate, keen, chisel work.

"Marriage," he declares, "is like a suit at law, with the result of which one party is sure to be dissatisfied; but the wife possesses an infallible means to belittle her husband, in the greatness of her sacrifice.

He asks, "Have you ever considered attentively the demeanor and action of a woman in lying? With this sex nothing is borrowed, and deception falls from their lips as naturally and lightly as snow from the clouds."

"Women know how to make the whole weight of the moral world turn in their favor, by throwing a single straw in the scale."

"The dearest object of a woman's heart, is to gain that of a man who already belongs to another. Cupid is an out and out thief at the bottom."

"To men of talents, women display their faults; to fools only their virtues."

"When women love us, they forgive us all things, even our crimes; but when they do not love us, they will not even forgive us our virtues."

Rousseau wrote, "Women generally love no art, understand no art, and have no genuis."

"Women write prettily and coldly as they are themselves pretty and cold; they are ingenious enough to win love, but they are never full of soul; they are a hundred times more prudent than passionate. They cannot describe love as they are never in condition to feel it."

On the other hand, he says in his "Emile," "The dominion of woman is the reign of gentleness, skilfulness, and the art of pleasing; her commands are kisses, her threats are tears"

Love, to the famous Pascal, was a great "*Je ne sais quoi*," which reacts upon the causes and workings of the vanity of man. "But this invisible influence, so unknown and so nearly unknowable, has often set the world by the ears, and if the nose of Cleopatra had been a trifle shorter, the whole surface of the earth might have been changed."

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Voltaire, in his Philosophical Dictionary declares, "There are so many kinds of love, that one knows not to which side to turn for its definition. It is called the whim of a day, a union without attachment, a feeling without respect, the insipidity of a cicisbeo, a cold custom, a romantic imagination, inclination followed by aversion—men give the name of love to a thousand chimeras."

Moliere maintains that the greatest ambition of woman is to influence love. "All her cares are in this direction, and no woman is so proud that she does not in heart applaud the conquests of her eyes."

Diderot is of opinion "that there is a secret league between women, as between priests of the same religion; so that while they hate, they protect each other."

The modern French writers have been at least equally free with their pens, mostly following the lead of the younger Alexander Dumas, whose creed seems to be concentrated in the following sentences:—

"Men are simple; there is no concealing the fact; the being whose existence is included between to-day and to-morrow, will have it that his sensations shall endure forever. One of these, the sweetest but the most involuntary and fleeting of them all, is called love—which has the voice and the wings of a bird. When we obtain him, we put him in a cage, and tell him, 'henceforth thou shalt sing for me only, and fly no higher than my hand.' Selfish fools that we are! The bird thus treated, either dies for want of freedom, and the man cries, 'Why did he die, his cage was of gold!' or the poor thing sings as well as he can, and his owner goes his way, saying, 'Always the same tune—how tedious!' (*Ami des Femmes.*)

Alfred de Musset is quite sure that he knows "these charming, puzzling creatures, who love of all things to have dust thrown in their eyes, and like man the better the more he blinds them."

Edmond About draws the portrait of the lady of a Parisian *salon* of the present day in a few bold strokes:—

"In almost every civilized land there is a class which distinguishes itself from the others by the name of aristocracy. Its ladies have small white hands, because they wear their gloves and do not work; pale complexions, because they avoid the sun, and a sickly appearance

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and delicate faces, because they devote the four winter months to balls. From this it follows that 'distinction' consists in pallid complexions, sickly aspects, white hands, and delicate features. Raphael's Virgins were not 'distinguished' in this manner, and the Venus of Milo is equally wanting in such points of distinction."

Theophole Gautier blows the same pipe.

"I wonder," he sneers, "that every woman who is thirty years of age, or has had the small pox, does not throw herself from the top of the highest tower she can find."

And Victor Hugo crowns these impertinences with the following master-stroke:

"Oh, this exalted Providence! It gives to each his plaything: the toy to the child, the child to the man, the man to the woman, and the woman to—the devil!"

The French proverbs and folk sayings are quite as bad, as witness a few, taken almost at random from the conversation of the people:

"A contentious woman is worse than the devil.

"A woman's tongue is her sword, which she never allows to rust."

"What the devil cannot do, a woman accomplishes with ease."

"Three women make a fair."

"He who has a handsome wife, a castle on the border, or a vineyard by the way side, will know no end of strife."

"A woman though dead, is not to be trusted."

"A mill, a clock, and a wife, are always in need of repair."

"A woman has quicksilver in her brain, and wax in her heart."

A truce to all such jibes, which only serve to remind one of the story of the lion who read one day the exploits of the hunter, "What do you think of all that?" said a friend who listened. "Lions do not write books;" said the King of beasts with calm dignity.

Notwithstanding all the wit with which Frenchmen attempt to conceal their discomfiture, the fact is notorious that much of the best of the history of their nation has been made by women. The Maid of Orleans will go down to remote ages, the synonym of a holy and patriotic enthusiasm, the type of a heroism unsurpassed by man, and of a purity and tenderness seldom equalled in her own sex; while the milk-sop king she placed upon the throne, and who basely abandoned

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her to her enemies, when she could serve him no longer, will be remembered only from his connection with her. The brilliant but fatal chivalry of Francis I. grows pale when compared to the faithful devotion of the sister, whose persevering energy and untiring love redeemed him from captivity, and led him back to the throne she was far worthier to fill, and wiser to hold than he. The glory of Henry of Navarre has many an ugly stain, but upon the pure and holy memory of his mother no shadow lingers. Compare Catherine de Medicis —vain, haughty, cruel, the blind tool of superstition, the vindictive persecutor of the Huguenots—with the cowardly, worthless sons whom her strong arm was scarcely able to maintain in the seat from which the Salic law excluded her.

Compare Anne of Austria, French in heart if not in blood, with the empty shadow of royalty which men called Louis XIII., and which Richelieu bullied and fawned upon by turns. Place Marie Antoinette by the side of her heavy, lumpish, locksmith husband—a very fair mechanic, if Providence had not exalted him to the head of the French nation—as if to show how mean a thing was royalty by divine right. Go down the whole list of French monarchs from the days of Charlemagne, and for every one of them whose posterity is likely to remember, half a dozen brilliant notable women, governing through them, pushing them forward and holding them up, start into notice.

In the literature of France, women began almost side by side with men; and though excluded from the higher schools, debarred by social usages from severer studies, she has held the position she claimed in the days when Mademoiselle de Scudery's romances were the favorite reading of the French court. What French novelist has exceeded the power and pathos of Consuelo? Who unites in the present day more graceful delineations of French life and character, than the woman who calls herself "Henri Greville?" Who has rendered upon the stage the master-pieces of French tragedy with the terrible force of Rachel, or that later artist whose transcendent genius has almost availed to make men forget the ghastly ugliness of her life and conversation—Sara Bernhardt?

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France has many fine painters, but which of them all is known to to us half as well as Rosa Bonheur? The splendid creations of Corneille and Racine, are fast becoming classics—books which all profess to admire, but no one stops to read; but Madame de Sevigne's familiar letters are read and re-read with even more delightful interest to-day, than they were fifty years ago.

Yet the French woman has other claims to our attention. Her taste is as exquisite as it is innate. Grace is as natural to her as her native air. The poorest grisette will shake her scanty drapery about her, with a careless ease which lets every fold fall into its best position, and wears her chip bonnet with an air a Duchess might emulate in vain. In all things in which choice of material and arrangement are necessary to produce perfect harmony of light and shade, and coloring, there is no severer judge than she; no one can make so thoroughly good an appearance with a given amount of means, or knows and practices better the art of using and making the most of her money, her dress, her food, or any one of the countless details of household management. A French family will live in comfort upon what an English or American family of the same grade wastes. A French kitchen has not one quarter of the conveniences which an American housewife considers indispensable, but everything is in its place, and every scrap is worked up into attractive and healthful food. In her parlor she knows instinctively how to draw out her guests, to entertain them, and rarest of all social arts, to lead them to interest and entertain each other. If she has wit, it is of the kind that sparkles and flashes but seldom burns. If she gossips—and she is a woman—she does it with a grace that half redeems the sin. With her, at least, conversation is not a lost art.

She comes to the husband whom she has not usually chosen for herself, generally young, often, almost invariably among the higher classes from the convent. Her marriage is a union of convenience, at the best; and though there are, as we shall see, cases in which her affections are consulted, these are the exceptions rather than the rule. If her husband is not domestic in his habits, his devotion is rather more likely to be paid to the wife of another than to his own, for the

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French are gallant to a vice. The story of the man who had spent every evening for years in the salon of one of his married friends, until her husband dying, he was congratulated upon his opportunity to make the lady his own, but who replied with a shrug of his shoulders, "but where on earth then will I spend my evenings?" is as true to French life, as a photograph.

The Frenchman may, and probably does, hate his neighbor; but

MOTHER AND CHILD.

he considers it his duty to love his neighbor's wife, or at least make love to her—and that duty he performs religiously, if she will let him. That under such circumstances the greater number of French women are good faithful wives and mothers, is very much to their praise and a good deal more than their witty detractors, the Balzacs, and de Maistres, and Abouts, and Hugos, deserve.

We have mentioned the French system of education for women, the deficiencies of which are acknowledged to be glaring. A movement is now on foot, looking towards an entire revolution of that system. During the past year M. Camille See, has initiated measures

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for the establishment of a "Gymnasium" for girls, in which the way to a higher and more complete education should be opened for them. The question of providing this higher education has begun to be considered of vital importance to the existence of liberal institutions. The convent schools now receive the girl at the age of ten, and manage her training in such a manner as to send her back to her family, prepared to be an outpost of the Church Militant. The liberal has then an enemy of his cherished principles in his own house, either as his wife, or his daughter; and even though he may be able to withstand her influence himself, its effect upon his children is certain. Too often, indeed, the lives of young married people begin with a moral and intellectual separation on account of this method of education. The young men are trained in one set of ideas, and their wives in another. The mother inculcates in the mind of her child the instruction and the principles she has herself received from her teachers, and brings him up with a literature which her spiritual director has recommended, but which is altogether at variance with the thoughts and feelings of his father. The unity of the family, already beset with too many obstacles, is broken. The wife, instead of growing into perfect accord with her husband, is separated from him in their dearest interests. It is proposed to remedy these evils by the assumption by the State of female education, under rules and regulations similar to those which are in use in the schools for boys; and as far as possible to impart the classical teaching, which scarcely any French girl has hitherto been able to acquire by ordinary means.

The Universities are to be opened to women, and they are to be invited and encouraged to avail themselves of the full course, if they see fit to do so. It is evident at a glance that the distance between this project and the existing system is immense. Equality of the sexes and their co-education are involved in its execution, and admission to the learned professions can hardly be denied them, if the preparatory educational advantages are conceded. The idea is still in embryo, but its supporters are thoroughly in earnest; and we are very likely to learn by experience, whether the reading of Greek and Roman authors will be more dangerous to the authority of the husband, than the perusal

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of the histories of pilgrimages to Lourdes, or other famous shrines.

The possibility of the most advanced success in such an undertaking may be conceded, when we take into account the character of the French women. None are more ambitious. Few are quicker or keener-sighted. With the advantages of education, hitherto so grudgingly bestowed, they have stamped their influence on European diplomacy; and as we have very often seen, guided and controlled the course of empire. What may not be expected from them when a more enlightened system of training shall enable them, with a higher and more certain intelligence, to lead and aid their husbands, their sons, or their brothers; to smooth their paths, conquer their difficulties, assist them in making a position, and uphold them in maintaining it?

The French woman to-day is a power in the bureau of the ministry, in the family, in business, as she was formerly in the court; and she only needs the impulse and the advantages which thorough education imparts, to give a better tone and character to French society, and a lasting permanence to French institutions.

It was Balzac who invented the phrase "Her Highness, the Woman." The young girl who makes her entrance into society is not unfrequently indeed a princess, and treated like a queen. Her marriage is not always an "arrangement." Love now and then is consulted, and the difficulties in his way are less than formerly. The parties may meet on neutral ground, such as the house of a friend, at a concert, a dinner, or a religious ceremony. When the Duchess of Magenta gave entertainments in the Elysee she was beset with requests for invitations from parties with matrimonial designs, which they hoped to forward in the elegant salons of the presidential palace. The theatres answer a similar purpose, though the opera is preferred by the elegant world, and the comic opera is a favorite with the citizens. The girls seated in the boxes, are dressed in their best; the wooers take their places in the parterre. The lorgnette is soon brought to bear upon the circle of fair ones, and when the presence of the lady of his choice is ascertained, the youth betakes himself to her box, and secures a presentation. The next day he addresses her father, who communicates the request

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to his wife and daughter. If it is favorably received he sends the lady a bouquet every day, and the courtship begins.

These bouquets are regulated by a strict etiquette, in which the Parisian flower dealer is entirely at home. On the day of the betrothal the flowers must be white, the next a faint shade of pink is allowed, deepening from day to day, until the wedding, when they are purple. Our fair readers will easily comprehend the opportunity for manifestations of sentiment in these daily bouquets, in which the flowers can be made extremely eloquent by judicious selection. Such a courtship might exhaust the resources of the wooer, and the ingenuity of the bouquet maker, if it lasted too long. Usually its duration in the higher ranks is not less than three, nor more than eight weeks, during which the young man is received daily by the parents of his intended bride, as one of the family. On the day when the marriage contract is signed, he presents her a ring, which must be set with one or two pearls, and two diamonds. The costly ring set with sapphires, rubies or emeralds, must be given on the day of marriage, and worn constantly afterwards. The bouquets are usually of the rarest flowers, tied with point lace; or if a ribbon is used, the name of the lady must be embroidered upon it.

In aristocratic families, the first person to be informed of the intended marriage is the Pope, whose blessing upon it is invited, and transmitted by telegraph on the bridal day. If the relatives or acquaintances of the parties are of princely rank, etiquette requires that they should be notified in special letters, sent by a messenger. To avail oneself of the post in such a matter, is highly indecorous, unless the persons addressed reside at a distance. The note must have the arms or the monogram of the sender, and must never under any circumstances, be sealed with black, that color being forbidden in the correspondence of sovereigns, even in cases of mourning.

When the relationship to persons of high rank is intimate, the father must take an early opportunity to call upon them in person, and impart the happy intelligence. Visits are made to the bride and her mother by the relatives and friends of the bridegroom, after receiving the announcement of the engagement; but this duty is con-

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fined to the near kindred and very intimate friends of the groom.

The description of a bride's outfit in high life, is worthy of a chapter by itself. Money is not to be spared in such matters, and the whole trousseau, in material and make up; must be of the best and choicest description, and impressed throughout with that originality of design in which the French excel.

First upon the list, is usually a dozen complete suits, including stockings, shoes, parasols and bonnets, which with the accompanying linen are usually valued at about fifty thousand francs. The undergarments must be of the finest batiste, and ethereal point lace; the silken chemises whose introduction has been lately attempted have but little favor, with the exception of a "fancy piece," and pale red, or turquoise blue wrappers are trimmed with white point, for use in cold weather, and worn over the night dress. Little morning capuchins of red or azure silk, trimmed with point, are greatly fancied, and form a charming frame for the pretty face of the youthful "queen."

The price of the pocket-handkerchiefs in the outfit, varies from six hundred to a thousand francs a dozen. They are almost imperceptible pieces of batiste, bordered with old Venetian or Brabant point. Ten of the twelve dozen pairs of stockings are of silk, and the other two of Scotch thread. These hose are embroidered and adorned in a thousand fanciful and delicate ways, of which we outside barbarians have scarcely a conception; black with spun glass or gold dust, blue with silver, crimson with seed pearls, &c., &c.

The description of the dresses themselves, must be left to the artists who design them, and who declare that they are a "breath, a light cloud; the fitting inspiration of a poet's finest dream," &c., &c.

The bridal presents are no longer, as in the good old times, hidden away in a fancy basket, trimmed and tied with gay ribbons. The "Corbeille de marriage" is now a sober piece of furniture, of the old style, the more antique the better; a bouffet or cabinet a la Gloffrin, a coffer a la Pompadour; a table with drawers a la Marie Antoinette, into the receptacle of which the bridegroom places a full purse "for the poor." The coffer is filled with cashmere shawls, splendid robes

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of point lace, one of white and one of black; two or three silk dresses and as many of different materials, cloaks and wrappings for the bride's evening dress and the ball room.

The indispensable trifles of the bride's basket are elegant fans for full toilettes, fans for society toilettes, perfume bottles, work-boxes, and a case for visiting cards; even confectionery, in dainty cases, is also considered admissible.

TYPES OF SWISS WOMEN.

But the chief article is an old fashioned casket, garnished with point lace, and lined with velvet, to contain the most precious gifts—fans delicately painted and inlaid with ivory and gold, with pictures a la Watteau, such as the famous ladies of the past delighted to make the screens or the vehicles of a thousand coquetries, necklaces of enamel which may have, far back in the olden time, graced the neck of a princess, girdles of silver chains of the

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time of Louis XIV., to which are attached a pencil, a dainty little flagon containing the favorite perfume of the bride, scissors, a little mirror, and a silver egg filled with "poudre de riz." An old basket of Meissner porcelain contains the bride's last bouquet. Large boxes for gloves are made in dull colors, and emblazoned with coats of arms, as in the days of our great grandmothers. A tea service a la Louis Quinze is provided for the especial use of the bride at her private lunch, and is called the "intimate service," and finally there must not lack some costly relic of the olden times, a cup, a ring, or some other trifle which a queen may once have called her own, a memorial of Marie Leczinska, or Marie Antoinette. Bridal presents must have either the arms or the monogram of the bride upon them, or by the latest fashion, her device. For ornaments she requires two sets of jewels, and a watch and chain with fancy charms. Lately pearls are mostly in request, and a set of them not unfrequently costs five hundred thousand francs or more. Besides these presents, which the bride must receive from her husband only, she expects many from her relations and friends. The offensive ostentation of parading bridal presents for show is no longer admissible in good society; the bride simply thanks the giver, and that part of the business is ended. The mother presents her daughter with all her own fancy jewelry, and often a part of her diamonds.

Thus the young queen enters into her kingdom, through the gateway of costly splendors, worthy indeed of "Her Highness, the woman," her way strewn with flowers, her fair brow covered with radiant jewels, and the air about her redolent of the choicest perfumes; her ears filled with the delicate flatteries, the graceful compliments which the French language seems to have been invented to express, and which she in her turn will doubtless bestow upon others, as a queen showers benefits upon her subjects. The world of which she has hitherto caught only fugitive glimpses is now open before her; and if she is pretty and agreeable, homage and incense will not be wanting, in spite of the fact that in France the woman does not reign, but —governs.

The transition from France to Italy, is scarcely perceptible. Pass-

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ing along the shores of the Mediterranean from the sunny south of France to the Ligurian coast, little change of scenery is visible. And yet, the traveler has no sooner entered the Italian states, than another world seems to surround him, and in no particular is the distinction more marked than in the differences between the French and Italian women. Social intercourse and connections, and historic events have alike failed to assimilate the characters and habits of these two branches of the Latin race, so nearly related, yet so widely apart. In historical directions it is interesting to observe, that in the sunny land of the Hesperides, the favorite home of genius and art, the centre for ages of the powers that have ruled the world, the paradise in which the charms of nature and the fancy of the inhabitants contend for the ideal life, woman in social respects plays, and has played, a very insignificant part. Outside of the families of the petty princes of Italy, it is difficult to find a prominent female character—a single woman whose influence upon the destinies of the world has been known and recognized. Forms like that of the gloomy daughter of the Medicis, immortal in the infamy of St. Bartholomew's, of the mysterious Beatrice Cenci, whose glance backward upon the world she was leaving, seems destined to be reflected through generations who know only her name and her sad, sweet beauty; or of the daughter of the worst of all the popes, the beautiful Lucretia Borgia, damned to eternal fame by her crimes, start out here and there from the pages of the Italian chronicles, but neither they nor any others of their fair sisters have left any but a baleful memory behind them. The power which their position, their talents, or their beauty have given them, has been devoted to the worst ends. They are like the Hindoo goddesses, the terrible Bohwani, mighty only to destroy. The division of the Italian peninsula, itself hardly large enough for a respectable kingdom, into a host of petty States, each jealous of, and hostile to the others, obliged to compass by treachery and crime the ends which were beyond their feeble strength in open manly struggles, has no doubt had much to do with shaping the character, and restricting the influence of the Italian women. Their spheres have been too restricted in the narrow circles of their homes to allow them to acquire either

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lasting fame or beneficial influence. Translated to wider domains, they have shown themselves equal to their situations, and not unfrequently above them. Elizabeth Farnese consolidated the tottering Spanish monarchy in the hands of her feeble, inefficient husband, and defied for years the united powers of England, Holland and Austria; repelled the invader from the Spanish soil, and left her adopted country peaceful if not prosperous. Of Catherine de Medici we have already had occasion to speak, not by any means with affection, though it is impossible to withhold from her a certain degree of admiration for her sternness of purpose and indomitable will. And the mother of the Bonapartes, Madame Letitia, whom it has been too much the fashion to disparage, has given abundant evidence of a sound wisdom and a thorough business capacity, which might have maintained her sons upon the thrones the one conquered, and the others threw away, if they could have by chance inherited these qualities from her.

And there have been many women in Italy who were worthy of lofty places, had the opportunity but been given them; and who, if they have not attained a lasting fame, were the centres of culture in their times. Poets have lingered lovingly over the courts of the muses at Ferarra and Pesaro. In the now deserted palaces of this family the sweet rhythm of Aminta fell from the lips of Torqualo Tasso; and from the neighboring Urbino came the brilliant and lovely daughters of the Medicis, children of pleasure, with sunny smiles and eager desires for romantic pastimes. Women have been the centers of literary and artistic life in Florence, Ferrara, Bologna, Pesaro, and many other places, inspiring the art they have failed to create. Their influence may be seen in the noble ideals of poets and painters, in the Beatrice of Dante's great poem, in Raphael's Fornarina, in the anonymous beauties of Titian, in Boccaccio's Maria of Naples, and Tasso's Leonora d'Est. The Decameron itself is a sufficient indication of the position which the Italian women held, in the splendid epoch in which it was written.

But the noble ladies who were the inspirations and themes of poets and artists were entirely exceptional. They were the effects of the artistic spirit of the time, rather than its creators or its leaders. Like

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the beautiful peasant girls who sat for Raphael's Madonnas, they lent to the artists forms and faces lovely beyond conception, but the soul which looks out from the beautiful eyes of the pictures had to be supplied from the imagination of the painter. Far from being the types of Italian womanhood, they were the exceptions to its rules, the abstract individualities which stand out from its dead flatness, like

ROMAN LADIES.

mountain peaks rising from the middle of a boundless plain. The masses of the sex were, and continue to be the sport of the circumstances of the moment, without a spark of the ideal glory of womanhood which Italian poets have known so well how to depict.

The popular idea of the dignity of the sex may be gathered from the expressions current among the common people at the present time. They say:—

"He who has a wife, has poverty. "Three daughters and a mother are four devils in a man's family."

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"A woman is like a chestnut, outwardly fair, inwardly good for nothing."

"A single woman has seven hands and one tongue, but when she is married she has seven tongues and one hand."

"Two Women and a goose, make a fair."

The value of the ideal of the Italian lover, singing sweet melodies to the dainty tones of his mandoline, may be estimated by the following proverb:—

"Women, asses, and nuts need hard handling."

The Italian is fully conscious of the costliness of the game of love, and says:—"Let him not make love who has no money."

He goes so far as to say:—All things come from God, except women, and a "woman is scarcely born before she is seeking to be married."

He does not spare the husband in saying, "married man—a bird in a cage," or the lover, in telling him—"In buying a horse, and taking a wife, shut thine eyes and commend thyself to God."

To conclude; the Italian woman is the creature of the inspiration of the moment. Her feelings are strong without the exultation of moral sentiment. The Italian maiden is the most unselfish creature in the world—for the time being. She is strong only in reflection, and all the fibres of her being centre in her heart, which opens freely to the watchword "Love." Energy is as impossible to her as the moral power of renunciation, and therefore it is not strange that Italian history is so entirely destitute of heroic women; that Italy has produced no Joan of Arc, or Elizabeth of Thuringia. Crowns are too heavy for their frailties in general, and for tragic self-sacrifice they have no vocation. The sunny skies of Italy, which kindle the passions of its women into quick and transient flames, seem to dry up the sources of independence within them. Their characters are passive rather than active, their mental action is slow, their interest in culture feeble, and their negligence and carelessness in household affairs proverbial. From this results their want of order and cleanliness, and their contentment in the position of life in which they seem to have been dropped, rather than been placed. Nothing is more insupportable to strangers than the dreary monotony of Italian family

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VENETIAN LADY. 965

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life, in which sins of omission, general laziness, and total incompetency are glossed over with an appearance of innocence which is far from real. These weaknesses of character and flexibilities of disposition, have connected Italian women with some of the saddest and most shameful features of the history of their country. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Venetian women were the pliant, but efficient tools of the political intriguers who figured so fatally in the palace of the Doges. So in Rome, they have lent themselves readily to the cabals of the papal court, and to deeds of crimes and blood which history blushes to record. Even Roman *sangfroid*, generally proof against any ordinary manifestation of shame, has been recently shocked by the revelations brought out by the scramble for the wealth of a late prince of the church, in which the principal and most unrelenting actor was the woman who claimed to have been his daughter, and who for the sake of filling her hands with his gold, was willing to involve his memory in deathless shame. In past ages, the pages of the chronicle of the Eternal City were frequently stained with women's crimes. Only there, and under Italian influences, could a Lucretia Borgia have arisen to her bad eminence. The Venetian carnivals, intended for the spontaneous rejoicings of the people, became hot-beds of intrigue and murder. Princes went down from their marble palaces to mingle with the people, more from policy than from desire for pleasure. Ladies lured to their boudoirs, the luckless senators whom hired assassins lurked in the passages to destroy. A Venetian intrigue of state in the earlier times was only completed by the agency of disguised bravos, masked spies, officers in female dominoes, and treacherous women in pages' dress. The fatal influence of womanly intrigues runs through the story of Venetian politics like a broad dark crimson stream. Feuds resulting in the annihilation of whole families, sparing neither age, sex, nor rank, began in a lady's smile, and were even fostered and aided by her delicate hands. In one of these the Doge Pietro Tradonico was murdered on his way to the Church of St. Zachariah. Then came Pietro III., Candiano, and with him the famous Rape of the Bride. Memno offered the Cabal a new ground, and when Rimiero Zeno attained the Dogal

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dignity, the quiet of family life was broken again by the high born troubadours, and their noble lady loves. The Foscari and Loredani lived in deadly hatred; and at the head, middle, and end of each conspiracy, a woman was certain to be present. George Sand in her prose poem, "The Orco," has depicted the genius of Venice, alluring the Austrian youth by her loveliness, and sacrificing them to her revenge; but she had only to turn back to the history of the city in the seventeenth century, to find her work anticipated to the letter. Then, the lady's page invited the infatuated youth to pleasure excursions upon the canals, from which too often the woman returned alone.

Then the scene changed. The ducats of Dandolo passed into the hands of the Genoese, the Greeks and Turks; and the patricians were impoverished, if not humbled. There were no more coronets of diamonds, for beauty's jet black tresses; want looked out from the dainty balconies, and love was for sale. Antonio Grimani gave dignities only to those who would pay for them, and the lady who sought place or power for her husband, found her account with her rich neighbor.

Poison remained upon the shelves of the apothecary; the stiletto rested in its sheath, and the patrician women became "Nymphs of the Gondolas."

But it would be unfair to judge all the Italian women by the examples we have cited. There were many, even in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who, without the taste for political intrigue, and despairing of social distinction, fell back upon literary recreations and studies. In view of the general mental indolence of the sex in Italy, nothing is more surprising than the number of learned women of the earlier times. We recall among them Helena Lucretia, of the family of Cornaro-Piscogia, who attained the Doctor's degree at the University of Padua, in 1678, two hundred years earlier than our modern competitors of her sex. A century later Laura Bassi, probably the most learned woman of Italy, gave public lectures upon medical science at the University of Bologna, Maria Amoretti attained high distinction as a jurist, and Luisa Cicci as a poet. These splendid examples were, it is worthy of note, all from upper Italy. In the

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remainder of the territory the record of the intellectual achievements of the female sex is a blank, with the exceptions of such escapades as that of Countess Guiccioli, who attempted in her old age to make capital of her connection with Lord Byron—very little to the credit of either.

The political changes in the Italian peninsula, will doubtless open a new and better sphere for the intellectual activity of its women; but those changes are too recent, and too incomplete to enable us to note their effect.

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GROUP OF MAYGARS.

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1. Southeastern Europe.

The ALBANIANS. Unworthy Treatment of their Women. Revenge for Bloodshed. Their External Appearance. Love Songs. General Remarks and Characteristics. The "Hellenes" proper. Other Types. Homes. Lament for the Dead. The GREEKS. Life of the Greek Women. Betrothals and Marriages. Pirote Women and Particularities of the Levantine Fashions. The ROUMANIANS. Conservatism of the Boyars. Luxury and Splendor in daily Life. Contrasts. A Fashionable Place of Amusement. The Roumanian Country People. Poetry of the Peasant Women. The "Dragica" and "Papaluga." The MAGYARS. Their Inner and Outer Features. Characteristics. An Agreeable Picture. The Women of the People. Marriage Customs.

WE have now to turn our attention to the group of peoples inhabiting the peninsula of the Balkan and the Donau principalities, and finally the Magyars, who by their ethical isolation seem to stand almost outside of the great communities of Europe. The Turks who inhabit this district, have been noticed in a previous chapter; and the South Slavonians, also a part of its population, will be considered in connection with the great family to which they belong. This part of our work will therefore be confined to a description of the Albanians, Greeks, Roumanians and Magyars.

The Albanians or Arnauts, are an aborignal race of the Balkan peninsula. People of various races have settled around them and crowded, and in some cases destroyed each other; but the Albanians have remained immovable upon the highest point of the Balkan, and maintained the manners, habits and language of their ancestors with very little modification. Their language is like no other in the world, and of itself is an evidence of their great antiquity. But in spite of their long descent and pure blood, the Albanians are at the very bottom of the ladder of civilization. All the means and appliances of European culture seem to be either unintelligible or superfluous to them. They know neither law nor tradition, except the ancient con-

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stitution of the tribes. Right and wrong, in our sense of the words, are beyond their comprehension, and their moral code is below that of the Osmaneis. In their treatment of others, the permissible is limited only by the possible; and the right of property covers, only what cannot be taken from the owner. "He may get who has the power, and let him keep who can," is their golden rule. They are, in one word, herdsmen, soldiers, and robbers—tilling the soil only when obliged to do so as a means of subsistence.

Their women are so degraded, morally and socially, that slavery seems to be their normal condition; and they would probably impute any better treatment by their husbands to weakness rather than affection, if they by any chance, should receive it. Married by force, often at the early age of twelve years, their life is a succession of humiliations and oppressions. The bride must acknowledge her husband as her absolute lord and master, who may cudgel her according to his whims, kill her for the slightest transgressions, or send her away upon the payment of the customary sum. She must not attempt anything without his permission. She must wait upon her parents-in-law with the greatest deference; for the parental authority extends so far that a woman may send away the wife of her son without his consent, so long as he is young.

In religion the Albanians are partly Mohammedans, partly Catholics, and the remainder, of the Greek church; but their religious profession, like Baillie MacWheebles conscience, "never does them any harm," or prevents them from robbery, revenge, or murder—all of which are carried on by them with great energy; the women frequently being as bold and hardy as the men, and quite as vindictive and cruel. The grand-mother of one of the late princes is said to have shot her daughter-in-law, simply because she was childless.

The Draconic code of revenge is their common law, and whole tribes are sometimes impoverished or exterminated by the avengers.

Few of their women can pretend to any beauty. In the mountains they are coarse and masculine. In the south the Greek type softens in some degree the prevailing harshness, but some of them are handsome. They wear commonly a long outer garment, with a belt and no

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sleeves; a breast cloth and short jacket, often richly embroidered with gold thread. The hair is adorned with chains of gold or silver coins, and covered with a fez or a loose cloth.

They seem to have very little idea of love, in our sense of the word; and though they have love songs, the sentiment is rather jocose than pathetic. A favorite among them is a rhythmic dialogue, something after this fashion:

HE:

Maiden with bonnet so jauntily set,
Slowly; thy haste will the village inflame,
Troops of young fellows have therein just met,
Tell me, is each of them shouting thy name?

SHE:

What are the lads or the village to me?
I for my pleasure am walking alone,
Little I reck of their gibes or their glee,
While for their rudeness, their absence atones.

Another is as follows:

HE:

An Albanian maiden
In costly garments dressed.
With her pitcher laden
Comes. Oh stop and rest!
Maiden with the dark eye,
Give me a kiss.
Kiss me and leave me! Why!
Maiden, what is this?

SHE:

Ah, if I kiss thee, what were my gain?
Thine is the pleasure, mine but the pain."

A similar song is this of the Albanian wooer, in which he calls to the maiden he has chosen:

Lo, Lo, Lo, Lo, Lo!
I come, be silent and still.
I come, I come to thee,
Open the door with good will.

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Open the door so wide
That I may enter in;
Klariotte with the deep, dark eyes,
I come to thee again.
Lo, Lo, Lo, Lo, Lo?
Harken to me, my soul."

Crushed with household cares, despised, and in eternal danger of murder or ruin from the ruthless hand of the avenger of blood, the Albanian woman passes most of her life at home in her hut, which is a rough stone building of one story, with store-rooms or stables underneath. Here she sits all day long at her loom, or weaving baskets. When her husband goes to battle, she accompanies him, carries the wounded from the field, and brings him ammunition or water. With the education of the children she has little to do; and after twenty years of married life, she is a withered old woman, and a superfluous article of furniture.

The female life of the GREEKS, the most highly civilized people of the Balkan peninsula, is far more varied and interesting, though they labor under the misfortune of having a too renowned ancestry. Descended from the sensuous and poetic race, whose art and literature have been for ages the models and the despair of the world, the glory of the past overshadows them; and the contrast between its splendors and their present condition, tells fearfully against them. The world clings so fondly to its illusions, that it is apt to resent disenchantment; and as it has been determined to know only the grace of the heroic ages, it has little patience with the poor disorganized nation which bears the glorious name, with a foreign prince upon the throne whom foreign support is necessary to maintain. It has unwillingly enough begun to realize that the whole character of a people may change very decidedly in two or three thousand years, and now concludes that the Philhellenic enthusiasm for the descendents of Epaminondas and Pelopidas was scarcely deserved. The light which crowned Apelles and Praxiteles has faded, and darkness has brooded over the face of the whole land for generations. And though the struggles of the modern Greeks for freedom have challenged our respect, their bravery has so often degenerated into inhuman barbarity, and their enterprise

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into robbery and piracy, that one can hardly help concluding that they and the Turks were worthy opponents.

Half a century of freedom has, however, done much for Hellas. The progress of civilization has been slow, but its advance is certain. The Classic forms are gone, never probably to return, for different times and circumstances create different men. But the cultivation of the West has been firmly and surely grafted upon the Greeks of the present day, and the barbarity of their recent past is modified in many respects. However painful this may seem to the theorist who sees with regret our modern enlightenment taking the place of classic reminiscences, the sincere friend of the human race will recognize its gain in the substitution. There is infinitely less of splendor in modern Athens than when the Parthenon sprang in matchless beauty from the brain of its designer. But Aristides would not now be banished, because the "Demos" was weary of hearing him styled "The Just." Life and property are reasonably safe, and there is a thousand times more of real comfort, and probably of domestic happiness, under the roof of the citizen to-day, than could have been found within the proudest of Athenian palaces in the palmy days of Greece. This domestic life and the women who are its centre, are to us, at least as important as broken and time worn columns or figures, though chiselled by the hand of the greatest of the old masters. Let us turn to them.

The first point that strikes us in the consideration of the modern Greek woman is, that there is no universal or general type. The woman of the mainland differs widely from her sisters in the islands, and these from each other; and those representatives of the sex who form such a peculiar part of the population of the Christian quarter of the Golden Horn, are entirely distinct from either. In moral respects, the women of the mainland stand highest. Their husbands are jealous and tyrannical, and rule their households with a heavy hand; but the women find some recompense for this severity in the numerous public amusements, to which the people of Northern Greece are passionately addicted. The Peloponessian women enjoy more freedom than those of the mainland, their husbands are less exacting and more polished in manner, and kinder in the treatment of their

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families than their Northern neighbors. The Peloponessians are anxious to send their children abroad as early as possible, while the North Grecians hold their families together closely, and endeavor to establish them at home. Family ties are still more relaxed upon the islands, where there is a constant struggle for existence with men and the elements. The exposed position of these islands, swept by the furious storms of the Mediterranean, and open on every side to the attacks of ruthless invaders during the war for independence, has done much to enhance the bolder and more adventurous features of their inhabitants, and constant intercourse with Europeans has enlightened and benefitted them in many ways. The woman of the islands is far prouder than her mainland sister; a lively temperament and unrestricted intercourse from childhood with foreigners, develop with her a more independent character, and impulses which occasionally lead her beyond the narrow circle of family life. The Ionians for example, are noted for their love of music, and their intellectual quickness and activity. In the large towns of the islands, time has produced a social life of an entirely peculiar coloring; a sort of caricature of European fashions and customs which reaches its climax in the Greek and Levantine society of Pera.

Reasoning from the incontestable principle that the moral value of woman is fixed by her social position, the society in which she moves and the people to whom she belongs, we cannot separate the Grecian woman—notwithstanding the touches of culture she has received—from the Orientals. Her condition is better than that of the Slavonian women of the South, or the Turkish women about her, to say nothing of the Albanians whom we have just described; but in all household affairs the husband is her lord and master. In the family she must never speak of him as other than "our lord." She must serve him at his meals as invariably as the wife of a Turk. Of course we are now speaking of the common people, among whom the subjection of the woman is so complete, that she is expected to bring to her husband each cigarette, and the match to light it. In North Greece where the military character of the population makes each house an arsenal, she must keep her husband's arms in order. On the other hand, the affection

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between parents and children, and brothers and sisters, is unusually strong in the Greek families and nothing strikes the stranger more forcibly than the simplicity and genuine love of the members of the family for each other. No widow suffers from want among them. The first duty of a son is to provide for his widowed mother; and if she has no son, a widow is the charge of the next kinsman. The affectionate

GRECIAN WOMEN OF ARGOS, CORINTH, AND SPARTA.

care of the brother for the sister is such, that no young man who is left with sisters unprovided for thinks of marrying until they are suitably established; and an old maid is as hard to find among them as a young bachelor.

Most of the Grecian women are handsome and agreeable, particularly the blue-eyed Peloyonessians, whose wreath of golden hair flows so picturesquely about their shoulders and their white upper garments, when released from the restraint of the cap of blue and gold. But these lovely creatures are as shy as gazelles, and can with difficulty be prevailed upon to sing to the stranger one of the melancholy but passionate songs of their native land. In this respect they differ greatly

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from the Italian and Spanish maidens whose frank manners and playful tricks have been so often recounted by travelers. This almost childish bashfulness may be traced to the influence of oriental customs and habits, which are more decided as intercourse with Europeans diminishes. In the interior, the girls, and particularly the married women, are so closely restricted to their fathers' houses that there is very little opportunity for that romantic affection which in other countries frequently outruns parental plans. Direct courtships scarcely ever take place; the wooing is done by a friend or relative, and frequently, as in the Island of Chios for instance, children are contracted to each other in infancy by their parents.

The gay inhabitants of Pera are a curious study. Nothing is more amusing than their apings of European fashions and habits. Each tries to speak French, admires French customs, holds her little court in imitation of a French salon, in which she receives her admirers from day to day, and coquets, and is flattered from morning till night. This usually takes place in the "Shahnishin" a lofty and spacious building with more windows than walls, a sort of conservatory in which these fragile flowers bloom and wither. They meet in these halls, rave about Paris, and listen while their toilette goes on to the gossip of their gallants; whether Gambetta is married, and what took place at Madame Grevy's last levee. The acme of their wishes is to reach Paris, and they would gladly peril their souls to obtain it. Failing in this, the Shahnishin is their world. There, as young girls, they gossip and lie, making the veriest hobbledehoy believe he is the object of their adoration till they can find something better, growing into glibness of tongue as their charms mature, until they are led to the altar, usually by some decayed old beau with varnished boots and false teeth and hair, the older the better, provided the requisite solid qualifications are forthcoming.

The Roumanian woman is a near relative of the Greek in thought and feeling as well as in blood. Equally superficial, she is quite as fond of copying French models, just as much given to gossip, and as remote from real intelligence or culture. Neither reads a book of any kind. Both are preternaturally keen in intrigue. Both make

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"ducks and drakes" of the French language, for the sake of which they affect to forget their own. But the Roumanian is mistress of her own house, and her own movements; and while, among the more conservative families, there may still be found traces of simplicity, and the homely virtues of their fathers, the sphere of the woman even there is less restricted than among the Greeks. The Roumanian Boyars or nobility of the better sort are highly hospitable, and prone to extravagant expenditures. The young Roumanians gamble to excess, and the whole people are given to pleasure and seldom deny themselves either pomp or luxury, if it is within their reach.

ROUMANIAN GIRL.

A chapter might easily be devoted to the Magyars, the singular people who for centuries have maintained their unity and in some respects their institutions upon the banks of the Danube, and whose heroic struggle for independence attracted the sympathies and the admiration of the whole Western world. Many Magyar women have distinguished themselves by noble and heroic qualities—among whom we can only mention Elizabeth Szilagyi, the wife of Janos Hunyadi; Helen, the famous daughter of Count Peter Zrinyi; Caecilia Rozgonyi, the Hungarian Joan of Arc; and Anna Tarezay, the heroic defender of Tarko. The Magyars were a nation of heroes and warriors, and their women have been in all ages worthy of their husbands and their fathers. Vibrating between extremes, ready to die for a passion or an idea, casting their whole souls into a question of state, or an air from a Gipsy orchestra, they are among the most loveable as well as lovely of women.

The Magyar peasant woman has the same sterling honor, boundless hospitality, and fidelity in intention and dealing which distinguishes

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her nobler sister. Girls and women are patterns of physical health and beauty, to which a somewhat singular dress adds a piquancy and picturesqeness. A short frock with many folds of red, dark blue or black cloth, an apron, and a close waist, with a kerchief of white linen, a hood or turban of loose cloth, and high boots—made like those of men—make up her toilette. Her hair, which is rich and abundant, is braided and wound around the head. The young girls tie the braids with a lace or ribbon, and allow them to hang loosely.

TOILET ARTICLES.

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2. The Slavonian Women.

ROM the White to the Ægean Sea, stretches the great Slavonian district, which contains the richest mixture of races in the whole world. These numerous families divide naturally into two great groups—the South and East Slavonians in one, and the West Slavonians in the other. These groups sub-divide into Serbians, Montenegrins, Bosnians, Bulgarians, Croats, Raizes, Slavonians, Wends, Dalmatians, Russians, Tschechs, Slovaks, Poles, etc., etc.

Certain customs and usages are common to almost all of them. Among them we find patriarchal institutions, deep family affection, and a low position for women.

The Serbians, whom we shall first notice, have a singular custom of community of goods among different members of the same family or several kindred families, who unite for mutual assistance and protection, in what they call "Zadruga." At the head of this association is a "Domatchin," who is chosen by the whole family as its leader. Next to him in authority comes his wife, who directs the general household affairs, and the education of the children. The respect shown to these officials is very great. The members call their leader master, concede him the place of honor, and the choicest food at the family table, rise when he enters the house, do not smoke in his presence without his permission, and neither dance nor sing in his absence.

The relations between brothers and sisters are particularly close and tender, and persons of both sexes frequently agree to be brothers or sisters to each other, binding the union with an oath, a breach of which exposes the offender to condign punishment.

The Serbian disposes of his daughters, hand at pleasure, but a daring young fellow sometimes agrees with the maiden of his choice to

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meet him at some convenient place, when he picks her up and makes off, leaving her father like Lord Ullin, "lamenting." Notwithstanding her subordinate situation the Serbian woman leads a tolerably happy life. She is fond of dancing and songs, though the national airs are melancholy in the extreme. Good looks among them are exceptional; though pretty, comely faces are not unfrequent in the cities. Their

MONTENEGRIN.

hair is black and handsome, their complexion not very clear or delicate, and the use of paint quite common. The national costume which is rich and highly colored is fast going out of use in the cities. It consists of an embroidered transparent chemise with an outer garment of cloth, which covers the upper part of the body. About the waist a rich girdle of brocade is worn, the embroidered ends hanging down in front over the dress, which is of silk and cut in European fashion. The toilette is completed with chains of coins or pearls, and a little fes upon the head, adorned with flowers or plumes.

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The Montenegrin is in the worst social position of all the South Slavonian women, being little more than a house servant, often a beast of burden, doomed to the harshest treatment and continual drudgery. Her husband struts about with his chibouk or long pipe, while she must bring wood for the fire, timber and boards for the hut, and carry the arms of her lord and master, if he finds them too burdensome for himself. The Montenegrin seldom acknowledges his wife in society, and husband and wife are very rarely seen together. They go separately to church; and to walk in company with his wife would subject the "Black Mountaineer" to the contempt of his associates. Under the enlightened and benevolent auspices of Prince Nicholas it is to be hoped that some mitigation of the dreary life of his female subjects, may be in store for them.

Their dress, like that of the Serbians, is highly picturesque, and in early life many of them are tolerably handsome.

The Bulgarian women and their customs are so similar to those of the Serbians as scarcely to need any further description. The girls, fairly good-looking while young, grow rapidly ugly under hard usage and labor. The passive character of their husbands is so general, that the position of the wife and mother is nearly equal to that of the husband and son. Family affection is strong among them, marital fidelity is strictly maintained, and widows seldom marry the second time.

The difference between the North and South Slavonians is exemplified most sharply in passing from the Serbians or Montenegrins to the Russians. Next to the American, the Russian woman is the freest and most independent in the world. She looks down with pity upon the German women, considering their existence over-burdened with cares, and undignified. The Russian women of the middle classes even consider the direction of their own households beneath their attention. The Russian lady is the typical leader of that society of her country, which contents itself with imitating the external polish of high cultivation. Paris is to her, like most of the half-awakened women of the East, the centre and sun of the social universe, the model of style, and the arbiter of elegance; and like most other imitators, she often excels her model in its worst features, without succeeding in copying its best.

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Her life is divided between dress and society. So long as she is unmarried, her whole end and aim is to obtain a splendid settlement, and the maiden who reaches maturity without attaining her object is despised.

In Russia among a vast number of other singular institutions, is found one which exists nowhere else in the world—an unmarried widowhood. A maiden lady sees with anxiety, the end of her youth approaching. All efforts to gain a prize in the great matrimonial lottery having failed, and the terrible certainty of becoming "an old maid" staring her in the face, it is announced in society that she has gone upon a journey to foreign lands. If she has the means to accomplish a residence in Paris, or some other French city for two or three years, so much the better. At the end of this time, she returns unexpectedly to her old acquaintances as a "widow." No one asks troublesome questions about her departed "husband;" society is good natured and accepts him at her word. Doubts of his ever having existed may sometimes be whispered, but nobody knows or really cares.

It is easy to see that under such circumstances, match-making is the engrossing subject of interest in Russian female circles; princesses who out-number the stars, the wives of citizens and traders, and the popes, or priests of the Greek Church, busying themselves with it continually. The peasants have little freedom of choice in the matter of marriage, being obliged to appear with the maidens of marriageable age in the church at an appointed hour, when the priest makes known his decision, which is usually final. The influence of the popes in the marriages of the higher classes is very considerable, and the superior clergy augment their incomes handsomely by acting as mediators—not to say as brokers—receiving a fair percentage of the dowry and handsome presents. The bride is also expected to bestow jewels or other valuable articles upon the church of her priestly benefactor, to adorn the picture of the Virgin upon the altar.

After all this paraphernalia and expense, the marriage relation is easily dissolved, by the aid of the popes, of course, who manage to effect separations in spite of the laws of the empire, which forbid them. The lawyers can generally find some flaw in the proceedings, either

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RUSSIAN BAPTISMAL SCENE.

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of betrothal or marriage, which invalidates them, and the pope is as ready to assist in loosing the bond, as he has been in making it—for a consideration.

Divorced ladies maintain their rank and social standing, and in some respects increase their influence by separation from their husbands—though the freedoms of married life in Russia are so great, as to leave ample scope for gallantry, even with the husband nominally in the way of it.

Among the lower classes things are quite different. The wife of the peasant is as much his servant in Russia as in any part of the East, and the poor creature may be cudgelled, or otherwise ill-treated by him at pleasure.

Family feeling and reverence for parental authority are very strong among the Russians, each member of the household deferring to the will of the father—or the eldest brother, in most matters—and the power of the father over the daughter not ceasing with her marriage. She must respect and care for him at all times; and in the event of her husband's death, must return with her children to the parental roof.

Among the peasantry, there are organizations called "Mirs," almost identical with the Zadrugas of the South Slavonians, in which the administration is vested in "Starostys" or Elders, who exercise very despotic powers in some cases, compulsory marriages being among the number; but after the men reach their thirtieth, and the women their twenty-fourth years, they may refuse to marry at the command of their chiefs.

The fundamental principles which underlie the family life of the Russian people are laid down in all their ugliness in the "Domostro"—a sort of household book, written in the sixteenth century, by a certain pope Sylvester, and little known to the external world. In this the barbarities of the Russian family system in the days of Ivan the Terrible, and the brutal rights of the husband are formulated in distinct paragraphs.

The Russian proverb, "I love thee as my soul and beat thee as my coat," expresses concisely the relation between husband and wife

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as defined in this volume. The master of the house is vested with the power of corporal punishment of every member of his family, from the lowest menial to his wife. The wife must be ceaselessly active in his service, and her candle should never be extinguished in the night. The family must be kept in subjection by the lash, and the wife held to unbroken servitude of the hardest kind. This book has been republished so lately as 1872, and its principles are still in full force among the lower classes in Russia. The celebrated English traveler Dr. Clark, who visited Russia in the reign of the Emperor Paul, said, "The Emperor cudgels the highest noble, the noble cudgels his steward, the steward cudgels the serf, and the serf cudgels his wife; so that from dawn till bed-time cudgels are going without intermission, from one end of Holy Russia to the other."

The first breach of this barbarous system was made in the abolition of serfdom, under Alexander II, whose recent assassination has excited the horror of the whole world. Before that took place, the master could command the service of as many of the village maidens as he pleased. The Russians used to defend this "*droit du seigneur*"—the abuses of which are so easily apparent—on the ground, that the pretty girls thus brought into their master's house were taught useful accomplishments, and enabled to marry more to their choice than would have been possible in their homes. But the opportunities for the exercise of the unbridled passion, or the petty and capricious tyranny of the master—himself frequently as ignorant and even more brutal than his serfs—afforded by this custom, are sufficient in themselves to condemn it.

In personal appearance, there is a wide difference between the women of what are called "Great" and Little Russia. The latter, whose temperament is more fiery and vivacious than the former, bears in her exterior the marks of her Southern blood. She is tall and slender, with a face full of expression, dark eyes, and black hair, which is held in its place by a gold band a finger broad, and hanging down her back in thick braids, adorned with gay colored ribbons and laces. About her neck she wears many strings of pearls. Her white chemise with red figures upon the shoulders, and the dress of blue or check

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RUSSIAN MOTHER AND CHILDREN ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

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which covers her whole figure to the ankles, are of an artistic daintiness of material and cut—reminding one of the Poles. The Great Russian is shorter, with thick joints, and a greater tendency to corpulence. Her blue eyes are clear, with an expression of friendliness and careless mirth, but she has little of the warm sympathy and passionate earnestness of the South Russian.

What shall we say of the ladies of rank? Are they handsome, and do they possess the special loveliness that has been attributed to them? Or is it only their external appearance, their effort to please by an affectation of western cultivation which gives them attractiveness? The answer is not entirely easy. The Russian lady has two sides—an *exterior*, generally prepossessing and even charming; an *interior*, which is too often far from agreeable. Her tact, her *savoir faire*, are almost incredible, when she chooses to exercise them. Money is valuable to her, only as a means of the elegance of dress and appointments she courts so passionately and which it alone can supply. She knows just enough of art or literature, to talk easily and superficially of both, without caring for either. Fashion rules her tastes; she goes with the tide, and adores the glorious voice and entrancing action of Adelina Patti, not because she admires them, but because St. Petersburg has decided to applaud. Her taste in dress is admirable, and her appearance is always somewhat dazzling; she is faultlessly elegant in demeanor, and speaks foreign languages with grace and accuracy, and almost without an accent. No one interprets more closely the slightest shades of fashionable life than the great lady of St. Petersburg. Deceit and calculation are prominent traits of her character, in which the gentler features are almost entirely wanting. In every Russian woman of birth and education there seems to be something of "the Spirit which continually denies," and to one who knows them well, it is not surprising to find so many of them among the Nihilists. When they are in power, they use it with an audacity that challenges admiration; and to attain it no intrigue is too intricate, no means too despicable. Their influence in the Empire is a prominent part of its history, but the pages which treat of it can scarcely be read without a blush.

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Diplomacy seems to be a specialty of these ladies, and the number of them who are engaged in it is simply incredible. In the social circles of the capitals of every nation of Europe, Russian ladies may be found moving in all degrees of splendor, and playing every *role*, from that of the spy and eaves-dropper, and the paid agents of police, to that of the confidential friend of the sovereign or the minister of state. Most of them are of high birth, and none of them shrink from making the nobility which should bind them to honor, the stepping stone to operations of the most dishonorable character. Many of these "princesses," whose husbands never appear, or hover dimly in the back-ground, maintain suburban residences at the fashionable places of resort, where they can meet—by the merest accident — their diplomatic friends. Patriotism is one of their favorite professions, and they delight to surround themselves with elements whose development and existence are impossible in the Empire. If their plans fail, they shrug their shoulders with a malicious smile; and remembering that their hand was not lucky this time, proceed to intrigue again, and yet again. They delight in political quarrels; they are happy in drawing after them the decided pessimist and the rampant liberal, with the magic of their sweet smiles. Thus they establish a reputation for influence, and their salons become the rendezvous of diplomats of every grade. All this time, their pens are busy. They write letters, journals and memoirs, in which the most trivial circumstances, the slightest remarks of their noble guests are recorded with unerring fidelity. They accumulate, with equal avidity, secrets of state and social gossip. They know every one's

WOMAN OF GREATER RUSSIA.

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weakness; and hold a clue to every one's history, particularly in the shady places; they are perfect store-houses of scandals, indiscretions and intrigues of every kind.

But, perhaps the most interesting class of the Russian women are the students. There are at present in the University of St. Petersburg, at least six hundred girls, engaged in medical or philosophical study, bright, healthy, fearless beings—who hold their own with their male-

RUSSIAN TYPES OF WOMEN.

fellow students as well in the class-rooms, as in the cafes, where their cigarettes and their discussions of political and scientific subjects are of constant recurrence. Their reputation, although most of them belong to the best families, is as bad as it well can be. The poorer girls, particularly if they have pretty faces, soon become the prey of the officers of the guards, or of bald-headed old *roues* with well-filled purses. The better classes among them, frequently marry honorably without interrupting their course of study, and at its conclusion, establish themselves as advocates or physicians. Nothing is commoner than to see a white porcelain shield displayed upon a door, inscribed in black letters, "Doctress Anna Ivanovna C. Practising Physician, &c." or "Mr. & Mrs. ———, Counsellors-at-Law." When the husband

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returns from his daily business, instead of finding his house warm and tidy, and his tea waiting, too often the lady has not returned from her professional calls, and the house is empty and desolate.

The last of the Slavonian women which we shall notice are the Poles, the most splendid of them all. To describe them thoroughly in the few lines we have to devote to the purpose, is difficult if not impossible, and none the less so because it has been the fashion in visiting or speaking of them for ages to throw around them a sort of poetic halo, justified by individual cases of heroism or great qualities, but far from accurate in a picture of the Polish women in general.

They have many of the attributes of ideal external beauty. The quiet classic cut of their features, the elegance of their forms, and the taste of their dress are seldom equalled. Their demeanor is graceful, their complexion fairer and more transparent than that of the Russians, though their eyes lack the expression which frequently flashes from the blue orbs of their North Russian neighbors. But taken as a whole, they exhibit a type of peculiar beauty, to which is joined an agreeableness not ordinarily met with except among the Roman women.

Fond of dress, and admiring Parisian fashions, they have never carried their admiration to excess, like the Grecians and Russians, and retain still certain styles and articles of apparel, which have come down to them from their forefathers, and the use of which is sustained by taste as well as convenience. A noble lady of Warsaw would be ashamed to order her wardrobe complete from Paris, knowing as she does, that her own city contains emporiums of the richest and most tasteful goods; and that in furs, which the climate imperatively demands, its shops are unequalled. The western fashion of using furs simply as trimmings and embellishments, is not to her taste. She covers herself from head to foot with robes and mantles, whose cut and trimming only embellish the intrinsic beauty and value, of the otter or sable, and costly velvet of which they are composed.

The social life of the higher classes in Poland is very brilliant. Intercourse is without restraint, and the fine tact and innate nobility of the men prevent inconveniences which might otherwise result

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from this liberty. But notwithstanding their amiability and almost oppressive hospitality, the stranger is apt to feel that he is admitted only to the externals of social intercourse, and that he is never quite forgiven for being born outside of Poland.

French is spoken in society very commonly, but in the intimacy of the home circle the Poles speak their own language exclusively. Their national sentiment is too decided to allow them to use any foreign language only so far as is required by courtesy, or the necessity of a common medium of intercourse between people of as many nations as are thrown together in Warsaw. At home the Polish woman is only Polish. She is amiable and ingenuous without an effort, for both are natural to her. A better housewife than the Russian woman, her hospitality has less of calculation than that of the latter; and the troop of servants which the Russian considers indispensable in the household, the Pole deems unnecessary and inconvenient. Even the rich seem to place comparatively little stress upon material enjoyments, seeking to make their homes comfortable and convenient rather than splendid. Light and warmth are freely admitted into the corridors where the lady of the house exercises her vocation with an absence of constraint which is characteristic of her people. Nothing is affected or artificial with her, and the lines of etiquette are relaxed so far as is consistent with the usages of good society.

The appearance of the Polish ladies upon the promenade, or in public places is highly elegant. Accompanied by slender young men with finely modelled faces and noble profiles, distinguished soldiers and officers in the picturesque dress of the Caucasian highlands, they pass up and down, or gather in the rendezvous of the fashionable world. And what a contrast between their fresh delicate complexions and the glow of their great dark eyes; what a noble elegance of movement; what a grace of form! One must see their dainty little feet, to fully understand the enthusiasm of the Polish poet, who declares that they bless the very stones on which they tread!

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SUABIAN WOMAN.—SOUTH GERMANY.

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3. The Germanic Women.

Characteristics of the Germanic People. The Scandinavians. The Swedish Women. Norwegian Betrothals. Homes and Civilization of the Extreme North. The Dutchwoman at Home. The English Family and Social Life. Tyranny of Conventionalities. High Life in London. The Season. Fashion. English Women of Distinction. The German Women. Historic Glance. Culture. Daily Life. The German House Wife. Hedwig Dohm.

THE end of our wanderings in Europe approaches as we enter the countries inhabited by the Germanic family; which though sub-divided into an infinity of nationalities, and scattered all over the civilized world, still retains many of the elements of unity. Originating among the forests and mountains of the North, living in constant conflict for the subsistence they wring from the niggardly soil, ages have developed in these people certain peculiarities of thought and action as marked and strong as their physical features. Comparing them with the Roman people, it has been said that they were the representatives of the *manly*, while the Romans might be considered the tpye of the *womanly* characteristics of the human race. The Romans are womanly in quickness of comprehension as in versatility of action. Their nervous impressibility, the suddenness and vivacity of their whims or impulses; their passionate love or hate, are all womanly; as are also the amiability and gentleness of their manner of life, their delight in the chit-chat of society, the conversation which amuses and diverts—of which they are masters—their taste for the dainty and elegant, in household arrangements and dress, and in architecture and landscape gardening.

The Germans, on the other hand, are masculine in their stiffness and heaviness; in their slower mental and physical action; in their deeper comprehension of life; their stronger sense of duty; their intenser convictions and feelings; their carelessness for external orna-

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ment, and conversation for conversation's sake. The German is a Pessimist, transcendental and idealistic; the Roman an Optimist, positive and materialistic. Life to the one is a means for the fulfillment of duty; to the other the earth is a festal hall, and life the greatest possible happiness for the individual.

Each of the German peoples sympathizes with the Roman races, rather than the other branches of its own family. The sternest soldier of the German Empire has at the bottom of his heart some inclination for the French. The Swedes, Danes and Dutch are enthusiastic admirers of everything that is French, while they antagonize and abominate Germany and the Germans, their own kindred and kind.

The distinctions between the sub-divisions of the family are strongly marked. The Swede differs from the Dane, the Dane from the Norwegian, though all are Scandinavians. The first of these, though inhabiting the very north of Europe, is merry and vivacious, fond of pleasure, music and song, and not without a certain refinement of taste and habits. Their language is the richest, most resonant and poetical of the Scandinavian dialects. The Swede is open, communicative and trustful, while the Norwegian is secretive and exclusive. Deeply religious as are all the Scandinavians, the Norwegian has a severer conscientiousness, and a deeper sense of duty than most of the others, culminating very often in a dislike of foreign manners and customs, and an impatience and intolerance of other forms of faith.

Political circumstances have forced the Danes into closer relations with the Germans. Less serious and earnest than the Norwegians, they possess little of the gayety and joyfulness of the Swedes. The contrast between these nations is best seen by comparing their capitals. Stockholm, with its changing prospects of wood and field, of sea and canals, its terraces and its famous Zoological Gardens, has been called the Venice of the North. One must visit the Zoological Gardens to see the beauties of Stockholm in all their splendor, as in Venice we go to the Plaza of St. Mark, to seek the Venetian fair ones, or wander upon the banks of the Guadalquivir to meet the brown damsels of Seville.

How entirely different is the Norwegian capital, Christiana,

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where society follows the ancient traditions, and finds its greatest pride in recalling the memory of the Vikings. In Norway the interest of the individual comes first; in Sweden that of the community. The Norwegian in his "Gaard," lives for himself and his family. The Swede presses into publicity, and finds his pleasure in society. The Norwegian is conservative, the Swede progressive, and the Dane, less earnest, is accessible to every external influence.

The differences between the Swedes and the Norwegians disappear upon entering the Northern district of the kingdom, where manners and customs are of the most primitive order, and the ancient Scandinavian traditions, like the gods of that singular people, seem to hold their sway in the retired farms and hamlets. Prejudices and superstitions are rife, and a certain austerity and rudeness in the relations between the sexes is maintained. The bridegroom goes to the altar with a whip in his hand, as the attribute of the dignity he is about to assume, and never lays it aside during the ceremony. The bride whose good name is tarnished, is obliged to advertise the fact in the act of marriage, as only a stainless maiden may wear the bridal crown of artificial flowers which is prepared for such occasions. This distinction is rather costly, as a Swedish "Crown wedding" is seldom accomplished at an expense of less than 8,000 crowns; and for the use of the tiara itself, kept in the churches for this purpose, a very high price is charged—so that a want of money frequently compels a renunciation of the distinction to which a bride may be fairly entitled.

A Swedish peasant bride is arrayed in the most tasteless pomp that it is possible to imagine. In order to enable her to make a fitting appearance, the families of a whole community must strip themselves of their ornaments, which are literally piled and hung upon her hair, neck, arms, hands and silken bodice. Her waist is generally encircled with a belt, hung with silver trinkets, and in one of her shoes is hidden a silver ring which falls to the boy who has the honor of taking off her shoes upon her retiring for the night.

After the marriage feasting and dancing is concluded, a singular scene takes place. The maidens form a ring around the bride, and attempt to protect her from the married women, who flock about her and

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endeavor to lead her to the bridal chamber. The bachelors and married men pursue the same farce with the groom. A struggle ensues of a considerably rigorous nature, in which the married parties prevail, and the pair are led away in triumph. The whole company then rushes pell mell to the bridal chamber, the door is burst open, the bride is seated upon the bedside, and every guest must receive a glass of wine or brandy from her hand. While this is being done, the young groomsman slips off her shoes, snatches the ring from its concealment, and runs off, with shouts of merriment. The festivities continue for seven days; often two weeks or more, if the parties are wealthy. As a memorial of the feast, they have a very pretty custom of planting a fir tree upon a neighboring hillock. Such trees are also planted before the house of the bridal pair, and more are added when the first child is born to them.

NORWEGIAN GIRL.

A wedding is a much more serious business with the Norwegians than the Swedes. The former are usually spoken of as a democratic people, but they are really a democracy of aristocrats, full of the intense pride of a race conquering but never conquered. Since Harold Harfagr, in the ninth century was enthroned as King of Norway, most of the royal and noble families of Europe have been founded; but thousands of families, even in the remotest "gaards" of Norway trace their descent from him in unbroken lines, and in spite of their annexation, first to Denmark and afterward to Sweden, their internal relations remain unchanged. The weight that is placed, by a people whose government is so democratic, upon the accident of birth, is astonishing. Scarcely a betrothal takes place without assurances that the bride is descended from the ancient barons, and the groom from the Vikings, who centuries ago were the terror of the seas.

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The betrothal of a Norwegian maiden is a very circumstantial affair, partaking in many respects more of the sensuous and superstitous customs of the Orientals than those of the calmer calculating people of the North. Good omens are considered of great significance, and no pains are spared to obtain them. The betrothal must take place during the first quarter of the moon, in order that the union may be prosperous. When the procession goes to the church, the musicians must see well to their instruments, as the snapping of a fiddle string may forbode unheard of misfortunes. The neighing of a horse, or the fall of rain are equally unlucky.

We have seen the Swedish groom lead his bride to the altar with a scourge in his other hand, but the Norwegian bride has a way of escape from such brutal demonstrations of authority. She has only to set her right foot, as she stands before the altar, a little in advance of the bridegroom's to lodge an effective protest against his domination. If she wishes to do this, she drops her handkerchief as if by accident, and as the groom stoops to pick it up she seizes the advantage which is to neutralize his tyranny forever. How far such defences may avail when the couple are left to themselves, the reader can imagine.

Life in a Norwegian home is uniform and monotonous, enlivened only by a family affection almost unparalleled. Large families, notwithstanding the poverty of the country, are considered the choicest blessings; and each mother is doubly proud of her stalwart sons and blooming daughters, and pinches herself gladly to give them the means of education and advancement. In the cities of Norway, Drontheim, for instance, situated in the latitude of Behring Straits, there are excellent schools, splendidly arranged hospitals, a noble cathedral, and a fine theatre; and Tronso, surrounded by eternal ice, and known only as a harbor for whalemen, has its fashionable shops and abundant evidences of civilization.

But a far more splendid representation of the energy and perseverance of the Germanic race is found in the Netherlands, the country which has been snatched by its inhabitants from the very jaws of the sea, and which, though small in extent, has made itself a place among the foremost nations of the earth by the industry, the

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enterprise, the intelligence and stalwart independence of its people. Long the first of commercial nations, the famous Dutch Republic has lost much of its prestige, but its colonies may be found in the uttermost parts of the earth; and, though its admirals no longer sweep the British Channel with a broom at their mast-heads, its merchant ships are still in every port and on every sea.

We have already remarked the tendency of the Germanic races to cohesion rather with outsiders than their own kindred. The Dutch have been famous not only for their aversion for other members of the Germanic family, but for each other. Nothing but the tremendous external pressure of Spain, could force these sturdy little republics, some of them scarcely as extensive as a farm on the prairies of America, into united and harmonious action. The retirement of the invader was always the signal for the assertion of the individuality of some one or other of these petty States, no one of which could stand alone, while each was jéalous of every other. This only has prevented Holland from becoming the mistress of the seas, and the arbiter of European politics. She chose to be a confederacy of independent sovereignties instead of a nation. She has achieved wealth, culture, elegance and high respectability, but she has lost power.

The contrast between the Dutch and their German neighbors is very striking, socially as well as politically. Business relations attract them to the English, while in taste and feeling they are more closely allied to the French; and this mixture of action and feeling may be seen in full force at the Hague, the Lowland capital. This city, which at the time of the Counts of Holland was little more than a hunting enclosure, became, during the residence of King Louis, the father of Napoleon III, a place of importance, in which French influence predominated. Since that time, it has declined very considerably; but, as in all the other Dutch cities, French tastes and sympathies are still prominent.

The home of the Dutch woman is a curiosity. No Dutchman can understand the possibility of more than one family residing under one roof; and if scanty means compel them to adapt themselves to close quarters, each takes care to have his own entrance and stairs.

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The first virtue of a Dutch woman is cleanliness; and their extraordinary neatness has long been proverbial. The visitor is constantly reminded that no speck of dust must enter the dwelling, by mats at the entrance, in the passages, and at the threshold of each door. Passing through a kind of purgatory of steep and narrow winding stairs,

DUTCH GIRL.

he finds himself at last in the "stube" or sitting-room, where each cupboard and article of luxury is veiled in clouds of thin muslin, lest any intruding particle of dirt should fall upon its immaculate surface. Such excessive neatness is far from pleasant to the guest, who must run a sort of guantlet before reaching the easy chair towards which his steps are directed, and where another mat awaits his feet. Mats are placed before each chair or sofa, and rugs are spread upon the hearths.

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When Peter the Great was learning ship building in Holland, he expressed a wish to visit the home of a Dutch master-workman, with whom he had become acquainted. The good man referred the matter to his wife. "No" said she;" "the Emperor will not be willing to take off his boots when he comes into the house." So the honor was declined.

As soon as the guest departs, dust-pan and broom are in requisition to clear up any possibilities of litter he may have left behind him. The house is the paragon of neatness, but it is far from comfortable. Its tables and shelves are loaded with elegant trifles, too costly and too fragile to be handled safely; vases of China and Japan, bronzes, brackets and trinkets of every kind, all of which demand the daily attention of the lady of the house, who can trust them to no other hands than her own, and who is so occupied in keeping them and the other parts of her "Dutch toy" of a house in perfect order, that she has little time for any thing else.

Next to her housekeeping the Dutch woman is occupied in providing for the bodily welfare of her household. The principal meal being in the evening, comparatively little food is prepared during the day. The family meets in the morning at the breakfast table, where tea, cakes of various kinds, eggs, butter and cheese are in readiness. Coffee is served only at noon, at the luncheon or second breakfast. If one wishes anything more, there are bread and cheese, butter and some kind of meat, with fruits at the end of the meal. A favorite dish is a sort of pap, composed of fresh strawberries, sour cream, sugar, cinnamon, and crushed biscuit, mixed by the lady of the house at the table. The Dutch cooking is ordinarily rather heavy, and scarcely tolerable to many tastes.

Social life in Holland has little variety. There is little intellectual activity even in the leading families, the theatre is sparingly patronized and music receives but moderate attention. Unlike most continental nations, the Dutch are keenly interested in distant lands and people, and nearly every family has a member, or near relative residing abroad or recently returned from the colonies. In the salons the outlandish names of the Malayan Archipelago are household words,

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and young people frequently amuse themselves by conversing in the soft liquid language of Java or Sumatra. The mother endures the residence of her sons at the antipodes with composure, knowing that in a few years they are likely to return, rich in experience and perhaps in money, and that the way to honorable employment is certain to be open to them. Work and zealous performance of duty are national virtues with the Hollanders. Beggars are unknown among them, and idleness is a crime. Exciting amusements have little charm for them or their families. Life at the Hague would be dull and wearisome in the extreme but for the splendid promenade under the beeches, and the famous baths of Schweringen. There is no street life, such as is found in Southern Europe. If a man is not at home, it is useless to seek him upon the street or the public squares; most likely he will be found at his club which affords him society, reading, and diversion of every kind, and an excellent table at mid-day. Club life flourishes in Holland more than in any country of Europe, possibly because the superlative neatness of Dutch homes makes it impossible to be comfortable in them; and the club houses of the Hague, Amsterdam and Rotterdam are among the most elegant and comfortable buildings in those cities. From the Dutch to the Germans the transition is easy, though the differences in social and public life strike us at a glance. Tacitus praised the stern virtues of the German women, so strongly in contrast with the laxity of morals of his Roman aquaintances of the female sex. He speaks of the absence of slander among them, their truth and faithfulness, and their chastity and honor, in glowing terms; and is lost in admiration of their conduct in aiding and exciting the courage of the men, cheering them with their presence upon the field of battle, and even dashing with shield and spear upon the victorious legions of Marius after the men had been put to flight. None of them thought of the shame of captivity, and only a few yielded at last, on condition that they might be permitted to become Vestals. Plutarch also tells of the Cimbrian women who defended their camp with desperate valor. "They slew the fugitives, their husbands, fathers and brothers; they cast their children under the wheels of the chariots and the feet of the horses, and then killed themselves."

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But it is needless for us to exalt the virtues of the German women of that early day. We can find plenty of material for our purpose nearer our own time, in the heroism of the great Empress Queen, Maria Theresa, for whom assembled Hungary was ready to die; and in Louisa of Prussia, the ideal of a German woman—a heroine in her patience, a queen in loftiness and magnanimity of soul. We can turn to Ferdinande of Schmittau, to the heroic Johanna Steger and the soldier's death of Eleanor von Probaska. We can remember the women of Berlin who sold their jewels to provide the means of defending their country against Napoleon, preferring to wear earrings and bracelets of iron, in order that the fetters of the conqueror might be stricken from their fallen country.

But the German women of to-day exercise their virtues in their homes, with moderate aspirations for either heroic or literary fame. Of great capacity for intellectual development, they have generally contented themselves with taking a position subordinate to their husbands, and brothers. They seldom excel in music, though their taste is often exquisite. They are scarcely heard of in sculpture or painting, though they have given reasonable evidence of capability for both. They prefer to be housewives; to confine themselves to the practice of the less obtrusive and humble virtues of patience, economy and industry, and their success in this direction has attracted a crowd of satirists, who delight in ridiculing what some of them at least have not scrupled to profit by. One of the bitterest of these is herself a woman—Hedwig Dohm, who thus sums up the entire need of a German matron. "I, Madam Schulz, believe with my whole heart and all my powers, in myself and my kitchen, my nursery and my laundry, my bleaching ground and my sewing machine. All that is over and beyond these, is of the Devil."

"I believe that if the dear God Himself had a wife, she would of necessity be just such a woman as I am."

"I believe that the whole race of servant maidens is good for nothing, deceitful and worthless."

"I believe that every woman who ventures to doubt my infallibility, to see things other than as I see them, or to possess herself with

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GERMAN PEASANT SCENE.

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what are called "Ideas," is a shameless and abominable emancipationist and heretic, who ought for the sake of justice to be roasted and ground to powder."

And stretching toward heaven the hand which holds her broom she adds, "For I was, and am, and ever shall be a German housewife."

Science and justice, to the German woman, is respectable only when it leads to a full pocket and an ample provision for house keeping. Seven-eighths of the so-called virtues of our women are only crimes in disguise according to St. Hedwig.

Their economy and frugality only lead them to cheat and to lie; to tell their bootmaker without a blush that the work of his neighbor is so much cheaper than his, and as good or better, and to pretend to faint at hearing a price named which they know is entirely reasonable.

"Go shopping with a house wife," says this stern judge of the shortcomings of her sex, "if you would learn the utter depths of deceit, and shameless jesuitical lying." She pinches in the material for her dresses, declaring she uses fewer yards than her neighbors, while any one can see the contrary in the garment she has on. The economy she practices is threadbare. In her closets and pantries lie heaps of rags and remnants, which she can not bring herself to sacrifice, but for which the very dust man would scorn to find room. She hoards every crumb and bone and cheese paring. She only has the art to make a little sausage look big, by flattening and stretching. She deals out lumps of sugar so minute that the cup of tea or coffee into which they are dropped scorns to acknowledge their presence. She is the farthest remove from hospitable, and an unexpected guest is her abomination. At his appearance she sits as upon hot coals; she looks at her watch every five minutes of his stay, and while she is talking of the Goethe bust, or the facade of the Parliament buildings, her whole soul is in her pantry. The burden of care and labor which she insists she has to endure, is indescribable. If it were not for her, her husband would be ruined hopelessly; and the pitiless critic wonders in conclusion, how many widowers have been driven to beggary by the loss of their wives.

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HAMBURG MARKET WOMAN.

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Another German writer compares his countrywomen to the Otahetans who seem so soft and gentle, yet devour their enemies; and yet another, noticing that flowers have been the favorite simile of the poets when writing of women, insists that if the comparison is to hold good in future, the flowers must be artificial.

The French woman has spirit and fancy, the English woman intelligence, and the German feeling. The French woman converses, the English woman talks, the German woman judges. The first offers a rose, the second a dahlia, the third a forget-me-not. The superiority of the French woman is in her tongue, of the English woman in her head, and of the German in her heart.

After all that has been said in her disparagement, it is not to be denied that the German woman possesses many excellencies. The French woman, says a famous wit, marries from calculation; the English woman, because it is customary; and the German woman, for love. The first loves her husband till the end of the honeymoon, the second during his life, and the third forever.

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5. The English Women.

CROSSING the narrow strait which separates England from the Continent of Europe, we enter at once a society in which the sphere of woman is in many respects wider and nobler than in any country we have hitherto visited in our travels. The English woman has an independence of thought and action, scarcely imaginable upon the continent of Europe. The slave of conventionalities, bound in fetters of custom stronger than bands of brass in many respects, she is in many others, the finest woman in the world. The dissemination of education among the higher and middle classes, the opening of the higher schools, grudgingly and yet only partially accorded—but still begun; the encouragements to literary work of the better sort, have done much to improve the condition of English women, and the free intercourse between the sexes, the moulding of the thought and feeling of the one by that of the other, has elevated the standard of both. The English woman is the picture of physical health—too much so, as some writers have maintained, for beauty. Her complexion, at first fresh and blooming, is apt to become red and lose its softness by exposure to the fogs and damps of the English climate, and perhaps also from

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the solid quality of the English diet. Living largely in the open air, a capital walker, a graceful and daring horsewoman, she is very apt to possess an excellent appetite and to develop a solidity of form and figure imposing rather than graceful. Her beauty is seldom delicate or fragile. Hawthorne invited the anathemas of the whole English nation by calling her "beefy." But she possesses a high degree of dignity, and a fearlessness and independence of movement which challenge admiration at all times. Few sights are more beautiful than an English lady in the field; her high-bred steed perfectly in hand, her face lit up with the excitement of the chase, her complexion brightened and cleared by the freshness of the morning air, the perfect fit of her riding-habit displaying and heightening the graceful lines of her form, and her hair just a little disarranged by the rapidity of her flight, as she "takes the hedge" with the best rider of them all, and scours away across the plain like a vision of light and power.

For she is strong, even in her loveliness. Her virtues are pronounced. She is as shrewd in managing the disposition of her daughters as a finished diplomatist. She trains them in the idea that the chief end of woman is to marry well; she watches every chance, she makes the most of every advantage. If she fails she is not discouraged; if she is beaten she will not retire from the field. She has her duty to do by her family, and she does it, according to her standard, faithfully and well. No one knows better than she how to overcome the rebellious impulses of the heart when they interfere with her cherished plans. She can point to her own experience, and she is generally successful in making her pupils see the necessity of prudence and calculation even in matters of the heart.

But there are nobler sides to her character than that of the manœuvring mother, or the intriguante. She is the successful woman of business, carrying on large enterprises with consummate energy and skill; she is the instructor of children and youth, the visitor and the helper of the sick the poor, and the needy. She can turn away from the luxurious appointments of her home, and take her place in the hospital by the wounded, dying sufferer, moistening his fevered

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lips and soothing his pain; she can go to the camp and the battle-field and bring the light and peace of her presence, the comfort and order she knows so well how to create in the very places where men despair. When the English army lay dying in the trenches at Scutari, the hospitals crowded with the sick and the dying, the necessary articles for their relief so tied up with official tape that men despaired of obtaining them, it was an English woman—Miss Florence Nightingale—who improvised a force of sappers, and broke through every barrier between her sick and their relief.

In the terrible marches of the British army in Afganistan, English women have borne the hardships, and cheered the fainting hearts of their husbands and their brothers. They have met the terrors of the Sepoy rebellion in India with an unflinching courage and devotion, and "wherever a noble deed is wrought" they have been ready to take their places and fulfill their work.

"Lady Clara Vere de Vere" is not the type of the English woman of the higher classes, although for lack of opportunity for better things, many of them fall into her naughty ways, and

> "Think to break a country heart
> For pastime e're they go to town,"—

because, and only because,

> —"They pine among their halls and towers,
> The languid light of their proud eyes
> Is wearied of the rolling hours.
>
> In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
> But sickening of a vague disease,
> They know so ill to deal with time
> They needs must play such pranks as these."

There may be seen among them, many a

> . . . . "Cold and clear-cut face,
> Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

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ready to "Gorgonize" the beholder "from head to foot with a stony British stare,"—

"Pale with the golden beam of eyelash
dead on the cheek.
Passionless, pale cold face, star sweet on
a gloom profound,
Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for
a transient wrong,
Done out in thought to beauty
and ever as pale as before."

but even these can change in a twinkling to some

"Maud, with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green.
Maud, in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of Death and Honor that cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself, so languid and base."

or to her, whom Tennyson, from whom we have borrowed these lines, idealizes as

"Revered, beloved, O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms or power of brain or birth,
Could give the warrior Kings of old.

"Whose court is pure, whose life serene,
God give her peace, her land repose;
A thousand claims to reverence close,
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

She can be the—

"Airy fairy Lilian
Flitting fairy Lilian,"

who

"When I ask her if she loves me
Clasps her tiny hands above me
Laughing all she can."——

or Madeline.

Smiling frowning evermore,
She is perfect in love lore — — —
Whether smile or frown be fleeter
Whether smile or frown be sweeter,
Who may know?"

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But when duty calls her, when her heart is stirred, this creature which but a moment before seemed made only to while away the flight of time, becomes

> "The woman of a thousand summers back,
> Godiva, wife to that grim earl that ruled,
> In Coventry, and when he laid a tax
> Upon the town, and all the mothers brought
> Their children, clamoring, "If we pay we starve,"
> She sought her Lord, and told him of their tears,
> And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax they starve,"

—and rode through the town to secure its repeal; or better still,

> "Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
> Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
> No Angel but a dearer being dipt
> In Angel instincts, breathing paradise,
> Interpreter between the Gods and men;
> Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
> On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
> Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce,
> Sway'd to her, from their orbits as they wound,
> And girded her with music."

who enters as a bride, zealous of love,

> —— —— "To rear, and teach,
> Becoming, as is meet and fit
> A link among the days, to knit
> The generations each with each."

Contrasts like these may frequently be found among the pictures of English women, which the Laureate of England has sketched with loving or scornful hands.

What can be said of beings who appear under such entirely opposite colors in different places and to different eyes. The old Romans said "*Varium et mutabile semper fœmina*," and so far as English women go were entirely correct. The same woman seen in the country, the life and soul of every out door enjoyment, the never failing consoler and companion of the children in their sorrows or their games, becomes a being of another order in London in the

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AN ENGLISH LADY.

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midst of the season, when life is devoted to balls and dinners and Society reigns supreme.

The London season which begins in May, and ends in August is in itself worthy of a chapter. Then every one, who is any one, must be in town, and every one must "receive." Then the mother with marriageable daughters upon her hands lays her plans for their disposal, and fishes for a duke, a marquis, a baron, or a wealthy commoner with the skill and patience of a consummate angler. No humiliation or privation is too great for this self denying persevering creature, if by it she can further her aims. She will drag herself to ball after ball, and dinner after dinner, enduring the crowded rooms, the late hours, the vapidities of dinner table conversation, the countless annoyances of social life, with a cheerfulness worthy of the highest praise, if she can but succeed in placing her daughters a step higher in social or financial position than herself. Her ambition is boundless, her resources inexhaustible, her ingenuity equalled only by her persistence.

Every one complains of the fatigues, the utter dreariness of the London season, yet the vehemence with which every one presses into it, and longs for its return is only equalled by the heartfelt sighs of relief which are breathed from thousands of anxious hearts when it is over.

The men can then scatter to their shooting or fishing among the hills or lakes. The ladies can seek restoration from the ravages of city life, in rural retreats. Those who have borne away the prizes of the matrimonial lottery can retire to enjoy their winnings, and those who have failed, set to work to play the game over again with increased experience, if not with increased resources. Life in English society is nine months of preparation for three of fruition. Those who know it best consider its prizes dearly bought.

In their marriage laws, the English are far from liberal. The old common law made the wife very much the chattel of her husband, who might treat her with unheard of abuse and cruelty with but little remedy. Her earnings were his, her property was controlled by him absolutely, unless tied up by a marriage settlement, and a separation between the parties was extremely difficult to arrange without the con-

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sent of the husband. Some of the saddest pages of the History of English society have been written to record the wrongs of married women. Only in England could a woman like the Hon. Caroline Norton, handsome, highly connected and richly endowed with mental gifts, have remained for years subjected to the annoyances, the persecutions, the extortions of the shameless scoundrel whom she had married in early youth, without legal remedy.

She has demonstrated that an English husband may be unfaithful to his marriage vows in countless instances; may beat his wife, starve her, slander her, and hire scoundrels as base as himself to destroy her reputation by the most shameful intrigues and plots; may absolutely refuse to provide for her simplest wants, and still sue for and recover from her publishers the proceeds of the works she has written to keep herself from starvation. The intense conservatism of the English nation has interposed every possible obstacle in the way of any other than moral and social reforms of the relations between husband and wife. The sentiment of the English people has been overwhemingly in favor of making the marriage tie as nearly indissoluble as possible. And the same system of jurisprudence which sternly forbids a widower to marry the sister of his deceased wife, in hundreds of cases the most natural and the best connection he could possibly form for his own happiness and that of his children, leaves the wife of a drunken savage brute practically at his mercy.

This was aggravated by the fact that while the English marriage laws required a certain amount of premeditation and precaution, either by publication of banns or the procurement of special license, in Scotland no such barriers were interposed; and a couple who chose to marry in haste, had only to step across the Scottish border where a simple acknowledgment of the relation by the parties, in the presence of a witness, no matter how indirectly it may have been made, was sufficient to establish its validity in any part of the United Kingdom. Gretna Green, a little hamlet just over the Scottish lines, has for this reason become one of the most famous places in all Great Britain. It was in vain that the present Queen refused to receive ladies who had made a "Scotch Marriage" at her Drawing Rooms. The practice

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went on; and those who there married in haste, too often fulfilled the old adage and repented at leisure.

Recent legislation has removed this irregularity from the marriage system of Great Britain. The celebrated "blacksmith" of Gretna Green has come down from his bad eminence, and is enabled to devote himself to the duties of a profession at least as honorable as forging matrimonial fetters for runaway lovers, and the domestic life of the better classes of the English people is thus far improved.

But the condition of the women among the poor is lamentable in many respects. Probably in no civilized country in the world is wife-beating practiced with more brutality or frequency. The London philanthropists despairing some time since of suppressing this wretched practice by ordinary penalties, proposed public flogging for its punish-ishment—on the ground that the being who could descend to such brutality was to be deterred from its practice only by treating him as a brute, as his conduct richly deserved. Some satirist of the day objected to the proposition, on the ground that, if it passed into law, some of the honorable and noble lawmakers themselves might be brought to the whipping post in the height of the London season. However this may have been, the matter was suffered to drop; and the number of bruised and mangled wretches to be found in the slums of London, or any of the other great cities of the Kingdom, is pitiful to contemplate. Each of these is bound by law to her tyrant. The modifications of the divorce laws which have been extorted from reluctant Englishmen are beyond the reach of the poor. The poor girl who in her ignorance and innocence has bound herself to a brute, is enslaved for life. She is his "wench," he her "master."

In the mining regions and in the great manufacturing towns, the laboring woman is a drudge and a slave. Men have, within a few years, led their wives into the market places of towns in the North of England with a halter, and sold them for a few pints of gin. In the collieries the women go into the mines, and share the labor of their husbands, often to be repaid with blows and abuse. In Scotland and in Ireland very much of the farm labor is also done by them. Women plant, hoe, and dig the potatoes in Ireland, bind the sheaves in all

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three Kingdoms and pick the hops of Kent. Happy it might be for them if they did nothing worse than moderate labor in the open air. Better by far the toil in the harvest fields, with the bright sunlight above them and the fresh breezes fanning their cheeks, than the gloomy depths of the pits, reeking with noxious gasses, ready at any moment to burst into destroying flames, or the sickly drudgery of the cotton mills, where women and children swelter together by hundreds.

The home of the English laborer is something different from the neat cottage shaded with trees and embowered with roses, which poets have made familiar, but which exists only in poetry. Neatness, comfort and convenience, are scarcely to be expected where the hands which should accomplish them are required to labor constantly abroad. Too often the walls are constructed of stones, roughly piled together and cemented with clay, or mud. The roof is a thatch, which, however picturesque it may appear at a distance, is a harbor for vermin and a pitiful apology for a covering for human beings. The ceilings are low, the windows few and small, for it has been reserved for the genius of English statesmen to devise a means of taxing even the light which shines so faintly on their fog covered island. The furniture is scanty and poor, the taste of the occupant exhausted in an American clock, or a colored lithograph. The fire-place at which the family cooking is done, is a rickety grate, or a hearth for burning turf, or the gleanings of the wood of the farm. These are the surroundings of the English laborer of the better sort. The grades below him live in cabins even less comfortable and inviting. In Ireland the hut is built of mud or turf, the thatch is ruinous and leaky, the interior, blackened with peat smoke is the common resort of the family, the cow and the pig, all of whom are at home upon its floor. In front a peat stack, the supply of fuel for the family, towers above the eaves of the cabin. A scanty enclosure for potatoes, is the only garden, and we look in vain for tree or flower.

In a cabin little better than the first of these, Burns was born and grew to manhood, and went forth to guide the plow upon the lea side, or woo his Highland Mary. From such cabins, the Scotch Covenanters went out to worship God among the remote recesses of the glens,

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IRISH LADY.

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and buckled on their armor for Sheriffmuir and Bothwell's Brigg. In almost any one of them, in the Scottish Lowlands, the scene of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," hallowed to thousands who have never set foot on Scottish ground, has been repeated again, every inch for centuries. George Stephenson, one of the greatest of English engineers, the father of the Railway, was born, and reared his son, the constructor of the famous Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence, in the cottage of an English laborer, a den which an American farmer would think hardly fit for his cattle.

The homes of the wealthier classes display every gradation of comfort and convenience, from the cottage of the small farmer, just a little above his laborers, to the villa of the English gentleman, rich in taste and culture, handsomely designed, solidly built,—the English build their houses for posterity,—and filled with memorials of the past. The sword which the great grandfather of the host drew for the White King at Nasby, is crossed with that of the gallant lad who marched with Havelock to the relief of Lucknow, or threaded the passes of Abyssinnia with Sir Garnet Wolsley. Here is the portrait of a midshipman who stood by Nelson when he fell, and beneath it the yataghan, still stained with the blood of a Bashi Bazouk in the Crimea. There is a helmet whose plumes were shorn away in the famous charge of the Light Brigade, at Balaklava, and beside it the sword which threatened the retreating Britons at Bunker Hill. There are portraits with the delicate grace of Holbein, the aristocratic high bred features of Van Dyke, the rich coloring of Reynolds; Wedgewood ware, enriched with the designs of Flaxman, and sideboards carved by Grinling Gibbons. There are libraries whose variety and choiceness is set off by unequalled richness and solidity of binding; every volume a work of art, in cases of English oak almost black with age.

And amid these relics of the past, mingled with the richest and choicest treasures of the present, the central point of attraction is the English woman, whose taste moulds and shapes, whose strong will and clear judgment guides and directs the arrangement and the composition of her household, and makes her dwelling in the truest sense of the word, *a home*. Not easy for the stranger to enter, walled about with

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the reserve and the shy exclusiveness natural to the English people, who "hate fuss," and abominate demonstrativeness; but once the ice is broken, nowhere else in the world is the guest more heartily received, his every want met with more genuine kindness, or with a thoughtfulness that embraces all things, yet never intrudes.

The French woman diverts and amuses and charms her guest; her salon is the most delightful place in the world for an evening, her conversation is bright, lively and exciting; she exhilarates and refreshes and quickens her friend, but the English woman makes him at home. The former hovers around him with a thousand charms, each one of which fascinates and attracts his attention to herself and makes him forget everything else; the latter makes him comfortable, and leaves him to enjoy his comfort in his own way. He may come or go, ride, walk, drive, saunter all day long under the old oaks in the park, or lie at full length for hours upon the turf, whose exquisite freshness and velvety softness are among the highest charms of the English landscape, in the blissful consciousness that he is never in the way and always heartily welcome.

The French woman is admirable in the parlor, exquisite in the sense of form and coloring, which makes every fold of her dress, every shade of the drapery of her rooms a perfect harmony; she excels in every dainty elegant accomplishment, but she has never been able to learn the meaning of "comfort" in the English sense, and there is no word in all their language which is so dear to the English heart, or so entirely characteristic of an English home. And of this idea, the English woman, at her best, is the living embodiment.

In education, in literature and science, the English woman has long performed a very important part. In no country in the world are there so many women engaged in educational pursuits. Hood's Frenchman declares, after staying some time in London, that from the multiplicity of "Schools for Young Ladies," which confronted him on every side, "he believes no one is born in England any more, but the little girls." Nearly every one of these establishments is maintained by women. Men are employed for special departments of instruction, for modern languages, dancing, etc., etc., but the organizations, the

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control and most of the work, are in the hands of women; and if the bitter remark of an English Bishop of the last generation—"Our girls know nothing, but our boys will never find it out," is still true, the fault is not in the teachers, or the lack of opportunities for acquiring information.

WINDSOR.—THE HOME OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

In English literature there is scarcely any department which women have not, and do not adorn. In History, Biography, Poetry, and Fiction, they seem equally at home, presenting a versatility and comprehensiveness, a grasp of deep and intricate questions, a delicacy and faithfulness of treatment, a logical force and clearness seldom equalled or surpassed by the stronger sex. No literary career of the present century excels in breadth, variety, and thorough usefulness, that of

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Harriet Martineau. It was reserved for her to popularize the principles of political economy which Adam Smith had discovered, but which slumbered unheeded in the volume which Miss Martineau has made the hand book of statesmen. It was to her that ministers of state appealed to bring their cherished plans home to the English people, and she took up the task and performed it so well that her employers themselves were glad to adopt her teachings, and make her plans their own. She has given us, in her "Society in America," and "Retrospect of Western Travel," the best picture of American institutions and American people in the beginning of the Anti-Slavery movement, that has ever been drawn by any one; far more comprehensive than that of M. de Tocqueville, and in many cases more accurate and reliable. It is to her that we owe the translation and popularization of Comtès "Positive Philosophy," whose influence upon the thought of the English speaking people is beyond estimation. It is to her that we are indebted for a statement of the phenomena of Mesmerism, which the learned world has found it more convenient to ridicule than to controvert. One of the ablest and most valuable histories of England extant was edited and in great part written by her, and her leading articles in the London *Daily News* were for years among the most important and valuable contributions to the journalism of the time. Laid aside by a fatal disease, and confined to the seclusion of a retreat in the beautiful Lake Country of England, she applied herself to the study and amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes about her; instituted schools, gave them lectures, aroused, awakened and interested them, rendering them the truest and most valuable assistance, in teaching them to help themselves. Her "Life in a Sick Room" has cheered and strengthened thousands of invalids, by teaching them occupation and diversion for the dreary hours of solitude and suffering, which no external aid can altogether relieve. The story of her "Farm of Four Acres" has been read and studied with profit by hundreds of practical agriculturists, and the history of her life, written by herself, and bearing in every line the impress of her independence and originality, is, notwithstanding its negation of that hope which is the light and the life of the Christian, one

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of the most valuable and instructive of studies. The spectacle it presents of a high morality, an exalted benevolence, an intense desire to make every thought and movement subserve to the benefit of her fellow beings; to teach them in all things the sturdy independence and energy, and the active and kindly helpfulness which she so successfully embodied in her own experience, while ignoring or denying the source from which all good must come; a life eminently Christian in most respects, without a Christian faith, challenges the most thoughtful attention, and however we may differ from her conclusions, her earnestness, honesty, and fearlessness can not fail to command our hearty admiration and respect for her as one of the noblest of English women.

In the same line, we might mention Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who has given us one of the most convincing arguments, ever penned in proof of the future existence; Miss Evans, better known as Mrs. Lewes, and still better as George Elliott, who introduced herself to the English public, by a splendid translation of Strauss' "Life of Jesus," and now stands at the head of living novelists, having given to the world a series of volumes containing descriptions of English life and character, and pictures of English scenery of unequalled faithfulness and beauty, combined with a depth of thought and feeling seldom approached; Mrs. Oliphant, who follows closely behind her, with an equal variety and richness, and perhaps a greater general popularity, and very many more, amply sufficient in themselves, to establish the literary reputation of the women of a nation.

We might also mention the lamented authoress of "Jane Eyre," whose short literary life was so full of brilliant success and promise; and her friend and biographer, Mrs. Gaskell, whose descriptions of the society of the manufacturing towns of England developed unusual power and pathos. But a simple catalogue of the English women who have achieved high distinction in fiction alone during the present generation, to say nothing of the Porters, and Miss Edgeworth, and Anne Radcliffe, and Joanna Baillie, and hundreds more of an earlier period, would fill all the remainder of our work to overflowing.

The English female poets are at least equally numerous. At the very mention, what a rich and splendid procession rises up before us

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each one of the long array bearing her sheaves of brilliant and graceful verses, any quantity of which are household treasures wherever the English language is spoken. To speak of Mrs. Southey, whose simple natural lyrics are likely to outlive the ambitious epics of her more celebrated husband; of the Hon. Caroline Norton, the brilliant but unhappy daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, worthy of her parentage and of a better fate; of Felicia Hemans, and "L. E. L," and Mary Howitt; of Eliza Cook, and Jean Ingelow, and Christina Rossetti, as they deserve, would require the extension of our work far beyond the limits we have assigned it; and these are scarcely the beginning of the list, whose crowning glory, hitherto unnamed by us, is or was, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the noblest poet of her time.

In purity and loftiness of sentiment seldom excelled by Tennyson, with a similarity in genius and classical taste to Shelley, she displays a depth of thought, a fervor of imagination, an intensity and vigor of expression, a richness of coloring, and an originality not often found in any poetry.

Perhaps among the best specimens of her style, is the following plea for the children who labor in mines and factories:

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

"Do you hear the children weeping? O my brothers,
'Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears,
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in their nests,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the play time of the others,
In the country of the free * * *

'For Oh,' say the children, we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap.
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.

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BEAUTIES OF THE LATE LONDON SEASON.

1. Mrs. Langtry. 2. Mrs. Arthur Bearr. 3. Mrs. Cornwallis-West.
4. Miss Thompson. 5. Mrs. Hungerford.

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Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces trying to go;
And underneath our heavy eye lids drooping,
The reddest flowers would look as pale as snow,
For all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark underground—
Or all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

For all day, the wheels are driving, turning,
Their wind comes in our faces—
Till our hearts turn—our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places.

Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.

And all day, the iron wheels are driving,
And sometimes we could pray,
"Oh ye wheels"—breaking out in a mad moaning.
"Stop! be silent for to-day!"

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing,
For a moment, mouth to mouth!
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals,
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—

Still all day the iron wheels go onward
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark."

To this pathetic plea for the children of English mothers, we cannot refrain from adding another, which to us seems one of the most "womanly" poems in any language—the wreath a poet, herself purified and sanctified by sickness and sorrow, laid upon the grave of one of the purest, truest and best of her brotherhood.

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COWPER'S GRAVE.

"It is a place where poets crowned may feel the hearts' decaying,
It is a place where happy saints may creep amid their praying.
Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish,
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians, at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling
Groaned inly, while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling.

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how, when one by one, sweet sounds and wondering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken hearted.

He shall be strong, to sanctify the poets' high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration,
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise and good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God, whose heaven hath won him,
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him.

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic senses
As hills have langnage for, and stars, harmonious influences.
The pulse of dew upon the grass, kept his within its number
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses,
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him true and loving.

And though in blindness he remained unconscious of that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses,
That turns his fevered eyes around 'My mother! where's my mother'?
As if such tender words and deeds could come from any other!

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The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she bore him!
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes, which closed in death to save him.

Thus? oh not *thus!* no type of earth could image that awaking
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew *My* Saviour! *not* deserted!

Deserted! Who hath dream't that when the cross in darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops averted?
What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one* should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from his own essence rather;
And Adam's sins have swept between the righteous Son and Father.
Yea, once Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless, 'My God, I am forsaken!'

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his last creation
That of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation!
That earth's worst frenzies marring hope, should mar not hope's fruition,
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a vision."

From this unequalled outburst of a woman's tender pathos, of a feeling so difficult for men to express or even to comprehend, let us turn to a woman's picture, drawn by the same masterly hand—in a few stanzas from

WHERE'S AGNES?

"Her very gown, her cloak
Fell chastely; no disguise,
But expression! while she broke
With her clear grey morning eyes,
Full upon me, and then spoke.

She wore her hair away
From her forehead,—like a cloud
Which a little wind in May
Peels off finely: disallowed,
Though bright enough to stay.

For the heavens must have the place
To themselves, to use and shine in,

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As her soul would have her face
To press through upon mine, in
That orb of Angel grace.

Had she any fault at all,
'Twas having none, I thought too,—
There seemed a sort of thrall;
As she felt her shadow ought to
Fall straight upon the wall.

Her sweetness strained the sense
Of common life and duty;
And every day's expense
Of moving in such beauty.
Required, almost, defence."

We turn from Mrs. Browning, and her poetry—the latter in many respects the richest and deepest in true pathos of any of the present generation—with regret, to notice two of the many English women who have made themselves an honorable name in science,—Caroline Herschel and Mary Somerville.

The first of these, the sister of the great astronomer, devoted herself entirely to her brother; and seeking no fame but his, became his invaluable assistant in the astronomical discoveries, which have given such lustre to his name, doing the drudgery of his work with a patient untiring zeal, an intelligent love for science for its own sake, only second to her affection for her brother, who in many things acknowledged her as his equal. Content to assist and follow, where she was thoroughly competent to lead, to do the work of an aid, where she might well have commanded; sweeping the skies, night after night, with her telescope, (in the use of which she was perfect,) in order to make discoveries for Sir William, and to give roundness and harmony to his work, she presents one of the most beautiful pictures of womanly unselfishness, united to intellectual powers of a high order.

The latter, whose scientific and mathematical writings have secured the unqualified homage of the learned in all lands; a simple, quiet, unpretending woman, the wife of a practising physician, and the mother of a considerable family, is a conspicuous example of the possibility of high scientific attainments, connected with the thorough performance

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of every duty of the wife and mother. She maintained a household in which no ones' comfort was forgotten or neglected, no duty ignored or slurred over, while its mistress was modestly and laboriously building a reputation for breadth and scope of views, for depth and accuracy in research, and clearness and force of statement, seldom equalled.

We might add to these imperfect sketches of English women, many pages of description of their labors in the religious and philanthropic

AN ENGLISH FARM COTTAGE.

movements, in wnich some of the highest born and most richly endowed ladies in the land have made themselves conspicuous by their piety, their large hearted benevolence, and their wisdom and energy. We might speak of the noble mother of the Wesleys, to whom they were indebted for many of the qualities which enabled them to begin and carry on the religious awakening, whose influence has gone round the world and is still widening and increasing; of the wise, kind, far-seeing Lady Huntingdon, the friend and the counsellor of Whitefield, and Doddridge, and the early Methodists; of the excellent Duchess of Sutherland, whose name and presence and influence, were always at the service of any good cause, and a legion of others, scarcely less eminent or useful, until our work was swollen to many times its predes-

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tined proportions, without exhausting the material which lies ready to our hands.

The English woman is the crowning fact in English institutions. The periods in which women have filled the throne of the Kingdom have been the most critical and momentous in the history of the nation; the epochs of great reforms and revolution none the less radical and important, because they have been in general accomplished without bloodshed. The long reign of Elizabeth consolidated and confirmed Protestantism in England, and aided it in taking firm hold upon the continent, and the forty years of the reign of the present sovereign have witnessed some of the most stirring events in the constitutional history of the country, and an advance in the moral and social interests of the people without a parallel. Few sovereigns have impressed their own individuality upon the action of their governments more strongly than the shrewd and sensible, but arbitrary and self-willed daughter of Henry VIII., who made even her foibles subserve the interest of her realm, and never, even in her overweening vanity, forgot for a moment the welfare of her people. Times have greatly changed in the interval between her and Victoria; personal government has become obsolete in England, and the monarch hedged in by the immensely developed powers of Parliament, has come to reign but not to govern. And yet the hand of the Queen is still a potent factor in the English administration; and the strongest and wisest of the statesmen, who have been gathered around her from time to time, have owned its guiding and beneficent influence, while the example of her simple, straightforward purity and uprightness, her virtues as woman, wife and mother, have been powerful for good in unnumbered ways.

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INDIAN ENCAMPMENT ON THE PLAINS.

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The Aboriginal Races. The Esquimaux. Their Country, Habits and Customs. Means of Subsistence, and Dwellings. Character, Position and Influence of their Women. The North American Indians. General Characteristics. Position of Women among them. The Indians of the Plains. The Apaches and Commanches. The Civilized Indians. Bright Eyes.

DARING navigators centuries ago, sailing westward from the North Sea, or driven out into the unknown waste of waters beyond Iceland, discoved a country whose delightful verdancy, in refreshing contrast to the bare and rugged volcanic rocks of Iceland, and the meager vegitation of the Norwegian coast, so enchanted them, that they named it Greenland, and founded colonies upon its shores which they fondly hoped should become the centre of a great nation. In the intestine convulsions of the mother country, these colonies seem to have been forgotten, or lingered only in the traditions of the Vikings, in which "Lost Greenland" was painted in bright and alluring colors. The infant settlements, cut off too early from their parent stock, perished, leaving no records behind them, and when ages later, the coast was visited by whalemen, scarcely a trace of the early colonists remained.

But this continental waste was, and had been for an unknown extent of time, the home of a simple race of savages, members of a

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family which is scattered over the whole northern border of the American continent and the contiguous islands, from the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company to the extreme limit of human habitation amid the ice of the Polar sea, and who are known under the common name of Esquimaux, though divided into numerous tribes or septs, varying considerably in character and habits, but resembling each other so closely in general, as to make it easy to treat them as one.

The country inhabited by these people is among the most desolate and uninviting portions of the earth's surface. Surrounded by eternal ice and snow, climatic changes have long since robbed Greenland of its inviting freshness and verdancy. Stupendous glaciers—rivers solidly frozen, creep slowly down its rugged steeps to the sea, presenting cliffs and precipices of appalling grandeur, and breaking the awful stillness of nature from time to time by crashes which shake the solid earth to its center. In the interior the Polar bear roams in savage isolation, or in the narrow valleys herds of musk-oxen dig amid the snow for mosses and lichens, and Arctic foxes, the most beautiful creatures of their kind, flit across the scene like flakes of snow. During the short summer, a little scanty vegetation starts from the torpid soil to greet the sun, only to be driven back by the too speedy return of the dark and fearful winter, which stretches unbroken through three-quarters of the year. In this dreary season the rocks burst and fly into fragments from the cold, the frozen mercury abandons the hopeless task of recording the intensity of the weather; rectified spirits grow thick like oil, and life sinks to a torpidity scarcely above the dormant existence of a reptile.

The people who inhabit such regions can scarcely be expected to exhibit many of the higher features of humanity. Their whole life is a struggle against cold and hunger; their entire ingenuity is expended in devising means for supplying the animal food the climate imperatively demands, and for wrapping their bodies in folds of fur, voluminous and thick enough to retain their vital heat. Their chief dependence is the sea. They are skillful fishermen, and the most patient and untiring of hunters. They will stand motionless for hours together beside the holes in the ice to which the seal resorts for air, ready to

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transfix him with their spears the moment he appears above the surface. They will track and weary out the white bear, among the most savage and desperate of his kind; and they do not hesitate to attack the whale with their frail boats and simple weapons, frequently with success. Indeed, the capture of a whale is a godsend to a whole tribe. The enormous carcass furnishes them with food for weeks; its fat is their choicest delicacy, and supplies the oil which is their only fuel;

ESQUIMAUX SNOW HUTS.

its bones are fashioned into frames for their boats, heads for their spears, runners and braces for their sledges, and many other necessary implements; and in the frozen temperature of those regions, the only care its flesh requires is to prevent its being stolen by the dogs or foxes. Next to the whale in value to them is the seal, whose flesh and fat are dainty morsels, while its fur supplies very much of their clothing. In all their hunting and fishing, the women take an active, often a leading part; nearly equal in strength and endurance to the men, they are frequently their superiors in intelligence and observation. They

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manage their boats with admirable skill, not unfrequently taking long journeys in them along the coast, or across the bays and inlets.

The Esquimaux boats are models of adaptive ingenuity. Their frames are composed of drift wood or whalebone, neatly and carefully spliced, fitted together, and wound with sinews of animals, or slender strips of skin, in such a manner as to combine great strength with large elasticity. On these are stretched skins, skillfully dressed and prepared, and sewed together so as to absolutely exclude the water; and these seams, it is to be remembered, are made by the women, with a pointed bone for a needle, and a thong of leather or tendon for thread. The man's boat or "Kayak" is long, narrow and pointed at both ends, and covered entirely with skins,—except a hole in the middle just large enough for its occupant to wriggle himself and his voluminous boots and trousers into it to his waist—where it is drawn as tightly as possible around him, and fastened securely. Such a boat cannot be sunk, but its extreme lightness makes it as difficult to "trim" as an eggshell, and the most delicate management is necessary to keep its owner from finding himself head downwards in the water directly beneath it. It is driven by a paddle with a blade at each end which is dipped alternately on either side, and propels the boat with great speed.

The woman's boat or "Oomiak," built of the same materials, is open at the top, and large enough to contain several people. It is used by both men and women, though the Kayak is considered the property of the man, and the token of a superiority which he is readier to assert than to demonstrate.

The dwellings of the Esquimaux are conical huts, built of blocks of ice or frozen snow, laid carefully together, and the interstices packed with melted snow which soon freezes the whole structure into a solid mass. Snow is heaped around the walls nearly to the top, and trodden firmly; a small hole is left at the extreme top to let out the smoke, and loosely covered with a skin; and the door which is so low that it can be entered only on the hands and knees, is protected from the cold by a long vaulted passage, extending many feet under the snow.

In this cell, almost hermetrically sealed, the family passes the dreary Arctic winter. Its furniture consists of benches of snow, or ice, covered

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thickly with furs, which serve as seats, tables and beds, and a lamp of iron or stone, hung from the ceiling, and fed with seal or whale oil, which does the double duty of lighting the hut, and cooking the food of its inmates. The breath of the latter quickly freezes into a thick glaze upon the inner surface of the walls, and the smoke of the lamp,

ESQUIMAUX SUMMER TENT.

the breath of the men women and children thus packed together, with the unsavory odors of their food and garments, are almost stifling to a civilized being.

The clothing of both sexes is nearly the same, and consists of a long garment combining socks, trousers and coat in a single piece, made of seal-skin, and thickly lined and wadded. Long fur boots are drawn over the feet and fastened above the knees, also thickly lined,

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and a hood or bonnet of the same material, with long skirts or flaps reaching down upon the shoulders, covers the head and most of the face. The women, as among most savage people do most of the work, make the clothing for the family and build the hut. They are generally brighter and quicker than the men, with a faculty of remembering and describing localities with accuracy and clearness, which has been of great service to Arctic explorers, their maps of long and irregular coast lines having generally proved singularly correct.

No very exalted notions of morality or honor can be expected from such people. The Esquimaux is generally an arrant thief, and a cowardly treacherous foe. But in nearly every instance the women have proved better than the men, and Dr. Kane and other voyagers have borne abundant testimony to the intelligence and fidelity of individuals among them.

Proceeding southward towards the boundary of the United States, the aboriginal population changes to what are known as the North American Indians, a very inaccurate and indescriptive designation, but which is so commonly accepted as to make it sufficient for our purpose. The differences between them and the Esquimaux are decided. The latter are short and stout with the almond shaped eyes and stumpy noses of the Mongolian races to which they are probably related, while the former are tall and spare, often stately in appearance, with a native dignity and gravity of demeanor which is frequently highly impressive. If the Esquimaux has courage, he displays it upon the sea or in the hunt, rather than in the field. The Indian is brave and warlike by nature and education, and exhibits a skill in strategy of a very high order. He chooses his position with an intelligent grasp of its advantages, and maintains it with desperate valor. Taught from his earliest infancy to endure hardships and privations without complaining, he prides himself in an indifference to pain that would put a stoic to shame. Capable of exhibiting a high degree of chivalry and honor, he is generally treacherous and deceitful, and the almost universal testimony of those who have lived for years in intercourse with him, is, that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian," which is simply saying that he is a savage—a man in the state of nature.

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Subdivided into very numerous tribes, the North American Indians differ from each other only in minor details. Among them all, the condition of woman is that of the savage female throughout the world, inferior and subordinate. The squaw is a drudge, performing the labor of the household or the field, bearing all the burdens and receiving very little consideration. Marriage is a very simple matter in

SIOUX SQUAW AND CHILD.

most cases, and marital fidelity though not exceptional, of comparatively little consequence. Few of the Indians are polygamists, but most of them consider it entirely right to repudiate their wives at their pleasure; the women sometimes, though rarely, exercising the same freedom. Filial affection exists very strongly beneath the stoical exterior of the Indian nature; and Tanner who lived among the Indians from boyhood, and was considered one of themselves, relates the story of a mother who voluntarily offered herself as a victim to the

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avenger of some one that had been murdered by her son, who was afterward sent to Coventry most effectually by his tribe for having let his mother die for him.

The Indian infant is strapped upon a board or piece of hollow bark,

INDIANS WITH FLATTENED HEADS, AND CHILD UNDERGOING PROCESS.

and slung upon the mother's back when marching, or hung upon the friendly bough of a tree, and lulled to slumber by the breezes when she is at work. Some of the tribes of the Rocky Mountain districts flatten the heads of their children in a singular manner, by fastening a piece of board upon the upper part of the cranium during infancy, a custom which is found also among some of the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands, and may afford some indication of a common origin.

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Most of what we have written on this subject, applies to the Indians of the Plains, the wandering tribes who inhabit what was formerly called the Great American Desert, the immense region lying be-

A PRAIRIE BELLE.

tween, and along the Pacific Railway and the Mexican boundary. Comparatively few in number, these hardy and warlike tribes, the types of which are the Apaches and Comanches, were until the completion of the inter-oceanic railway, the terror of the overland route, nearly every

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inch of which, after leaving the settlements, was marked with the memorials of their daring and atrocious raids. Companies of settlers were surrounded and murdered without mercy; the men often scalped and tortured in the presence of their wives and children, and the women, obliged to suffer outrages, and dragged away into captivity far worse than death. The military posts on the frontiers, or along the stage route, were not always secure against their sleepless energy, and whole garrisons have repeatedly been surprised and massacred by them.

Unlike the more Northern Indians, these savages are magnificent horsemen, training and guiding their small but hardy and fleet-footed steeds with the grace and skill of circus riders, and performing feats of horsemanship which few acrobats would attempt to imitate. To fire their rifles with unerring aim from the back of a horse at full speed, to slip from the saddle and cover themselves along his neck and side from the shot of an enemy without drawing a rein, or checking their pace in the slightest degree, to wheel suddenly and deliver a deadly fire, and dash away in the twinkling of an eye, loading as they fly and turning to fire again and yet again upon their pursuers, are feats of cavalry practice which must be seen to be appreciated.

All these tribes are steadily decreasing, falling back before the advance of civilization which steadily and surely hems them in, and destroyed by the vices and diseases introduced by the whites. The small-pox has swept away whole tribes, and whisky has been even more efficient in their decimation. Indian men and women yield themselves without restraint to the most beastly intoxication, often continuing their debauches for weeks together. The civilized Indians of the United States are an interesting study. The Cherokees and Choctaws in particular, have attained a high degree of enlightenment; and their farms and stock and dwellings, their churches and schools, supported entirely by themselves, give ample evidence of the capacity of the race for culture of a high order. Some of their chiefs are gentlemen of thorough academic education, possessed of fine taste, and manifesting abundant ability; while the women are neat, industrious and decorous, managing their households with skill and capacity, and displaying considerable musical and literary taste.

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The ability of the Indian woman has been recently illustrated in a most striking manner by the appeals of a young Ponca girl, the daughter of a chief, to the American public against the injustice and cruelty of the Indian Department, which misled by the trickery of some of its agents, and the misguided zeal of others, forced the Poncas from the lands which had been assigned to them, and which they had largely

GROUP OF PONCAS.

improved and cultivated, and attempted to locate them upon an unhealthy and unsuitable tract, destroying fully half of their number in the removal and subsequent hardships. This young maiden who had been educated at a Mission School, appeared before numerous audiences in Boston and other cities, and told the story of the wrongs of her people with such a simple and eloquent pathos as to win all hearts for her cause. The Department acknowledged its mistake, and set about remedying it, not altogether gracefully, but with tolerable efficiency, and paying an unwilling, but not the less certain testimony to the winged words of "Bright Eyes."

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And yet, with all these evidences of the capacity of the race for civilization before us, the chances are largely in favor of its ultimate and speedy extinction. There is an element of wildness in the Indian blood, which breaks out suddenly after long periods of quiet, and like the wild birds of the woods, it seems to languish and lose its reproductive energy by domestication. The races for whom Eliot prepared his Indian Bible have passed away so entirely, that only one person is said to be now living who can read or understand it. The great confederacy of the six nations which stood so long between the hostile French and English, occupying what is now the center of the State of New York, is wasted to a few insignificant shadows. The Delawares, once the most numerous and powerful of the Eastern tribes, have long since passed away; and of the Seminoles, the Creeks, and dozens of other great bodies, scarcely a handful remains.

Farnham, in his "Oregon and the Rocky Mountains," tells of his surprise at meeting in a hunting lodge, hundreds of miles away from civilization, a graduate of Yale College, living with his companions the rude life of a trapper, wearing the Indian dress, and apparently without a thought beyond the pursuits of the day. Upon inquiring how, having so abundantly fitted himself for higher purposes, he could be contented with his present life, he declared, "I must always be able to take and cook my own game, to make my own fire, and to out-travel my own horse, or I am no Indian. An Indian I was born, and an Indian I am going to die." Too many of his people are of the same opinion.

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1. Canada.

The French Canadians. Their Simple Habits. Evangeline. The Cities. Sleigh Riding. Toboggins.

ITH a good deal of justice, it has been remarked, that the only contented people in North America were the French Canadians. The Anglo–or German–or Irish–or Scotch-American, is restless and anxious to improve his situation; to gain for his children a higher position upon the social ladder than his own. But the resident of the Canadian provinces, the descendant of the heroic men who came so near founding a French Colonial Empire in the western world, seats himself contentedly by the ample fire-place in his log cottage, rears a numerous family, as merry, as kind hearted, and as careless of the future as himself. He lives upon the land his father and grand-father, and great grand-father have owned before him. He tills it in an easy negligent way, just enough to get bread for his family, and a little surplus for clothing and—whisky. His boys and girls grow up around him, and if there is room enough upon the paternal acres, seldom disturb themselves to look further. If there is not, they drift into the first opening that offers; and become lumbermen, or raftsmen, or choppers. If a tree falls in their path, they go round it. If a breach is made in their fence, they are as likely to back one of the queer one-horse carts, which are peculiar to French Canadian husbandry, into the gap, as to set about repairing it in a workman-like manner. The owner of a thousand acres of land will live in a low roofed log cabin, with one or two rooms upon its floor, without a thought of discomfort or inconvenience. Their wants are few and simple, their capacity for enjoyment enormous. On the old stage route from Niagara to Detroit, before the completion of the railway,

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the French taverns by the way side were among the few diverting incidents of the long and weary journey. Little log cabins with a single room and a shed kitchen, planted exactly in the outer line of the great road, would display some such sign as the following:—

THE HIVE.

"In this Hive we're all alive,
'Tis whiskey makes us funny,
And if you're dry, step in and try
The flavor of our honey."

Driving up to the door of one of these hostelries in the evening, a merry laughing crowd surrounds the stage in a moment, the music of a fiddle floats through the open door, and jolly good natured young fellows in their work day dress, and pretty black eyed girls with dark hair, and smiles revealing rows of perfect teeth, are seen whirling away in the dances their forefathers brought with them from "the pleasant land of France." Every one is happy; and even whiskey, of which all drink freely, is usually insufficient to disturb the prevailing good humor.

The beautiful picture which Longfellow painted in the beginning of his "Evangeline," of the simple peace and happiness of the Acadians, may be seen with very little alteration in hundreds of the Canadian hamlets of the present day.

"Still "in the midst of its farms, reposes the Canadian village,
Strongly built are the houses, with frames of oak and hemlock.
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries,
Thatched are the roofs, with dormer windows and gables projecting,
Over the basement below, protecting and shading the doorway.
There, in the tranquil evenings of summer when brightly the sunset
Lights up the village street, and gilds all the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sit in snow white caps, and in kirtles,
Scarlet and blue and green, "and though the distaffs no longer spin the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors,
Mingle their sound with the whirr of the wheels, and the songs of the maidens."
Still "Down the street comes the parish priest, and the children
Pause in their play to kiss the hand he extends to bless them."

The laborers still are greeted upon their return from the field with the sound of the Angelus, pealing from the belfry far over the

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roofs of the village; while columns of pale blue smoke, ascending like clouds of incense, rise from the cottage hearth the homes of peace and contentment without locks to their doors, or bars to their windows, and the Evangelines of the present day are as fair, and almost as innocent as

> "That maiden of seventeen summers," whose eyes were
> "Black as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
> Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses;
> Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows,"

Like her, they may still be seen—

> "Wearing their Norman caps and their kirtles of blue, and their earrings,
> Brought in the olden times from France, and since as dear heirlooms,
> Handed down from mother to child, through long generations."

The "broad wheeled wains and antique plows and harrows; the folds for the sheep" still cluster round the farmstead, and in arm-chairs with faces clumsily carved in oak upon their lumbering backs, still sit the old farmers, singing the songs their fathers sung in the Norman orchards and Burgundian vineyards. Patriarchs may be found among them, "bent but not broken with years," with "shocks of yellow hair" flowing over their shoulders "like the silken floss of the maize," "fathers of twenty children" each, and upon whose knees "more than a hundred children's children have sat," listening to the "tales of the

> Loup-garou in the forest
> "And of the goblin that came in the night to water their horses,
> And of the white Letiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened,
> Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
> And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
> And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
> And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horse-shoes."

Much of this pastoral simplicity and beauty still remains among the Canadians of the lower provinces. They speak a patois, corrupted from the language of their mother country, and many of them have refrained in stolid pride from learning the tongue of their conquerors. Their only literature is the prayer-book of their church; their priest is still their teacher, counsellor and guide, and they seem, in the midst of the more energetic English and Scotch and Yankees who surround

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them, like beings of another creation. Toward the English, indeed, they exhibit a passive antagonism which a hundred and twenty years of association has not mitigated. Neither side cares to understand

CANADIAN INDIANS.

or appreciate the other; and but for the wonderful vitality and reproductive energy of the French blood, the whole race of "habitans" might have by this time been overgrown or extinguished. Instead of

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this, it increases steadily. The men are often hunters and trappers and fishermen, amalgamating readily with the Indians, and adopting their wild and uncertain manner of life with vastly more facility than the thrift and forethought of their pushing neighbors. Bold and daring adventurers; hardy and vigorous by nature, they need only ambition and intelligent perseverance, to make them again the masters of Canada.

The higher classes among them are often possessed of considerable wealth, influence and intelligence, and have frequently made themselves felt in sturdy opposition to the policy of the English government, to which after all they cling with a loyalty which reserves to itself very zealously the privilege of criticising and abusing it. Their women are handsome, lively and agreeable; fond of dress and ornaments, deeply religious in sentiment, and generally good wives and mothers.

The Canadian cities present a singular mixture of races and nationalities. The "old town" of Quebec is almost solidly French, while its newer portions are largely inhabited by English, Scotch and Yankees, differing as sharply from their neighbors in thought and action as in language. The long and intensely cold winters are devoted to social entertainments and amusements. The Canadians are proverbially hospitable, and in the remotest settlements the guest is heartily welcomed and entertained with the best the house affords.

In winter when the snow is deep and solid upon the roads for months together, Canada is the paradise of sleighing. In the cities each street is thronged with equipages, varying from the roughest "jumper" of the backwoodsman, woven from saplings and withes, filled with straw, lined with bear skins, and drawn by ponies scarcely larger than a cow, guiltless of curry-comb or brush, with roguish eyes peeping out from the tangled masses of their foretops and manes, but fleet, sure footed, and of astonishing endurance, to the graceful and elegant sleighs of Yankee manufacture, daintily upholstered with velvet and thick furs, and attached to steeds of the choicest blood and breeding. The inmates of these vehicles are wrapped in furs and blankets to the tips of their noses, to guard against a temperature whose intense cold

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can scarcely be realized in the bright sun and clear dry air. Sleighing parties are frequent, made up of numerous companies of young people, who drive out fifteen or twenty miles to the villas or country seats of their friends, to spend the night in dancing. A favorite amusement of the Canadians is sliding down the frozen snow of the

HOME IN A CANADA FOREST.

hillsides on a "Toboggin," a thin board ten or twelve inches in width, with its front end turned up to enable it to glide swiftly and easily over the surface. Simple as this innocent looking vehicle is, its management requires much dexterity and skill; and ladies frequently use it with wonderful grace and ease. To plant one's feet firmly yet lightly upon the board, and standing erect, guide it by a scarcely perceptible swaying of the form, from one side or the other, as it dashes with headlong speed down the long steep slopes of the Canadian hills, with the absolute certainty that the slightest misjudgment in handling the "flying steed" will bring its rider to ignominious and hopeless grief, amid

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the laughter and jeers of a merry company, requires a good deal of steadiness and nerve. The novice in "toboggining," witnessing the sport which seems so easy to the uninitiated, is seized with the prevailing excitement, and ready to try the treacherous little vehicle some good natured friend is always ready to place at his disposal. How easily it sets out upon its journey. How pleasantly it glides down the first few yards of the slope, with an acceleration of motion so gentle as scarcely to be perceptible. How gallantly the rider glances at his fair friends as they shoot by him, or toil upward on their return. Fast, and faster he flies; the wind sings in his ears, as the half way mark is passed; he looks around him triumphantly, and the unconscious movement has whirled the "toboggin" sharply round at a right angle, and he is pitched headlong upon the frozen snow, happy if he reaches the bottom without a disfigured face or a broken limb—for there is no stopping on the descent. Having started, he must go to the bottom, on his "toboggin" if he can, or on his hands or nose, or rolling like a log. Woe to the Indian who invented this fascinating but most tantalizing institution, if its victim could get him within shooting distance as he gathers himself up, suffering from his bruises, and shakes the snow from his hair.

But the laughter and the feigned sympathy of his friends, who hasten to assure him that "he will be all right next time," the dislike of being vanquished in a sport which seems so easy to others, induce him to try again. This time he is more wary, and has almost reached the goal, when some slight inequality in the surface, which his unpracticed eye has not detected, turns the mischievous "toboggin" from its course, and shoots him headlong again. Only after repeated failures and tumbles does he succeed in making a handsome trip; and the least feeling of exultation which leads him to relax his vigilance for a twinkling, is even after long practice, sufficient to dismount him.

But the merry company, the gaily dressed ladies, dashing down the slope like shooting stars, the laughter and jokes of the old campaigners, who notwithstanding their confidence, now and then come to grief themselves, the clear bracing air, and the glorious starlight of

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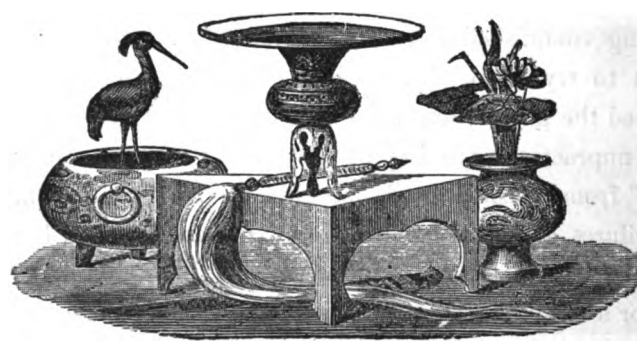
the winter sky, make the sport immensely attractive, perhaps not the less so on account of its frequent risks.

Approaching the boundary of "the States," the population changes character perceptibly. The all invading and pervading Yankee, has planted his feet firmly on very much of the British soil, and brought with him his ingenuity, his versatility, and his invariable shrewdness. The Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence are dotted with his summer retreats, and in the towns along the Great Western Railway large numbers of his stores and shops may be found. He seems to be just as much at home on one side of the line as the other, and his grasp upon the cataract has not tightened into absolute possession, only because he cannot quite make up his mind between making it the most stupendous mechanical power in the world, or the center of an International Pleasure Ground of gigantic proportions, of which he shall be the janitor and custodian, with unlimited opportunity for fees, and a wholesale and retail emporium for "Indian" curiosities, bead work, and Cardiff giants, such as the world has never before seen.



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A NEW YORK LADY.

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2. The United States.

The New England Women. Among the Hills. The Other Side. The Factory Girls. Rural Life of the American Woman. Her Part in Education. Society. Aristocracy. In Religious Movements. In Society. In Public. In Law. In Business. In the National History. In Literature. The South. West. Pacific Slope. Conclusion.

OF the United States it has been said, "God winnowed the wheat of a whole continent to find the seed He planted in America." In no country of the world has such a variety of races and nationalities been thrown together, or mingled with so rapid identification with the central mass. The original settlements of the Atlantic Coast were made by men starting from widely different points, with objects at heart as diverse as their origins. The English, who were driven to seek a refuge in Massachusetts, and the neighboring New England States, were far from homogeneous or united among themselves. Persecuted for opinion's sake, they had not learned tolerance of the opinions of their opponents; and drove Quakers and Baptists from their boundaries with as much rigor as they had themselves experienced at the hands of others. The Dutch in New York and New Jersey, the English Quakers in Pennsylvania, the Swedes and Finns who came first to Delaware, and the Cavaliers who sought to mend their decaying fortunes in Virginia, were far from friendly to each other, though united

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under the sway of the English government. Most of them were intolerant, and nearly all were jealous of each other. The New England Puritans hunted the Churchmen, and the Virginian Churchmen hunted the Puritans. Strange to say both found a refuge in Maryland, where the enlightened and benevolent head of the noble Calvert family had endeavored to prepare a retreat for the English Catholics, and set an example of Christian Charity which was too slowly adopted and imitated in the new world.

The War of the Revolution moulded and welded these incongruous masses into something like unity, which might have been temporary enough, but for the fact that the prosperity of the New Republic, and the convulsions of the European monarchies which succeeded its establishment, attracted and forced to its shores large numbers of emigrants, the precursors of the human tide which has since set westward in such enormous proportions. Many of these emigrants were men of standing and influence. Nearly all were intelligent and thoughtful. Coming to America in the period of the crystallization of its governmental system, some of them threw themselves with intelligent zeal and energy into the perfection of the new institutions, and aided very largely in their development. Unity of object and aims, and the growth of the settlements, brought the original communities more and more closely into harmony; and emigration flowing over the whole body, and imparting to it a cosmopolitan tone, perfected the work.

Since the Revolution the number of persons of foreign birth who have settled in the United States is perfectly startling. Ireland has poured into the country an army almost equal to her present population. Germany has been little behind her, and scarcely any nationality of Europe is not now represented in America by many of its most respectable citizens. These new comers have swept over the great West, filling its prairies and opening its forests to the sun. But with them, and even more numerous than they, have migrated the people of the Atlantic States, thus leading in the settlements and giving them tone and color, by being always the predominating influence. Thus intermingled with the Americans, the emigrant soon lost the minor features of his nationality. In the race with the sharpest, keenest, most aggressive people in

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A "HOOSIER GIRL."

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the world, he had to adopt their methods and assimilate himself to them, or be outstripped entirely. He became Americanized, and his children trained in American schools, and living side by side with the native born children, became as American as their playmates.

Here and there a community sets its face against this amalgamating tendency. The German colonies in Pennsylvania fought the battle of distinctive nationality for many years, with the dogged energy and perseverance of their race. They refused to learn the English language, or allow their children to be taught it. They maintained their own society and their own customs for two or three generations. Then the necessities of business, the convenience of intercourse with those among whom they had planted themselves, began to tell upon them, and a law of the commonwealth requiring all conveyances and business papers to be written in English, finished the overthrow of their exclusiveness, which emigration and the ambition of their youth would soon have destroyed, even if left to themselves.

A prominent factor in the demolition of national distinctions in the United States has been intermarriage. The Irish, the German, the Scotch, marry with each other and with the Americans. Pure blood is exceptional in the second generation, and almost unknown in the third. How is it possible to maintain distinctions of birth under a system which mixes all bloods together, as the Scotch grocer did the samples of wine he had purchased at the sale of a gentleman's cellar, pouring Tokay and Lachryma Christi, Burgundy and Sherry, and a dozen or twenty other different kinds into the same vat, with a shrewd guess that the mixture would turn out "good port" in the end.

No such experiment has been tried before, and the experience of a single century is too short to enable us to calculate its ultimate results. Thus far it has produced an approximation to homogeneity as surprising as it appears to be beneficial. It may not turn out "good port," after three or four hundred years of fermentation, but it is tolerably fair now, and gives evidence of improvement by age.

Such being the origin and course of the men, what may we expect of the women, the flower of the mixed peoples? "Made up of every creature's best," with a freedom of thought, a liberty of action, a gen-

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eral education for which the world affords no parallel, the women of the United States ought to stand in advance of all their sex in every good word and work. We shall find them differing in many particulars, yet in the great general features of their character displaying a wonderful unity. The divergencies may generally be traced to location and association. The New England woman rapidily loses her rigidity and "faculty" in the South, the Southern woman assimilates herself to the demands of the North, the city girl not unfrequently becomes a model wife for the farmer, the farmer's daughter brings a new grace and freshness to city society.

Whittier has told, in "Among the Hills," of such a transition, in lines of such simple beauty that we cannot do better than transfer a part of them to our pages—

"From school and rout and ball she came,
The city's fair pale daughter
To drink the wine of mountain air
Beside the Bear camp water.

"Her step grew firmer on the hills,
That watch our homesteads over.
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,
She caught the bloom of clover."

Until she also caught the heart of a stalwart young farmer, and lost her own,

"And so the farmer found a wife,
His mother found a daughter:
There looks no happier home than hers
On pleasant Bear camp water.

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door yards brighter blooming,
And all about, the social air
Is brighter for her coming.

Unspoken homilies of peace
Her daily life is preaching;

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The still refreshment of the dew
Is her unconscious teaching.

And never tenderer hand than hers
Unknits the brow of ailing;
Her garments, to the sick man's ear,
Have music in their trailing.

And when in pleasant harvest moons
The youthful huskers gather,
Or sleigh drives on the mountain ways
Defy the winter weather,—

In sugar camps, when soft and warm
The winds of March are blowing,
And sweetly from its thawing veins
The maple's blood is flowing,—

In summer, when some lilied pond
Its virgin zone is bearing,
Or where the ruddy autumn fire
Lights up the apple paring,

The coarseness of a ruder time
Her finer mirth displaces,
A subtler sense of pleasure fills
Each rustic sport she graces.

Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it,
If woman lost us Eden, such
As she alone, restore it.

For larger life and wiser aims
The farmer is her debtor;
Who holds to his another's heart
Must needs be worse or better.

Through her, his civic service shows
A purer toned ambition
No double consciousness divides
The man and politician.

In party's doubtful ways he trusts
Her instincts to determine;
At the loud polls, the thought of her
Recalls Christ's mountain sermon.

He owns her logic of the heart,
And wisdom of unreason,

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Supplying, while he doubts and weighs
The needed word in season.

He sees with pride her richer thought,
Her fancy's freer ranges;
And love thus deepened to respect
Is proof against all changes.

And if she walks at ease in ways
His feet are slow to travel,
And if she reads with cultured eyes
What his may scarce unravel,

Still clearer for her keener sight
Of beauty and of wonder,
He learns the meaning of the hills
He dwelt from childhood under.

And higher, warmed with summer lights,
Or winter crowned and hoary
The ridged horizon lifts for him,
Its inner veils of glory.

He has his own free bookless love,
The lessons nature taught him,
The wisdom which the woods and hills
And toiling men have brought him.

The steady force of will whereby
Her flexile grace seems sweeter;
The sturdy counterpoise which makes
Her woman's life completer.

A latent fire of soul which lacks
No breath of love to fan it;
And wit, that like his native brooks
Plays over solid granite.

How dwarfed against his manliness,
She sees the poor pretension,
The wants, the aims, the follies born
Of fashion and convention!

And so in grateful interchange
Of teacher and of hearer,
Their lives their true distinctness keep
While daily drawing nearer."

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A YOUNG LADY OF BOSTON.

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Well were it indeed

"If more and more we found the troth
Of fact and fancy plighted,
And culture's charm and labor's strength,
In rural homes united,—

The simple life, the homely hearth,
With beauty's sphere surrounding,
And blessing toil where toil abounds
With graces more abounding."

Unfortunately, such cases are the exception. The rule in the life of the New England women among the hills is a pinching economy and frugality, a constant watchfulness and wearing toil which leave only little opportunity, and scarcely any means for culture. Nowhere in the world is a more rigid frugality exercised than among the wives of the small farmers upon the New England hills. The soil is scanty and poor. The result of the utmost endeavors of the farmer, working early and late, is scarcely sufficient to meet his wants, and his wife is often his only helper. She rises in the morning before the dawn, and begins her monotonous round of duties which she finished yesterday only to begin again to-day, and will complete to-day to begin them anew to-morrow. Her work is never done, till she closes her eyes upon it forever. She must bake and cook, milk and churn, wash for the family and make most of its clothing. The poultry demand a large share of her attention, for every egg and chicken is counted in the necessity for making the most of all things. Her husband returns from his daily toil, and sits down to read his paper, or saunters away to the village store. She, when the supper is done, and the table has been cleared by her own hands, sits down also—to her sewing machine, where she stitches till late in the evening upon the clothing of her children, or not unfrequently the extra work she has taken in to eke out the scanty resources of a farm which hardly returns the income of a day laborer. She is ambitious, and determined to "get on in the world," to pay off the mortgage upon the farm; to accumulate a surplus the income of which will smooth the way for her children; she hardly allows herself to hope for any mitigation of her own condition, for she has accepted the vocation

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of hard work, honestly and faithfully, and means to fulfill her contract. Perhaps she has a son at college; a daughter at the village seminary, every dollar of the cost of maintaining and educating whom is wrung out of her life. She would like to read, but she has no time. If the working days were twenty-four hours long, instead of the seventeen she accounts for moment by moment, she would have work for them all, and contrive to do it, so that "John" shall be enabled to get and keep the place in his class she covets for him with an ambition beyond his own. And she has little society in the thinly settled neighborhood, made up almost entirely of farmers and their families in similar circumstances to those of her husband and herself. She goes to "meeting" on Sundays, she tries very hard to keep her place in the Bible Class, and to meet with the Sewing Circle, for she is as loyal to her church and its work, as to her family. She can drop her multitudinous cares to watch of a night with a sick neighbor, and come home by daylight in the morning to take up the burden, and work all the harder for the time she has thus spent in a sacred duty. Too often her husband is narrow and churlish, narrow perhaps in part from nature, in part from the pinching circumstances which close like walls around him, and crush out every ambition except that of scraping and saving. He accepts her services as a matter of course, seldom thinking that the wife he has taken to himself and agreed to cherish and honor as himself, is doing the work of two hired servants, with half the pay of one, and even that grudgingly bestowed, and entirely without the word of kindness or appreciation which would go so far to make up for other deficiencies, but which is seldom spoken between husband and wife. Such is woman's life "Among the Hills" in general. From these poor mountain farms men are raised up to rule the country. The soil that gives them birth and rears them to manhood, can do no more for them. The great West with its countless opportunities lies open before them, tendering the work which New England cannot give. She rears men and women. Her sons and daughters are found in every state, as her flag floats on every sea. They are the lawyers, the doctors, the ministers, the teachers of the whole country, and the reward of their mother is too often their fame alone.

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The narrow circumstances of New England farmers bear with particular hardship upon the women. The men can get away, most of the women must stay, and while the male population of many townships decreases steadily by emigration, the ranks of the women remain

THE SCHOOL TEACHER.

little if at all diminished, and the struggle for existence is very hard with them. Thirty years ago, many of them sought employment in the cotton mills at Lowell and Lawrence, and other manufacturing towns, bringing to their employers a kind and quality of labor seldom in market. For a time a new prospect seemed to open before them. The wages were good; the girls associated, and secured boarding houses with pleasant rooms and surroundings, met in the evenings for intellectual improvement, dressed neatly and with good taste, and even

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instituted a periodical, "*The Lowell Offering*," which was entirely written and edited by them, and displayed remarkable taste and ability. Among them was Miss Lucy Larcom, who has since achieved a very enviable fame as the writer of many sweet and graceful poems.

But the success of the experiment was the cause of its ultimate failure. The excellent wages and many advantages of life in the mills, attracted the competition of a lower grade of workwomen, and the fac-

FISHERMAN'S HOME ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

tories are now filled with French Canadian and Irish girls, who with less care for their appearance and standing, can afford to work for lower wages than the native Americans, and have excluded all of them but the lowest order.

The life of the farmers wives in the rural districts throughout the United States partakes largely of the features we have mentioned in speaking of those of New England, varied by location and the circumstances of each. The cheap lands and fertile soil of the West, enabling the farmer to achieve independence at the expense of a few years labor, have done much to improve the situation of the women. Men who have reached the government lands with hardly money enough to pay

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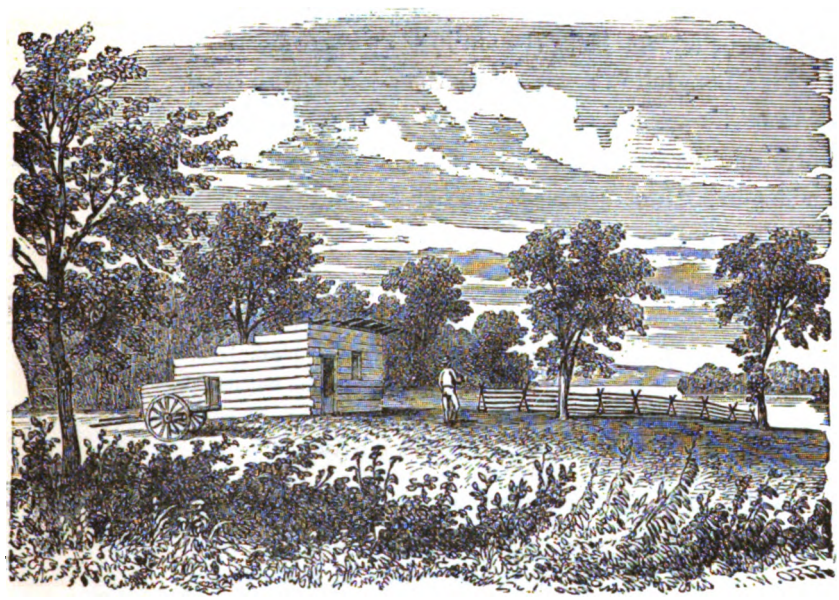
for a single eighty acre lot, have in less than twenty years become the possessors of handsome improved farms, with fine stock, excellent buildings, and choice fruit, and their wives have profited by the prosperity of the business in which they were active and intelligent partners. But the position of the wife of the small farmer is almost invariably accompanied with harder work, and more self-denial than that of most women who labor for hire. Many a farmer's wife breaks down



A PRAIRIE HOME.

and dies in middle life, worn out with constant toil, unrelieved by the variety and change of occupation which preserves her husband from a similar fate. The man must circulate among men of other pursuits and widely differing views, in the exercise of his business relations. The woman's sphere is her household, and her duties are a ceaseless recurrence of the same small cares, the same stagnating and wearing drudgery. Were she content with the position which people in a corresponding rank in other lands are satisfied to live and die in, much of this might be spared her. But the spur which urges her onward with unrelenting vigor is her ambition. In a country in which the highest prizes of wealth or influence may be reached by any citizen, where

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Henry Clay rose from being the "Mill Boy of the Hanover Slashes," the child of a small planter, in the poorest district of Virginia, to the Senate of the United States, and the idolized leadership of a great political party; where Daniel Webster grew to lofty manhood from the pinching poverty of a mountain farm in New Hampshire, and Jackson, and Polk, and Lincoln, and Johnson, and Grant, and Garfield, have risen to the Presidency from the depths of poverty, or the small beginnings of the country farmer or the tradesman, no woman is content that her husband or her son shall remain in his present position.

Like Longfellow's "Young American on the Alps," her motto is always "Excelsior;" and she bears her banner with unflinching gallantry and perseverance to the end, and dies with it clenched firmly in her fingers. How easy to say to her, in the words of Bulwer's "Wanderer in the Desert,"

"How narrow content, and how infinite knowledge—
Lost vale, and lost maiden!
Enclosed in the garden the mortal was blest,
A world with its wonders lay round him unguessed,—
That world was his own when he tasted of knowledge,
Was it worth Aiden?"

Well; to the American woman it *is* worth Aiden,—

Her foot on the present, her back to the past,
Her arms far extended the future would clasp.

For this she lives; for this she labors and pinches, and saves, and dies; and before the grave has closed over her worn out remains, a dozen or twenty more, as eager, as earnest and as ambitious as herself step into the gap, and press onward with the same zeal towards the same goal. Nowhere on earth has the ambition of woman more temptation, and nowhere does it succeed so often in attaining a part at least, and frequently a very considerable part of its object. The seed perishes, but the germ it has lifted into life flourishes and lives, often a higher life, if not a better or purer one, than that of the being who has exhausted her own vitality in giving it its impulse.

The self denying zeal of the American woman, and the loving ambition "which seeketh not its own," or rather seeks its own in the

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advancement of another, has from the beginning of the national history made her a leader in educational movements. More than two-thirds of the teachers of the United States are women, many of whom are highly cultivated, and animated with the loftiest zeal and the noblest aims. Nearly every Nothern State has its training school

CATHARINE BEECHER.

for teachers, in which the sexes compete side by side for the higher instruction, and where women frequently surpass their male competitors. And the names of ladies who have, with distinguished success, made teaching their life work, and founded and built up academies and seminaries of the highest usefulness, such as Mary Lyon and Catharine Beecher, and Emma Willard, are cherished in thousands

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of families, as the dearest of household words. The claim for the admission of girls to the colleges and universities, is constantly agitated, and several of the leading institutions have conceded it, either wholly, or in part. Women are trained to the practice of law, in which a number have already achieved considerable success, and to medicine and surgery, certain deparments of which will doubtless be given up to them entirely at no distant day—particularly the treatment of diseases of their own sex, and of children.

In Religious Movements women are always a powerful factor. In the membership of every evangelical church they constitute the majority, and very often the vital element. Their benevolence and earnestness have found fitting scope in the missionary enterprises of their denominations, many of which originated wholly among them, and are maintained by their efforts. They are the efficient aids of the struggling pastor, often his firmest supporters and his most earnest friends. Many a feeble church has been sustained by their patient hopeful zeal, when its officers have despaired of its maintenance. In such matters the American woman knows no "impossible." The more desperate and hopeless the undertaking the more decidedly she sets her face towards carrying it onward, and plans and labors and begs for its support, until she has nursed it into life, and planted it on a firm basis. She has the faith, which if it no longer moves mountains, "attempts great things, and expects great things," and generally gets them.

It is difficult to speak accurately of Society in the United States, or of the position of woman in it, without giving offense to the supersensitiveness of a proud and somewhat "touchy" people, who seldom take the trouble to remember, that after a great many centuries, European nations have yet a good deal to accomplish in perfecting their social institutions; and that in America all things are new, and combine the inevitable crudeness and uncertainty of novelty, with its originality and freshness. The society of the States is, comparatively speaking, but of yesterday. Families with three or four generations of unblemished ancestry, which was the moderate requisite laid down by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes for good social standing, are the exceptions. The man who was at the bottom of the ladder with a hod on

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AMERICAN MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

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his shoulder a little while ago, may be at its top to-day, a leader in politics and in society. Wealth may not level *all* distinctions, but its possession, no matter in what manner it may have been acquired, makes many things smooth in the way of the social aspirant, and frequently places him at the very front. Fortunes are the growth of a day in America; and while some of the *nouveaux riches* "wear their honors meekly," and with the tact and sound sense that has aided them in their acquisition, it is scarcely in human nature to bear sudden elevation without a certain amount of giddiness. Nothing is more absurd than the apings of foreign distinctions which are too often displayed by those who have passed in a few months or years from poverty to affluence. Liveried servants and coats of arms, entertainments whose details are checked off by newspaper reporters, the guests catalogued, and their charms, solid or otherwise, discussed with the circumstantiality of a description of a cattle show; weddings in which the bridal presents, often "too splendid to be valuable," are paraded in the most conspicuous positions, ticketed with the names of the givers, described in the columns of fashionable journals with a minuteness which an auctioneer might envy, and a flow of gorgeousness which the author of "Endymion" seldom excels,—such are the escapades of some of the would-be leaders of American Society, the self-constituted body which Saxe characterizes as—

> "A bridge across a hundred years,
> Without even a couple of rotten peers,
> A thing for laughter sneers and jeers,—
> This American aristocracy."

Not all of it either. There is a society in America which the best of any land might be proud to enter; a society in which wealth and station are graced by taste and culture, with refinement without affectation, and luxury without ostentation. There are families which neither parade nor excuse their circumstances, who are not ashamed to have it known that they are not wealthy, without flaunting their poverty in the faces of others, who can be plain and hospitable without being tormented with that most tremendous of American social bug-bears, "What will people think of us?"

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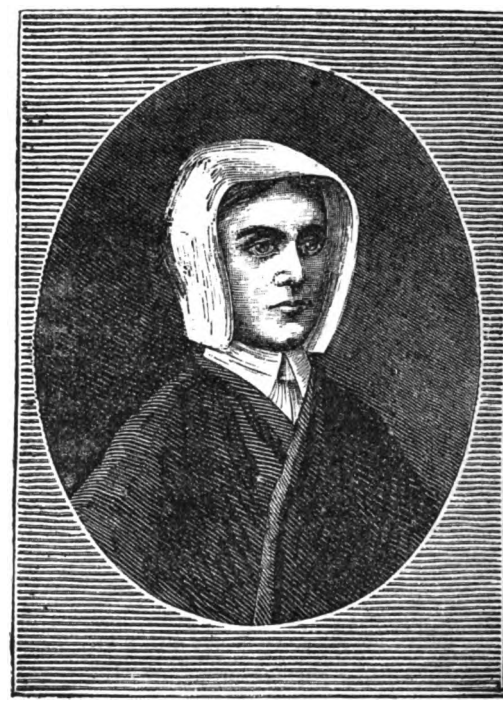
But the general difficulty in American society is its overweening self-consciousness. It seldom forgets itself, or allows others to forget it. It is like a man who suddenly finds himself inside of a handsome suit of clothes, of which he is very proud, but which fit with too entire elegance to be easy. It is so anxious that its excellence shall be recognized that it asserts, too often offensively, what it ought to allow to be



A QUAKERESS.

taken for granted. It wants repose, and it is deficient in dignity, as in fact are most Americans. Like the new wine of a choice vintage, it requires age to give the exquisite flavor, the delicate coloring, which is already largely promised.

Europeans say American women are too earnest for society. They have a weakness for discussing, even in conversation or what would be conversation in Paris or in London. They go back to first principles —"to the deluge"—Harriet Martineau used to say, in their anxiety to

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A SAN FRANCISCO LADY.

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make everything clear, and the light and sparkling repartee, the wit that flashes without scorching, the gaiety that charms without boisterousness, are seldom perfectly attained by them. The extremes of social intercourse, the chit chat which is made up of unmeaning nothings, and the weighty solid discussion of important subjects, may be found anywhere; the medium between these, in which the highest pleasure of society consists, is too often unattained.

Another defect in American society is the almost absolute separation of the younger from the older people. Children have their parties and even balls, in which parents and older friends only prepare the entertainment, and give it general supervision. The presence of persons of middle or advanced age seems to throw a chill upon the gatherings of the young, who arrange their parties and other entertainments almost exclusively for themselves, and seem incapable of comprehending the possibility of their parents or elder friends being interested in them. The loss to both is immense. The older people drift more and more out of sympathy and connection with the young, and lose the freshness and charm of their society; the young become shy and suspicious of the old, and miss the refining, polishing effect of their experience, and of the mild but salutary restraint of their presence. Each needs the help which only the other can give it.

Nowhere in the world is woman treated with more deference or respect in most things. A lady may travel without an escort from one end of the Union to the other, and everywhere meet with respectful attention. The most comfortable position in public conveyances and in all public places is accorded her, as a matter of course; so much so indeed, that the courtesy is often accepted without the slightest acknowledgment. It is not uncommon for two or three school girls to insist upon monopolizing the whole width of a sidewalk or crossing, in their leisurely promenade, without supposing it neccessary to give way in the slightest degree for the convenience of those whom their thoughtlessness forces into the mud, and the supercilious arrogance of certain members of the sex, has already begun to react against the whole of it. A few years ago, no gentleman sat in a stage or a street-car while a lady was standing; now those who have frequently yielded the place they

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had taken and paid for, to women who grudged a grateful smile or a word of thanks in return, have begun to conclude that they might as well consult their own comfort, as that of people who appreciate it so little, and both suffer—the man in a diminution of the courtesy he owes it to himself to exhibit, the woman for the loss of that courtesy which she has repelled by her lack of *savoir faire*.

This deference towards the sex manifests itself in the legislation of most of the States, in which the harsh features of the English Common Law have been steadily modified in favor of women. They are now in most cases vested with the right to all property possessed by them before marriage, or acquired by them since. Their husbands are responsible for their debts, while they can not be held for those of their husbands; and the care and guardianship of their children can only be taken from them by due legal process, and for the strongest reasons. In most of the Northern and Western States, lawyers declare that the statutes favor women far more than men. The ballot is withheld from her for no other reason than because she does not demand it. Whenever anything like a majority of the women in the United States unite in requesting admission to the highest privilege of citizenship, it will be granted as a matter of course.

One by one the distinctions against her have been removed, generally at the instance of men, rather than of women themselves. Scarcely any business or profession is closed to them. Women are admitted to the practice of law by the Supreme Court of the United States. They preach, and perform the entire duties of the pastorate of churches, with thorough acceptance. They have won an honorable place as lecturers, and their capacity for editing and managing newspapers and magazines is demonstrated by large experience. They manage farms, and gardens, and nurseries of fruit trees with decided success; they have invaded the printing offices, and made the art which preserves all others their own; they are clerks, and saleswomen and accountants. And if they ever take a fancy to become reporters and interviewers, the possibilities of the latest development of journalistic impertinence—the Interviewer—will have reached their climax.

This hasty sketch would be incomplete without noticing the in-

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A SOUTHERN LADY.

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fluence of women upon the American nation, an influence which began at its birth and has grown with its growth. In the privations and hardships of the settlement of the country, in the flow of the tide which has rolled back the frontier till it has reached the Pacific Coast, women have stood at every step side by side with their husbands, aiding them beyond measure by their labors, and yet more by their active, intelligent sympathy and interest. The man's best helper has been his wife throughout, and his success is as largely her work as his own.

In the revolution, the patriotism of the women was as fervent, as pure and even more lasting than that of the men. Cases are not wanting in which they have stood in the ranks and fought side by side with their husbands and brothers, and sealed their undying devotion to their country by their blood.

And in the great Civil War, which shook the Union to its center, and so nearly rent it in twain, women on both sides were the helpers, often the inspirers of the men. When the fortunes of the Lost Cause trembled in the balance, the Southern women set splendid examples of devotion to those whom they loved. Their songs alone did more to "fire the Southern heart" than all the speeches and appeals of Southern men; and when the Stars and Bars went down finally in the last defence of the Southern Confederacy, the Southern women remained unconquered, and glory even yet in being unreconstructed.

Their Northern sisters, sisters often by blood, were not behind them in devotion to their cause. While their brothers fought in the front the women held the rear with willing, helpful hands. In the hospitals, in the work of the great Commissions which followed each army, and contributed to its welfare and its efficiency, the work and the spirit of Northern women permeated and pervaded every movement and impulse—the angel of peace following with unflinching steps the march of freedom.

And when the war was over, and North and South—so widely separated, so broken and shattered by mutual distrust and misunderstanding—stood watching each other with unfriendly words and looks on either side of the bloody chasm; when to the sorrow and suffering of the South the pestilence came with the sword of the destroyer, and

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smote their cities till a cry went up from them as great and as bitter as that which rent the heavens for Egypt's first born sons, the women of the North hastened to the rescue of their late foes, forgetting all but the anguish which cried in despair for a deliverer, and Northern women sat by the fevered sufferers and won them back to life and hope, or soothed their brows with sisterly tenderness, and closed their dying eyes with gentle fingers.

Then, at last, there was "no North and no South." Then the women of both sections stood side by side in the common sisterhood of compassion, and both were "American" only.

The Literary work of the women of the United States is worthy of a history by itself. "The mob of *gentlemen* who write with ease," on the other side of the Atlantic has been more than counterbalanced on this, by a great company of women who write not only with ease, but with a dignity, a force and a penetration of which men might well be proud. In the early days of the republic, when English critics asked, "Who reads an American book?" a few good and pure women had already begun to distinguish themselves by tasteful and elegant prose and verse. Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney whose long life enabled her to witness the progress of literature in her native country from its dawn till after the close of the Civil War, was one of these pioneers, and has left behind her poems which will long be read with hearty appreciation and delight. Almost alone in American poetry when she began to publish, she lived to witness the advent and recognition of the most brilliant names in the prose and verse of America, of Frances Sargent Osgood, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Alice and Phœbe Cary, and Helen Hunt Jackson. She might have known, and probably did know with more or less intimacy, Lucy Larcom, and Celia Thaxter, and Adeline T. D. Whitney. She may have listened to the brilliant paradoxes of Anna Dickinson, and the mingled shrewdness and fancy of Kate Field. She could have enjoyed the sturdy logic of Gail Hamilton, and lamented with a good many of her later contemporaries, that the owner of a pen so able, so ready, and vigorous, should not have been able to stop when she had finished a capital thing, and also her chronic habit of

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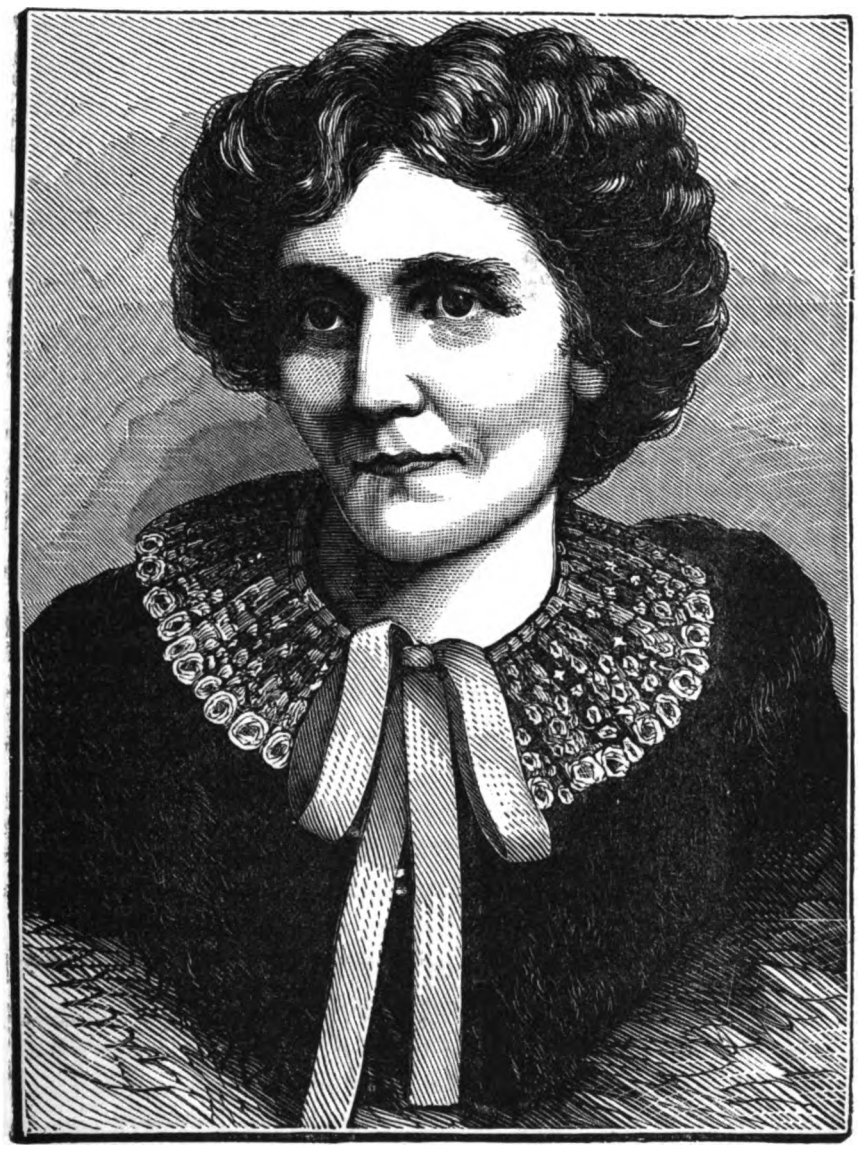

ALICE CAREY.

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being on the wrong side, and defending it in such a manner as to make it almost admirable. She could have revelled in the intense realism of Frances Hodgson Burnett; the splendid critical acumen of Mary Lowell Putnam; the easy grace and vivid imagination of Louise Chandler Moulton; the delicate minor harmonies of Mrs. Piatt; the sterling sense and excellence of Louisa Alcott,—how the names of eminent American writers crowd upon our memory as we attempt to cull a few to illustrate our sketch already prolonged beyond its intended limits.

* * * * * * * *

Thus we have swept around the world with Woman, beginning at the cradle of the Human Race, in the neighborhood of the Caucasian peninsula, following her progress among the nomads of the Steppes, on the famous plain of Cashmere, in India, in China, Japan, and the Islands of the South Sea. We have seen her degradation in all its varieties of baseness among the savage tribes of Africa, and the Fellahs of the Nile Region; we have known something of her torpid, aimless existence in Spanish America, and witnessed her rise to something like her true position as the companion, the counsellor, the consoler, the equal of man in Europe, and finally in the youngest and freshest of civilized nations, the Great Republic of the Western Continent. We have seen the degree of civilization of each race and people determined by her position among them, and found men free, enlightened and intelligent in proportion as she is free, and degraded and brutalized as they have made her the instrument of their pleasures or the slave of their needs. We have seen her foremost in good, with instincts and impulses too often perverted and misdirected, but generally good and true at the bottom. We have seen that, left to her own guidings, "even her failings are prone to lean to virtue's side;" and we recognize her not as "God's noblest best gift to man," so much as his equal, his co-worker, the complement and crown of the great human sum, which is not only incomplete but impossible without her.

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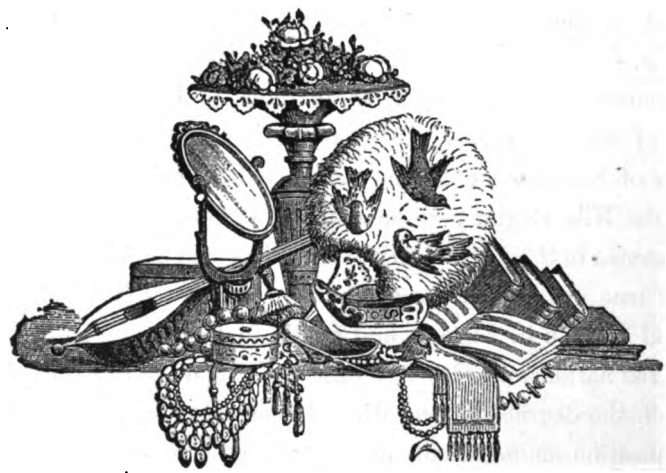

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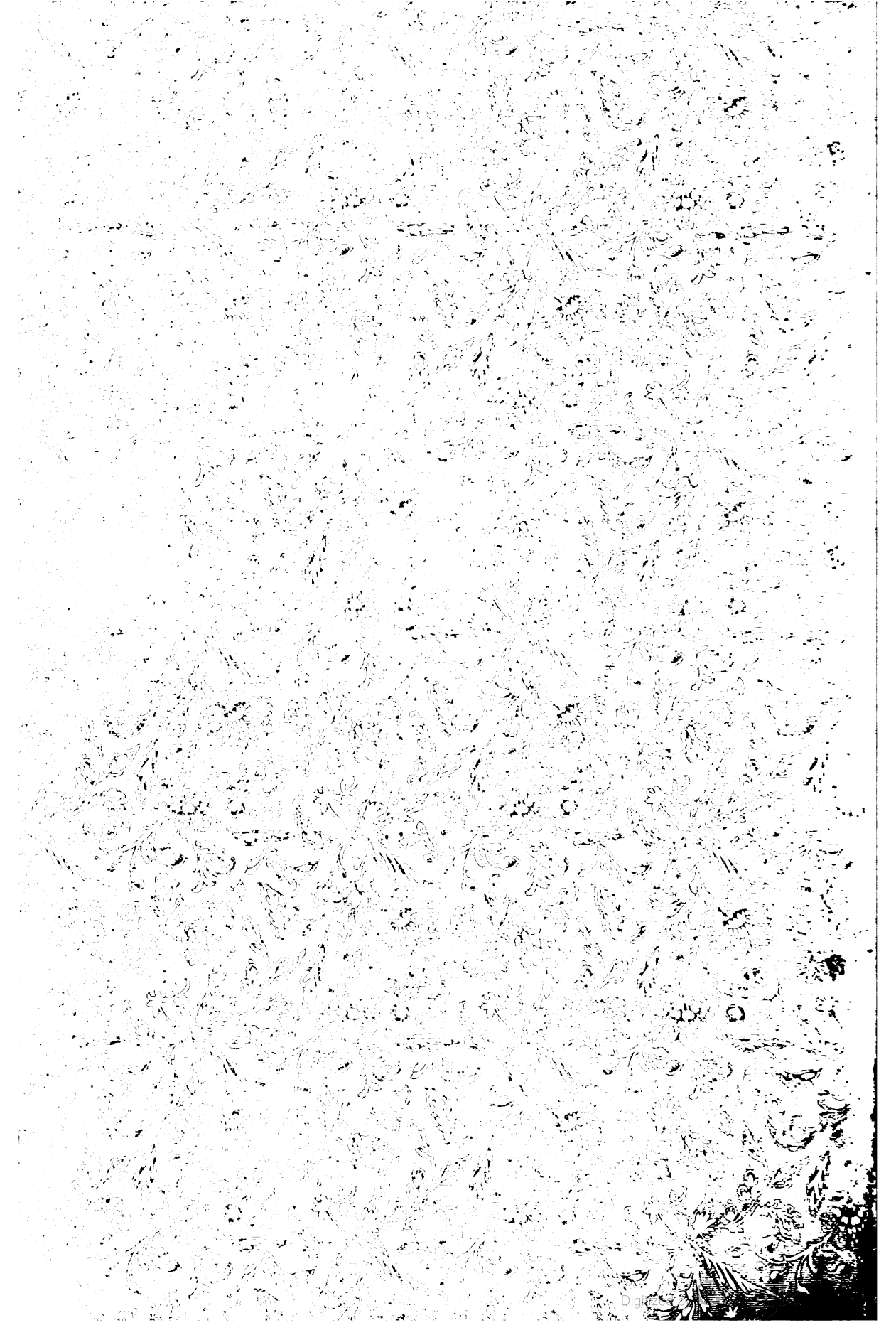

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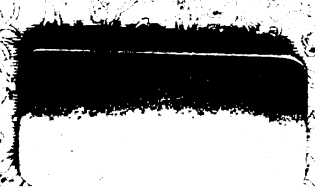

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